

2174

**THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE**

1915.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES.

No. 1—JANUARY 1915.

ADMISSION OF INDIANS IN THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The Charter Act passed by the Parliament in 1833 was limited for twenty years, so it fell due in 1853. To arrive at a just knowledge for the wrongs and wants of India the Parliament appointed a Committee to examine witnesses upon the administration of the country and the condition of its people. The evidence so taken must be admitted to be one sided: for out of forty-four witnesses examined, forty-two were either servants of the then existing Government, or in some way or other connected with it,—only two persons, Devanjee Pestonjee and Rustomjee Vicerjee, the two sons of Vicerjee Merjee, who carried on business at Hyderabad, were Indians.

Under the superintendence of the British Indian Association, Peary Chand Mitra wrote a pamphlet "Notes on the Evidence on Indian affairs" consisting of three Chapters, (i) admission of natives into the Legislative Council, (ii) civil appointments, and (iii) ecclesiastical establishments. After quoting the evidence of some of the witnesses before above the Parliamentary Committee, the Babu criticised them thus:—

Mr. Marshman has mentioned the following fact, which may be well considered an argument in favour of the natives—(2nd Report of the Commons, p. 55)—

"At present the drafts of all Acts are published two months before they are enacted, and often three months; in some cases they

remain under consideration for five or six months; and I think the public have a full opportunity of expressing their sentiments regarding them. The natives, more especially, have fully availed themselves of this opportunity, for they have sent up, in three or four instances, within the last six months, remonstrances against some of the Acts which it was proposed to enact, and I think their representations have had considerable effect that the members of the Council, in inducing them to modify the Acts which were proposed."

Besides the above, Sir Erskine Perry, Mr. W. W. Bird, and others have borne testimony to the general efficiency of native agency.

Mr. Bird says, "We have derived great advantage from the native uncovenanted service; in fact, it would be impossible to administer the affairs of the country without them."

If then there be no objection on the score of fitness, what are the arguments against the admission of natives into the Legislative Council?

What Lord Hardinge advances is, that the publication of Draft Acts is of itself sufficient to elicit native opinions, and he "would rather not have a Native Council entitled to make protests." Lord Hardinge forgets what Sir T. Munro said—"The Civil Servants of the Company mix but little with the native community; they have no common interest with it." How can the Government receive accurate information on subjects connected with the state of the country if the legitimate means be not employed?

Mr. Halliday, who guards against being thought as having "stated that it was objectionable to place a native in the Council," objects to the measure, as it is not practicable to obtain any fair representation of the opinions of the people," in consequence of the Hindoos and Mussulmans being divided into numerous classes, and feeling jealous at the elevation of each other, and such elevation leading to "great division and separation."

Mr. Halliday is quite right in saying, that the community is divided into several classes, though it is not known whether "they quarrel violently one with the other." This remark as to divisions applies to the social and religious state of the country, and the matters on which differences exist have little connection with the legislation, and do not require separate representation. Such questions, as whether Hindoo widows should be re married, or whether Hindoo girls should be married at a more advanced age, or whether

dining with Europeans entails the loss of caste, or whether it is not incumbent on every son to perform the *shradd* of his father, or whether the recital of Vedas should be substituted for idolatry as the true form of worship, are not intended for the legislature. That body wants generally information on subjects connected with the internal administration of the country, on which the people think and feel substantially in the same manner; and even supposing that the community is divided in opinion on subjects coming within the cognizance of the legislature, who but a native can be competent to report the sentiments of the people at large?

As to the natives being jealous at the elevation of their countrymen to official situations, it is utterly unfounded. The instance on which Mr. Halliday bases his opinion, viz., that of the native Magistrate of the Calcutta Police, is entirely fallacious. *He had not "to sustain the still more loudly expressed annoyances of the natives, and the natives did not exhibit in so many ways their jealousy and dissatisfaction with this appointment, arising simply out of the fact of this man being placed over their heads."* Mr. Halliday further says—that "*he (the native Magistrate) went to him and other friends, to complain of the bitterness of his position, and the pain and misery which had been brought upon him by the constant attacks, public and private, and the annoying petty jealousy which he had experienced from his countrymen in consequence of his elevation.*"

It is evident that Mr. Halliday received this information from the natives Magistrate himself. But it will appear from the native Magistrate's reply, read at the public meeting, held on the 29th July, 1853, that he never mentioned any thing of the kind to Mr. Halliday. Does not therefore the above evidence of Mr. Halliday fall to the ground?

And what becomes of the following verdict of Sir Charles Wood, which is founded upon Mr. Halliday's statement?

"That is the very reason for not appointing a native to the office. I am anxious that natives should be employed as extensively as possible in situations for which they are fitted: but it cannot be agreeable to a native to be placed in which he becomes an object, not only of envy, but jealousy to those around him, who, had they our feelings, under such circumstances, would be proud of their countryman's elevation."

Sir Charles Wood makes no less an egregious mistake than Mr. Halliday in making the above statement. The native feelings, in such matters, are not different from European feelings, and proofs are not wanting in confirmation of this fact.

Mr. Marshman's statement, that "the natives have so little confidence in one another, that if any such member were appointed to the Council, he would be regarded with feelings of the most intense envy and mistrust," cannot also be reconciled with the existing state of things.

Are not the offices of judges and collectors more calculated to create mistrust, and do not the people repose every confidence in them? Can native legislative members, forming part of a large deliberative body, give greater cause for mistrust than native judges deciding suits involving sums without limit? And do we hear of the mistrust and envy of the people in the latter officers? But we will reply to Mr. Marshman's objection in the words of Mr. Marshman himself. "They" (the munsiffs) "are held in very great estimation, generally, by their own countrymen, and their decisions have given considerable satisfaction. I have seen many decisions of the munsiffs that would not do discredit to any judge of the sudder; and I know that many of them pride themselves upon exhibiting a thorough knowledge of the law, and great legal acuteness in all their decisions."

"Is their position in society respected?—It is very much respected among the natives; the principal sudder ameen in a district is always held by the community at large, both rich and poor, in the highest estimation. This post is considered the most honourable a man can attain to."—*Commons Report*, 1853, p. 346.

The opinions of Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. D. Hill have been formed not from actual observation. They object to the admission of natives into Council, and recommend that this omission be supplied by cultivating larger intercourse with natives. But do the members of the Council largely consult the natives? Mr. Halliday says, "They do not do so." How is this done then? Mr. Halliday says, through "subordinate officers, the executive administrators in the interior," which he thinks is practical, although he maintains that "it is *always* better to obtain information at first hand than *second hand*." Does Mr. Halliday mean to say, that such information can be obtained "with safety" through "subordinate officers."

who "mix but little with the native community?" Is he not aware how isolated such officers in the mofussil are, and what repugnance they have to cultivate intercourse with the natives? In another part of his evidence, Mr. Halliday says, "The natives exercise considerable influence over all the legislation in India," and yet he would not have in the Council any natives "to appeal to."

If, then, it is absolutely necessary to secure a knowledge of native ideas and native feelings in the Council, for the purposes of legislation, and that there is, no one has denied—this object cannot be well accomplished by any other means than constituting the proposed Legislative Council differently.

In July, 1833, when the present Charter was under discussion, Mr. Hume observed, that "if it was desired to make the natives attached to the Government of this country, there ought to be a provision for allowing them to sit in the Councils of India. There ought at least to be one native in each of those Councils." The Hon'ble J. F. Shore says in his *Notes*: "One great drawback to any improvement of the present system, is the absence of any community of feeling between the rulers and the people. The framers of the laws are so far removed from those who feel their operation, that the former cannot thoroughly know whether these laws work well or ill; and before the mischief of any improper regulation has been discovered, great evil has sometimes been the consequence."

Babu Peary Chaud concluded his argument thus:—

It may be added in support of the requirement, that the Ceylon Legislative Council is composed of nine official and six non-official members, one of whom is at present a Ceylonese. The Hon'ble Mr. Talbot, in his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on Ceylon in 1849 suggests.—"I would also select from each province one or two of the respectable or intelligent merchants or natives to sit with them." Mr. F. Sanders was asked, "from your knowledge of the Ceylonese do you think members could be found of sufficient intelligence and capacity to take part in the deliberations of the Legislative Council? Yes, - I think there could." In Jamaica "persons of color are admitted to all the privileges of white persons," and about a dozen "coloured men" sit in the House of Assembly.

When Ceylonese and Negroes are entrusted with legislation, not

only justice, but a regard to the interests of this country, requires that the natives should also be employed in similar situations.

On the 3rd June 1853, Sir Charles Wood, as the President of the Board of Control, introduced in the House of Commons the ministerial scheme for the Government of India. This scheme, however, unexceptionable in some respects, did not satisfy the just and reasonable expectations of the native community. They were deeply disappointed at the omission of several important and in their estimation essential questions such as the admission of the natives in the Legislative Council of India and in the Civil Service, provisions for increasing the emoluments of native judicial officers and the extension of reproductive public works. The educated Bengalees being deeply impressed with the necessity and importance of agitating these questions moved the leading members of their community to convene a public meeting for the purpose. Accordingly a public meeting was held on the 29th July, 1853. It was the most crowded meeting that had then ever been witnessed in Calcutta, and the chair was taken by Raja Radha Kant Deb. Hundreds upon hundreds were obliged to return without getting beyond the steps of the Town Hall. The number of persons present in the Hall and its immediate neighbourhood was variously estimated at about 10,000. Almost every native gentleman of distinction, resident in or near Calcutta, appears to have been present and every section of native society was fairly represented.

The third resolution to the following effect was moved by Babu Peary Chand Mittra :—

“That while this Meeting acknowledges with thankfulness that some improvements have been introduced into his scheme by the President of the Board of Control, it deeply laments to notice, more especially among other defects, the absence of any provision for the extension of public works, the admission of even a single native into the Legislative Council, and the virtual exclusion of the educated natives from the Civil Service by the continuance of the Haileybury College as the exclusive medium of admission into that service.”

In doing so, he said :—After the able and eloquent speech of his friend Babu Ram Gopaul Ghose, it was unnecessary on his part to enter into the subjects on which he (Baboo Ram Gopaul) had expatiated. He had every confidence in his fellow natives to perform their respective functions admirably, nay better than

many of his ruling race, in the Legislative Council. He thought it, however, right to state that the evidence given by the witnesses before the Parliamentary Committees on the subject of the admission of natives into the Legislative Council was rather of a conflicting nature. Lord Ellenborough, Lord Elphinstone, and Sir Herbert Maddock had recommended the appointment of a consultative body of Hindus and Mussulmans. Mr. H. T. Prinsep had expressed his peculiar views on the subject. Mr. D. Hill and Mr. J. S. Mill were of opinion that the time had not arrived for entrusting legislation to natives. Mr. Cameron was friendly to the measure and Messrs. Halliday and Marshman were opposed to it. Mr. Halliday's objection might be reduced to two heads, viz., the jealousy of the natives in consequence of the elevation of their countrymen to official situation and the community being too divided to be fairly represented.

With respect to the first objection, which was grounded upon the alleged statement of the native Magistrate of Calcutta made before him, the reply of the Magistrate himself to Baboo Ram Chopal's letter, just read, fully contradicted what Mr. Halliday had stated before the Committee. The instance quoted by Mr. Halliday to illustrate the jealousy of the natives when their countrymen were elevated to high posts, fell to the ground. He thought he could give an instance of the natives feeling joyous at the elevation of their countrymen. When the Act for the appointment of elective commissioners was originally passed, he remembered having attended several private meetings of native gentlemen, held in different places and at different times, and while they were anxious that the system of election should work well, there was throughout a strong feeling of satisfaction in consequence of the community having had to return four persons of their body as elective commissioners. Was not this fact a *positive proof* against Mr. Halliday's statement?

As regarded the second objection, viz., that the community was too divided to be represented, he would ask what country there was under sun where the case was otherwise? Did not England and France contain people of all classes, sects and denominations? Were there not Christians and Jews, Baptists Methodists and Quakers Catholics and Protestants, Dissenters, Churchmen, and hundreds of other classes in England? Was the community in India remarkably divided in opinion?—and if so, did it not therefore demonstrate

more the necessity of admitting native members into than excluding them from the Legislative Council? He would ask, who but a native could know and report the sentiments of the community correctly? (Loud cheers.) There was no community of feeling between the Europeans and the Natives, and he maintained that it was utterly impossible for the former to know the thoughts and feelings of the latter. He mentioned this only as matter of fact, and he was borne out in this remark by such high authorities as Sir Thomas Munro and Hon. F. J. Shore.

With respect to the fitness of the natives for admission into the Legislative Council, Baboo Ram Gopaul had read to the Meeting the favourable opinion of Mr. Halliday. He (the speaker) would now draw their attention to the opinion of Sir Herbert Maddock who said: "I am certain that, as far as regarded the community of Calcutta, there were numbers of exceedingly highly educated and well informed persons of rank and influence who were admirably calculated to be selected to perform a duty of that kind."

Mr. Halliday admitted "that the natives exercise considerable influence over legislation"? that the members of the council do not consult the natives directly, but through the subordinate officers: that "it is better to obtain information at first hand than at second hand, and he would not have any natives in the Legislative Council. (cheers).

Mr. Marshman's objection as to the natives having no confidence in each other was unfounded. It was well known that native Principal Sudder Ameens decide singly suits involving sums without limit; and do they not enjoy the confidence of the people? What cause for distrust could a native councillor, who was one of a body of ten or fourteen persons, give to his countrymen? The Legislative Council of Ceylon was composed of a certain number of non-officials, one of whom is now a Ceylonese and the House of Assembly at Jamaica was composed of about a dozen "colored men." Government officers in their evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on Ceylon had testified to the fitness of the Ceylonese as councillors. And while the competency of the Hindus was not doubted, and the utility of their assistance in the Legislative Council was maintained, what could be the reasons for not constituting it on a more liberal basis?

He was desirous of entering into other points embraced in the resolution; but as it was almost dark, he would be very brief.

There was one point which he wished particularly to bring to their notice. Most of the witnesses in their evidence before the Parliamentary Committee had stated that the people of this country had more confidence in the integrity of European Judges and less in that of the natives Judges. This appeared to him incorrect when he read the evidence. He thought it, however, to be the best course, in consultation with certain friends, to ascertain the opinions of the pleaders of the Sudder Court, as they were, from their most extensive and varied intercourse with suitors and their agents all over Bengal, most qualified to enlighten any one on the subject. In their reply (signed by fifteen respectable pleaders) to the letter of Rajah Suttochurn Ghosal Bahadur and other gentlemen, they stated that "we have not the least hesitation in declaring that the people of this presidency have generally confidence in the integrity of the native judicial officers as a body." Was not this declaration a sufficient answer to the statement in question? He trusted that this most numerous and respectable meeting would also emphatically repudiate the imputation cast on the native judges who, by the work done, appear to be superior to the covenanted officers, and to whose efficiency Mr. Bird, Sir Erskine Perry, and others had borne the highest testimony.

The policy of the British Government with respect to the natives of India ought to be the policy of reason and justice as had been over and over declared. The continuance of the Haileybury College would virtually exclude natives from admission into the Civil Service. Justice and interests of this country required that all candidates should be placed on an equal footing. The healthy suggestion which he could make was that if his country should be placed under the practical administration of his countrymen the true and steady advancement would not be far distant. The words of Sir Thomas Munro should also be remembered,— "Every time that a native is raised to a higher office than had been before filled by any of his countrymen, a new impulse will be given to the whole establishment, the hope of attaining the higher office will excite emulation among those who hold the inferior ones, and improve the whole. But this improvement will take place in a much higher degree, when the new office is one of a high and independent nature like that of a judge." Sir Thomas Munro had enunciated an important truth. The more the human

mind was fettered, the more it was hampered, the more ignoble and degraded it became. Give it full scope, and it would be more and more expanded. Was it not the relaxation of the restrictive policy that had brought about the present improvement in the administration of this country; and was it now to be said that the total annihilation of the protective system would be productive of evil? Impossible! And yet the British Government appeared to be lukewarm in the appreciation of this striking truth.

This Resolution was seconded by the Rev. K. M. Banerjee. A petition was forwarded to the Parliament but with no effect. We quote an extract from the Report of the British Indian Association for 1853 regarding this:—

With regard to the constitution of the Legislative Council, your Committee are aware of the great disappointment which has been felt, that the new Act does not positively provide for the appointment of a single native member to the Legislative Council, but even here there is some room for congratulation, inasmuch as the Legislature will be a separate body from the Executive Government, the desirableness of which was forcibly pointed out in your petition, and that it will be enlarged and strengthened by the addition of men of local experience and legal training. There is also ground to hope that under the provision of Section XXII of the new Act, the Governor General may have it in his power to nominate one or two native members to the Legislative Council, who may have been in the service of the Company for at least ten years. But the uncertainty of this provision, your Committee fully admit, is anything but satisfactory; and they strongly recommend that the unceasing efforts of the Association should be directed, by the adoption of every legitimate means, to ensure the removal of this great defect from the new enactment, as well as to secure the advantage of having the business of legislation conducted with open doors.

The Association remained unmoved and went on agitating. At the annual meeting of the Association held on 28th January 1862 the following resolution was moved by Raja Kali Krishna:—

That a representation be forwarded to His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor General submitting the propriety of nominating a native of Bengal to be a member of the Council of His Excellency for making laws and regulations."

This resolution was reconded by Babu Kissory Chand Mittra.

The India Councils Act of 1861 gave this concession. In the Report of the Association for 1861 we find the following:—

During the past year the earnest agitation of the public, and certain incidents in the proceedings of the existing Legislative Council, pointed to the early realization of the prospect of reform. The Committee accordingly addressed a petition to the House of Commons, praying among other things, for a due representation of the popular element in the future legislature and the disseverance in its constitution of the incongruous functions of legislator and judge in the same person. They are glad to state that the bill subsequently passed by the Imperial Parliament promises an important advance in the direction of reform. The leading feature of this bill is the principle of decentralization of the legislative functions of the Supreme Government. Local Councils have been conceded to the different presidencies and for legislation in local matters, with a supreme council of the Viceroy for legislation on subjects of imperial importance."

The events which immediately led to the passing of the Act were the difference which arose between the Supreme Government and the Government of Madras on the Income Tax Bill; the doubts which had been raised as to the validity of laws introduced into non-regulation Provinces without enactment by the Legislative Council. "I propose" remarked Sir Charles Wood, the Secretary of State, "that the Governor-General in Council may summon, in addition to the ordinary members of the Council, not less than six or not more than twelve additional members, of whom one-half at least shall not hold office under the Government. These additional members may be either persons of European extraction or natives."

The Bengal Legislative Council was formed on the 18th January 1862 by the Governor-General's Proclamation of the 17th idem. The provisions of the Indian Councils Act regarding the making of Laws and Regulations in Madras and Bombay were extended to the Bengal Division of the Presidency of Fort. William; the Lieutenant-Governor was empowered to nominate 12 councillors for legislative purposes. The Lieutenant Governor nominated 4 official, and 4 unofficial Europeans and 4 native gentlemen; two of whom were official: so that the provisions of the law were complied with, and the Governor-General approved the nominations. The first meeting

of the Council was held on the 1st February 1862. The following were the native Members for the first decade :—

1862	Rama Prosad Roy.
1862—70	Maulavi Abdul Latif.
1862	Raja Pertab Chand Sing.
	Prosonno Kumar Tagore, C. S. I.
	Ram Gopaul Ghose.
1864	Syed Azumuddin Hossain.
	Moonshi Amir Ali.
	Raja Sutto Shurn Ghosal.
	Babu Digamber Mitra.
1866	Kumar Harendra Krishna.
	Khaja Abdul Ghani.
	Rama Nuth Tagore.
1867	Peary Chand Mittra.
	Satya Nanda Ghosal.
1868	Issur Chandra Ghosal.
	Chandra Mohan Chatterjee.
1870	Joteendra Mohan Tagore.
1872	Unokool Chandra Mookerjee.

Enpassant we may here allude to one incident now known to a few of our countrymen. The title "Hon'ble" was conferred by Sir George Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor, to the members of his Council without even a reference to Lord Northbrooke, the Viceroy, who in this country is the fountain of honor. When His Excellency observed in the Calcutta Gazette, that the members of the Bengal Legislative Council were dubbed "Hon'ble" without his sanction, he very properly caused a letter to be addressed to the Bengal Government questioning its competency to take independent action in the matter under notice. In reply His Honor pointed out that the members of Bombay and Madras Legislative Councils were "Hon'bles" and that those of his own Council, were in no way inferior to them in social status. His Honor, so runs the rumour, also observed that the Bengal Government could not maintain its dignity, if it were to be interfered with by the Imperial Government in such trivial matters. The Viceroy did not choose to carry the matter further and allowed a Notification to be issued, conferring the title of "Hon'ble" on the Members of the Bengal Legislative Council. (Hindu Patriot, 3rd February, 1873).

AN OLD DOVE

NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE PARESHNATH HILL.

It was during the Mohurram Holidays that the members of the Archaeological Society of the Patna College made up their mind to go on a trip to the Pareshnath Hill. It is the highest mountain in the plains of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa and considered very sacred by the Jain Community. Our Principal V. H. Jackson Esqr. M.A., and W. W. Moore Esq., B.A., Professor of Mathematics also agreed to accompany us.

The day for starting was fixed; and it was also notified that the members were to take the night-train to Gya which leaves the Bankipur Station at 9-35 P. M. By nine o'clock, almost all the members were on the platform and busily engaged in chatting, laughing and in every way having a very merry time of it.

We had all made ourselves comfortable by making our beds on the benches, when Messrs. Jackson and Moore came in and seeing us well settled, so to say, expressed their great delight. After talking with us for a few minutes, they left our carriage and occupied their own.

After a few minutes, the third bell rang, the doors were banged, the engine whistled and the train steamed slowly out of the platform. Feeling rather cold, we all slipped into our respective beds. We then whiled away our time by a pleasant chit-chat till, at last tired out by the incessant racket, every body dozed off into sleep—leaving the carriage quiet and still.

We were roused up from our sleep at Gya at about 1 A.M. and, after hastily strapping up our beddings, we all left the train. In half an hour, we found a train waiting to convey us further onwards to our destination. We tried to find out a vacant carriage and, after some search, found out one, into which we stepped and spread out our beds again evidently with the intention of snatching a few more winks of sleep before we finally reached the Nimia Ghat Station. But that was not to be, for one of my friends, evidently refreshed by the slumber he had in the Gya train, began singing in a bass, which made it impossible for us to doze off into the land of nod again. The time was spent rather unprofitably. It was dark,

and so we could not regale our eyes with the varying beauties of the hill and dale and landscape through which we were speeding on.

"Rosy-fingered Dawn" appeared on the eastern horizon when we reached the Parsaband Station. There was light enough to allow us to see the beautiful scenery of the hilly country round about. Green fields stretching from the foot of the railway line to the horizon, presented a view unrivalled in its homely magnificence. Distant views of the countryside embowered amidst the green foliage of trees seemed to invite us to drink deep in the beauties of Nature. The wind whistling through the windows of our compartment, seemed to whisper to us: "India! thou hast no eye for beauty and thy beauty is languishing away in the wilderness."

When the train touched at the Isra Station, a friend of mine pointed out to me a white spot on the highest point of the neighbouring hill and told me: "Yonder is the famous Temple of Pareshnath." The temple looked like a white star rather than like anything else and, as we neared it, enlarged upon our field of vision and took the shape of a temple.

We got down at Nimia Ghat at about half-past six. Many of our friends bathed at a neighbouring well. But, as we were feeling very cold, we contented ourselves with French baths. We had with ourselves some *luchis* and a lot of curry and sweets. We partook of these viands as much as we could; and whatever was left over, we stored in an empty biscuit-tin, which one of us volunteered to carry. Thanks to the arrangement made by our worthy Principal, we had plenty of coolies to carry our things up the hill.

By eight o'clock, all of us were ready to begin the ascent. Our programme was to climb the hill and then take our mid-day meal there on the very top. We started when it was about half past eight; and it took us about half an hour to get to the Dák Bungalow, where our European Mentors were putting up. By 9 o'clock, the real ascent began. There is a path wide enough to enable three men to go abreast. But it is precipitous, so much so that heavy men find it difficult to ascend up it without taking spells of rest every now and then. It will enable one to realize what a lot of money has been spent for the construction of this road for the convenience of those who come to visit the sacred shrines on its summit. It is almost next to impossible to climb up the hill in any other way,

it being about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles high. The road, which leads to the temple, is only 5 miles long, and thus the gradient may easily be deduced.

After ascending about a mile of the path, we came across a sort of grove in which there were many wooden effigies of certain deities. These effigies are stuck in the ground and regularly worshipped by the people living in the villages at the foot of the hill. I heard the coolies say that whenever any body is "possessed" by a ghost, he is brought here and beaten with a *kura*, which is a sort of whip resembling the cat-o'-nine-tails in some respects. This item of information was of great ethnographic interest, for flagellation plays an important part in Indian exorcism-ceremonies, as will appear from the following extract from my father's learned dissertation on "*Sorcery in Ancient and Medieval India*".*—

"In sorcery we find the beginnings of scientific knowledge—the first attempts of man to pry into the secrets of nature. This is, especially, the case with medical sorcery, or that branch of it which deals with the cure of certain ills which the human flesh is heir to. When a woman is suffering from a hysteric fit, the *ojha* or the sorcerer or the medicine-man, who is the representative of the doctor, is called in to treat her. By reason of his ignorance of the true principles of medical science, he is unable to diagnose the origin of the disease, which he ascribes to possession by demons or evil spirits. His method of treatment is to administer a severe thrashing to the afflicted woman and to propitiate the demon with sacrifices in order to coax him to leave her. A second variation of this rite of exorcism is that the possessed woman is made to sit on a wooden stool just in front of the exorciser, who, then, throws dust or mustard-seed upon her; whereupon she screams. Then she is thwacked with a twisted cloth, or beaten with a shoe; and the disease-spirit is ordered to leave her."

I and my brother were somewhat done up; and so we sat on a stone slab here for a few minutes to refresh ourselves and then resumed climbing.

After we had passed the second mile stone, we came across a tiny stream of pellucid water. We drank of it as much as we could

* *Sorcery in Ancient, Medieval and Modern India*. By Sarat Chandra Mitra, M.A., B.L. (in the *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, Vol. VII., page 355.)

and, after taking a short spell of rest on the stone there, again began our wearisome tramp up the hill.

Though the wind was raw and nipping, yet every body was perspiring very freely on account of the difficulty of the ascent. It was rather strange to see that, though we were muffled up in our warm wraps, we had to pull out our handkerchiefs every minute now and then to wipe off the perspiration from our faces. Another very peculiar property of the atmosphere of this hill is that one recoups one's vigour even after a very short spell of rest.

After passing the third mile-stone, we again came across a tiny streamlet flowing through the rocks. The murmuring sound it made was reverberated by the surrounding hills and could be heard from the distance of a mile or so.

“—The vale profound
Was overflowing with its sound”

which came as soothing balm to us, fagged as we were with our wearisome tramp up the hill and parched with thirst as our throats were. We had some lemons with us, but they were quite inadequate to quench our thirst. Here we again quaffed off draughts of the crystal water; and I for myself wetted my handkerchief with the water and applied the same to the muscles of my leg to soothe the feelings of numbness.

The charm of the surrounding scenery forcibly reminded me of the following lines of Byron:—

“Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
'Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.”

I need not repeat that we had to suffer much from the want of water and would, therefore, advise intending visitors to this hill to provide themselves with a dozen or so of bottles of soda water.

By the time that we reached the fourth mile-stone, we were so very footsore that every step became an agony. The very thought

that every step was taking us nearer and nearer to the summit and to our longed-for goal, revived our drooping spirits. And so we trudged on and on ; but the road seemed to be never-ending.

After having walked another half a mile, a building "gleamed upon our sight" and a sigh of relief broke out from almost every lip, for the building was no other than the Government Dak Bungalow, where we were to lodge during our stay there. Here we must again thank our Principal for the trouble he took in arranging for the loan of this rest-house for ourselves. We reached this longed-for haven of rest (just $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the foot of the hill) at half past one in the noon. It took us exactly 4 hours and a half to travel this distance.

The difficulty we experienced in getting up the hill and the consequent sense of exhaustion we all felt brought to my mind those famous lines of Beattie, which have been slightly modified by me thus :—

" Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Pareshnath's proud temple shines afar !"

Reaching it, we all threw ourselves on our beds ; and, after half an hour's rest, we were again up and ready to negotiate the further distance of another quarter of a mile which lay between ourselves and the main Temple of Pareshnath.

A flight of 80 steps leads to the Temple which is situated on the highest peak of the hill. The floor of the temple is made of marble worked into various designs. There is a sort of raised altar, on which there is a pair of feet carved out on a slab of black stone. The stone-slab contains some inscriptions, which must be in some language akin to Sanskrit. The temple, which now stands, is the fourth—the three others having stood on the same place. These three were successively struck down by lightning. The present temple is small and made of brick. • I was informed by the *pujari* of the temple that the charge for bringing a single brick from the foot to the top of the hill is 2 pice, i.e., half an anna. This temple is surrounded by a brick-wall about 3 feet high.

We looked down from the summit. What a lovely scene was that ! The whole country looked like a map spread out with everything shown thereon in miniature. The rivers looked like streaks of silver glittering in the sunshine, while the trees appeared like

blue spoeks on a variegated ground. The Nimiah Ghat Station premises looked like a doll's house when viewed with the other end of the telescope, and a running train like a line of black ants forcing their way through the shrubbery. After remaining there for some-time, we retraced our steps for we were very hungry and had not even then taken our usual mid-day meal.

However, when we reached the Dāk Bungalow, we had the satisfaction to find our mid-day meal ready. It was frugal fare only, consisting of rice, rāhar *dill* and curry of sweet pumpkin. The cook we had taken with ourselves was an expert in the culinary art. So we did more than ample justice to the well-cooked food supplied to us so very punctually. Every thing we ate tasted like the choicest food cooked in an aristocrat's *cuisine*.

It was a very cold night on the top. Fortunately, we had plenty of brush-wood in our room and there was a chimney also. We lit up a good fire in the chimney, after having securely shut up all the doors and the windows of the room. One bedstead was occupied by me and my brother. We had two rugs one for each of us. But that was insufficient to prevent the sense of chilliness that was overpowering us. We put on our warm coats and over them our overcoats and then, combining the two rugs into one, crept into it and fell into a profound sleep. We slept very soundly but woke up early in the morning. Having finished our morning duties, we four made up our mind to see the other 24 temples of the Jainas. So, we left the Dak Bungalow while our other friends were sleeping.

1. The first temple, we came across, was called the Temple of Nemnathji. It is a very small temple with walls of perforated stones. Here there are three pairs of carved figures of footsteps of white stone.

2. Next, we came across another small temple dedicated to Ajitnathji. Here there is a pair of feet of white stone, having a lotus-mark in each foot.

3. Bimalnathji—similar to above—having a pair of feet of black stone with lotus mark on each foot.

4. Suprasannanathji—It contains a pair of feet of black stone; but there is no lotus mark on the same. The feet are smaller than those contained in the temple dedicated to Bimalnathji.

5. Mahabir Swamiji—A pair of feet of white stone. The feet are very small and the temple has no inscription.

6. Santinathji—It contains a pair of feet of black stone with lotus mark thereon.

7. Sumatinathji—Contains a pair of feet of black stone.

8. Dharmanathji—Contains a pair of feet of white stone.

9. Kuntanath—Contains a pair of feet of white stone.

10. Gautam Swami—Here there are 32 pairs of feet—all placed in a big lotus flower of white stone. The feet also are carved out of the white stone, of which the lotus is made. These are arranged in the form of a square and placed in a niche of the wall of the temple. On the left side, there is also another niche, in which is placed a pair of feet of black stone, which are very beautifully carved.

Next we climbed a hill, which had on its summit a big round smooth slab of stone raised about a foot from the top. It looked like a round table. Being tired, we sat on this and slowly stretched ourselves at our full length thereon. What a grand thing it is to be beneath the canopy of the azure sky and above the misty atmosphere which blurs out the view of the distant landscape below! No sound reached our ears, not even the murmur of the leaves fanned by the soft winds. A perfect stillness reigned throughout. We visited the following shrines next:—

11. Sri Arhar Nath—Containing black feet with lotus marks.

12. Mallinathji—Containing black feet with lotus marks.

13. Srianshanathji—Containing black feet with lotus marks.

14. Subuddhinathji—It stands on the top of a hill.

While coming down we lost our way but subsequently found what looked like a woodman's path, which we followed. It carried us through an almost impenetrable jungle of forest-trees. On our way, we found a clump of mangoe trees or some other kind of trees which strikingly resembled the same. I also remember having seen some monkeys. The whole hill, it is very surprising to note, contains no birds; and monkeys even are very scarce there. The reason, perhaps, is that no trees producing edible fruits grow on these hills; and this absence of fruits is responsible for the total absence of bird-life.

15. Padma Pravas—Containing a pair of feet of black stone carved inside a lotus.

16. Munsoomrinath—Containing a pair of feet of black marble with lotus mark thereon.

17. Sitalnath—Containing a pair of feet of black marble with lotus mark thereon.

18. Anantanath—Containing a pair of feet of black marble with lotus mark thereon.

19. Adinath—Containing a pair of feet of black stone carved in a beautiful lotus.

20. Chandaprayn—This temple stands on another hill. Here we found a Jaina worshipping the feet, which were made of black marble. He was chanting a hymn in a sweet tone and, with a yellow paste made of sandal wood and *kesar*, putting marks on the places, where the toes met the balls of the stone feet. Many of the feet which we saw before, were also marked in a similar fashion, showing that, devotees had been worshipping them only recently. This paste is held so sacred by the Jainas that, while making it, they cover their nostrils and mouths so that it may not be fouled by their breath or expectoration or spittle.

21. Next came Jalmandir—So called because of the arrangement for distributing water to the thirsty visitors. Here is also an arrangement for distributing hot water to those willing to bathe. An additional building for a Dharmasâlâ is also being built now-a-days.

Here, there are 4 statues of Pareshnath in a sitting posture. These statues are made of white stone. There are also a big statue of black stone placed in the middle and also two other small figures of black stone placed between the white ones. The arrangement can be better understood by the following diagram :—[W stands for a white statue ; S for a small one ; B for a black one.]

W*	S. B. W.	S. B.*	Big B.*		S. B.* W	S. B.* W
0	x	0	x	X	x	0
						x
						0

Those marked with an asterisk have snakes with expanded hoods on their heads. All these figures are in the niches of the wall.

The house itself is modern and built according to that peculiar style now so commonly met with in houses belonging to Indian gentlemen. The floors of the rooms are paved with black and white square slabs of marble. There is a chandelier hanging from the roof. A curious and small carved table of brass is also placed in the front.

The house is surrounded by a courtyard, the floor of which is made of bricks on edge.

Here we found some roses and other plants, the flowers of which were fragrant.

While we were about to leave, the *pujari* or the priest asked for some *baksia*. So we had to pay him a four-anna bit, for the trouble he took in showing us the whole place.

(22-24) These three temples, dedicated to Shambhunath, Bansapuj and Abhinandan, are like the other temples described above. Hence I do not want to tire out the patience of my readers with their descriptions.

While returning to our Bungalow, we again went up to see the Pareshnath Temple and, after seeing everything there to our hearts' content, reluctantly made our *au revoir*.

We came back to our Bungalow at a quarter past twelve and, feeling the need of a bath very much, took a coolie with ourselves as our guide and asked him to lead us to the nearest spring. How very pleasant it is to go down a hill at a rapid pace (though it involves the risk of the breaking of one's neck) can be better experienced than adequately described. At least, I for myself felt as if I was swimming in the air. The descent took us 7 minutes, for the spring was only $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from our Bungalow. We stripped ourselves of our coats and shirts preparatory to our bath. This spring is meant for bathing purposes and for the supply of water to those who prefer to spend their nights upon the hill. The water is brought from a distance by means of semi-circular pipes, and the water thus brought accumulates in an iron cistern (similar to the cisterns used at Calcutta for water-storage). The water comes in a narrow stream and flows at almost half the rate at which water at Calcutta is supplied. The water was very cold—colder even than ice water. However, we bathed. Oh! what a horrible plight we were put into thereby! Our teeth chattered as if they would break, and we ourselves shivered like the aspen leaves in a gentle breeze. We hastily finished our toilet and, wrapping ourselves in the warm clothing we had with ourselves, hurried to the top. We sat to our morning meal without much ado. The same menu as that of the last evening was repeated. But, all the same, we did full justice (I may almost say more than full justice) to the victuals served up before us.

After finishing our meal, we went over to our rooms to arrange and pack up our things. For the coolies had all come and said that we must start by 2 o'clock if we had a mind to reach the Railway Station before nightfall. All of us made haste, and the whole house seemed to be in a commotion.

‘ We began to descend at about 2 p. m. The tramp downhill is a pleasure in itself. The paths which seemed to be so long, the mile-stones so distant while ascending, seemed to be so short and the latter so near each other during our downward walk. We flew, so to say, for the first two miles. We were then told by the coolies not to descend rapidly for there were many sharp turns on the way.

We had now time to take a cursory view of the flora of this hill. The hill is overgrown with wild trees generally. Clumps of bamboos were found growing here and there. Curiously enough, we found also some plantain trees growing. But none of them had any fruit on them. A sort of coarse grass constituted the scrub-jungle which covered the hill-sides.

The descent was rather rapid. By 5 p. m., we were near the foot of the hill. The path near the foot was full of dust; and we were bestrewn all over with it, which was raised in enormous quantities by our heavy footfalls.

Just at dusk, we reached the Nimia Ghat Station, as tired as tired could be. Without much ado, some repaired to the *Musaphir Khana* and some to the Railway Platform. In the latter place, we spread our beds, while our cook and servants were preparing our food. Next we dismissed the coolies, who had to be paid at Re. one per head.

The train was to come at half past twelve in the night. So we went off to sleep only to be roused by our friends, when the food was ready.

Then came our train. We hastily got into it. I will now stop here, for what we did next does not come within the scope of this paper.

After that, we went to visit the Gurpa Hills (situated near the Gurpa Railway Station) about which I hope to write on a future occasion.

SATKARI MITRA,

IS THE GANGES A CELESTIAL RIVER?

Without any question of doubt, the most celebrated river in the world is the Ganges, which has alike excited the religious wonder of millions of Hindus from antiquity and engaged their speculations as to its source in Paradise. For this and other reasons, it will be of interest to record a brief summary of what is said and believed about the celestial origin of the river, from the standpoint of religious literature. With Hindus it is an article of faith that Ganga Mai—mother Ganges—on the score of its divine origin, has the miraculous property of cleansing, from the pollution of sin, those who at the time of their death drink of its holy water, or who, ere their souls wing their eternal flight to Elysian fields of Swarga, have the happiness and good fortune to be on its sacred banks; that, by its flowing through the classic land of Aryavarta, which was the theatre of the religious, social, and political activity of the human race, and the seat of Aryan civilization, it has, situated on its banks, the holy cities of Benares, Allahabad—the Palibothra of Arrian—and Cawnpore, and on its tributary, the Jumna, the historic cities of Agra, Muttra, and Delhi—the ancient site of Hastinapur of the Pandavas and the Kurus, whose warlike deeds, analogous to those of the godlike heroes, described in Homer, are immortalized in the epic poetry of the Maha' Bharata; that the portion of it, at the spot where it joins the sea below Calcutta, is particularly holy, because of the accumulated ashes of the 60,000 sons of King Sagara having been thrown there; that perjurers, who swear on its water on oath and then break it, render themselves in the hereafter liable to double punishment in Patala, or the hell of the damned; that its water, into which the ashes of the cremated dead are thrown, has the virtue of refreshing them in some degree in their sufferings in the invisible world; that on earth, in the Himalayas, (from the Sanskrit word *hima* snow and *alayu* abode) it gushes out at Haridwar, (this name means Hari's door, which open into the celestial regions), at a place invisible to mortal eye, thence visibly flows, in its course of 1700 miles, to the sea near Calcutta; and that it then flows in a current under the sea round the expanse of the earth. Before making any

further reference to the Ganges, in its character as a divine river, it is necessary to explain what modern geographical knowledge says about it. To the south-east of the province of Kashmere, and to the north of the main chain of the Himalaya mountains, is the sacred lake Manasarwar, at an elevation of 15,000 feet. From this lake, or within a short distance of it, rise the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Indus, as also the rivers Sutlej, Junina, and Gogra. The source of the Ganges is the junction of two head streams, viz., the Bhagirathi and the Alaknanda. These unite at a place called Deoprag, ten miles below the city of Srinagar in the Himalayas. At Haridwar, which is nearly 30 miles distant from Deoprag, the Ganges enters the great valley of Hindustan, and, flowing in a south-east direction, falls by several mouths into the Bay of Bengal. It should be here remarked, that the sources of the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Indus are, like those of the Euphrates and the Tigris, which originate from Mount Ararat in Armenia, and the Danube, the Rhine, and the Rhone, which rise from the Alps in Central Europe, at an elevation, which enables them and their tributaries to water and fertilise large extents of land, through which they pass in various directions of the compass.

It would be difficult if not impossible to enumerate in detail the opinions of writers who having bewildered their minds in a consideration of the subjects of the exact whereabouts of the celestial paradise, the garden of Eden, and the identity of the four rivers which, as described in the Bible, the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, and the sacred books of the Chinese, have theorized to their hearts' content and the confusion of the understanding of readers. In short, the solution of the problem of the exact position of the garden of Eden, by Greenwich meridian, is thought to be worse in difficulty than that of discovering the elixir of life, or the philosopher's stone, so that he, who is fool enough to give his abundant leisure to the study of the subject, and, on the authority of his own suspicions, based on the cosmographical lore of the aforesaid books, to expound his views, is considered to be qualifying for Colney Hatch. However, it must be premised, that no one in the past seems to have discussed the matter with the aid of information furnished by sacred books, which testify to the reality of another world not perceptible to the senses. This being so, the writer of this monograph hopes and trusts that by its publication he has not merited detention in a *maison de santé*.

Allusions to the celestial paradise and its river, which splits up into four streams on earth and waters it, are met with in the sacred books, and will be referred to chronologically. It is asserted, by oriental scholars well-versed in Sanskrit and philosophy, that, as a religious record, the book of Genesis is the oldest in the possession of mankind. This book, which forms a part of the Pentateuch, believed to be written by Moses, the great prophet of Jehovah, who wrought miracles for him, and who, in the tabernacle in the wilderness of Arabia, talked to him face to face, commences with the creation of the world and of Adam and Eve, describes the felicity of paradise wherein they lived without the curse of labour, relates their fall from virtue and the lasting consequence of sin, foretells the time when, by means of a Redeemer or Shiloh, the harm caused by Satanic deceit will be undone and remedied, mentions the growth and expansion of sin, and the divine judgment of the Flood, which destroyed all mankind, except Noah and his family, specifies a new covenant, whose unchangeability was typified by the rainbow, and narrates the wide dispersion of the progeny of Noah over the whole earth. Furthermore, the learned assert that the *mantras*, very ancient documents, are as old as the 14th or 15th century B.C.; that the date of the composition of the Zend Avesta is later than that of the *mantras* and that the Yih-king, the oldest portion of the sacred books of the Chinese was written subsequently to the Zend Avesta. Under these circumstances, accepting the conclusion, that Genesis is the oldest book extant the following 8th and 14th verses of its second chapter are the earliest reference to the existence of the Garden of Eden :

"And the Lord God planted a garden in Eden eastward..... And a river goeth forth from Eden to water the garden : and from thence it is divided and becomes four heads (or arms). The name of the first is Pison : that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah where is gold : And the gold of that land is good : there is the bdellium and the onyx stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon ; and that is : which compasseth the whole land of Cush. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel ; that is it that floweth as before Assyria, and the fourth river, that is Euphrates."

It will be seen from the above that there is no evidence to prove that the Pison is the Ganges. Nevertheless, the identification of the one with the other is not left to conjecture, because Josephus,

who wrote the Antiquities of the Jews over 19 centuries ago, declares as follows in chapter I para II of that work, which is a truthful history of things Jewish :

"Moses says, further, that God planted a paradise in the East flourishing with all sorts of trees; and that among them was the tree of life and another of knowledge whereby was to be known what was good and evil; and that when he brought Adam and his wife into the garden, he commanded them to take care of the plants."

"Now the garden was watered by one river, which ran round about the whole earth and was parted into four parts. And Pison, which denotes a multitude, running into India, makes its exit into the sea and is by the Greeks called Ganges. Euphrates also as well as Tigris, goes down into the Red Sea. Now the name Euphrates, or Phrath, denotes either a dispersion, or a flower: by Tigris, or Diglath, is signified what is swift, with narrowness: and Gihon runs through Egypt, and denotes what arises from the East, which the Greeks call the Nile."

Now it must be mentioned, in connection with Josephus' assertion in the above quotation, that the river, which waters the garden, runs round the earth, that there is reason to assume that the river is the Gulf Stream, which circulates between the equatorial and polar regions. It is known to geographical tyros that a large quantity of water of the ocean, which covers the earth, is converted into vapour, and that to make good the loss by evaporation a continued flow of cold and heavier fresh water, as an undercurrent, is necessary, and that that the *sine quâ non* is supplied by the celestial stream, from which spring the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Tigris (Hildekel, and the Nile. The water of the ocean is continuously moving. The flow of water from one part of the ocean to another forms currents. For instance, in the Atlantic ocean the north equatorial current, turned to the right is known as the Gulf Stream, and the south equatorial current, curved to the left, is known as the Brazilian current. These two currents have their arctic and antarctic currents respectively. Similarly, in the Pacific and Indian oceans, there are the north equatorial and south equatorial currents, along with their Japan and antarctic currents respectively. The Persian, the New South, the Agalhas, the Labrador, and the West Australian currents are additional ones, which are the offshoots, and are caused by, the steady flow of the celestial stream through the expanse of the ocean.

• With reference to the statement of Josephus, that the Pison, which is described in Genesis as encircling the whole land of Havilah—whose identity has not been established—is the Ganges, there is no reason to doubt his word, inasmuch as it is amply corroborated by such high authorities as Ambrose, Eusebius, Augustine, and other scriptural commentators, who declared that it was so. On their joint evidence, and the *ipse dixit* of Josephus, we may well accept the fact, that the Pison is the Ganges, without any question of uncertainty. It must be admitted, however, that some commentators have avowed their conviction, founded on a close examination of the matter, that the Pison was this, that, or some other river, but not the Ganges, and many plausible arguments were advanced in support of their contention, which is rendered of no avail, by a consideration of the circumstance, that in verses 25 and 27. of chapter 24 of the book of Ecclesiastes the names of the sacred rivers are given in the order from east to west, viz. the Pison, the Tigris, (Heddekel) the Euphrates, the Jordon, and the Gihon. From this method of their specification the conclusion is inevitable that the Pison, the first named, is the Ganges and no other. Moreover, the belief, that these two rivers are the one and the same, and is the most ancient and the most universally held idea, should be considered as a proof of its truth in preference to any hypothesis to the contrary. Although Josephus held that the river, which goes forth from Eden to water the garden, encompasses the earth in a way that we know not—except on the theory of the Gulf stream—yet it was widely believed formerly by the learned that the sacred river (among which the Jordon must be included) were at their mouths swallowed up by the ground, and, after flowing for long distances under it, re-appeared in out of the way places above it. As a matter of fact, the sacred rivers do lose themselves in the ground. For instance, the Ganges, which has the largest embouchure of any river in the world, soaks through the earth in the Sunderbuns and disappears from sight, forming an underground stream, whose flow causes the mysterious noises, which are known and spoken of as the Barisal guns, or the subterranean detonations heard at Barisal and towards Chittagong; the Euphrates and the Tigris, after their conjunction near Basora, form marshes, which suck up a good deal of their water before it falls into the Persian Gulf; the Nile at Cairo splits up into two streams, leading respectively to Rosetta and Damietta, and loses much of its

water which, as believed by some, flows beneath the great desert of Sahara, from east to west, before falling into the Mediterranean sea; and the Jordon, which rises from underground near mount Lebanon, falls into the Dead Sea and is altogether absorbed by it, to the no small mystification of scientists. Speaking about the Jordon, which is the "fountain of Daphne", referred to in verses 3 and 4 of the 11th chapter of Numbers, Josephus, in the Antiquities of the Jews, says that its source is the pool Phiala, whence it flows underground to Panium, 120 stadia from Cesaria. It is said that this fact was authenticated by Philip, Tetrach of Trachonitis, who threw at Phiala into the Jordon chaff which came out at Panium and, flowing above the earth, fell into the Dead Sea, which marks the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, which for their wickedness were burnt by fire from heaven.

The Euphrates has a double source in two streams rising in the Anti-Taurus range near Mount Ararat. The river flows mainly in a south-easterly direction, through the plains of Asia Minor, and, after a career of 1750 miles from its source, is joined by the Tigris. In Hebrew sacred literature the Euphrates is referred to as *hennahur*, or the river, and its celebrity as a great waterway, which originally connected the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, is attested by the absence of any remarks, such as those that established the identity of other big rivers. The products of Asia were exchanged with those of Europe, by means of the Euphrates, which in ancient times was far wider and carried greater volume of water than at present.

The Tigris has its principal source near Diarbickir, situated on the southern slope of the Anti Taurus range of mountains, and in close proximity to the spot whence the Euphrates originates. Within the area bounded by the Euphrates and the Tigris was Mesopotamia, the habitat of Abraham, and the seat of the universal empire of Persian kings, recognised in Vedic lore as *Chratravamsas*. The Tigris mostly flows south-east and, after a course of 1106 miles, joins the Euphrates. The united stream, from the juncture to the Persian Gulf, is known as the Shat-al-Arab. The once famous cities of Bagdad and Musal are situated on the banks of the Tigris. A few savants thought that the territorial extent of the islands formed by the Euphrates and the Tigris was the locality of the Garden of Eden.

The Nile has its source in lake Victoria Nyanza. In its long course of 4,200 miles to the sea, the Nile is joined at Khartoum by the Bahar-el-Azrak, or the Blue Nile, and further down it receives another big tributary, the Bahar-el-Ghazal. Two others of its after tributaries are the Sabat and the Albara. In primitive times, the Egyptians believed that the Nile originated from the throne of Osiris, and the Greeks and the Romans thought that its source was the throne of Jove. All writers have agreed in opinion that the Jihon of Genesis is the Nile. Owing to their long residence of 400 years in the land of Egypt, under the rule of the Pharaohs, the Israelites were familiarly acquainted with the Nile, which is described in the Talmud by the designation of Shihar, (from the Sanskrit word *Siuh* or black) or *ychar* or *nihar*, meaning the river. The ancient Egyptians were convinced in mind that the water of the Nile, which they personified as a god, with the breasts of a woman, was endowed with the quality of removing sin from the soul and disease from the person of one washing himself in it.

The idea that the sacred rivers ran round the earth, now above and then below the ground, here falling into the celestial river and there emanating from it—at the Himalayas, the Anti-Taurus, and the Alps—was widely diffused and extensively held among many in days gone by, and sacred books, such as those of the Hindus, make mention of an infernal river, (in character like the Styx of Grecian and Roman mythologies) which, issuing from the celestial stream, and springing from a rock in the central regions of the dead, circulated in the lowest depths of hell, and finally emptied itself into a vast pool.* All the infernal gods, who are those of the Egyptian, Hindu, Grecian, Persian and Roman religions, swore by the infernal river, and if any one of them violated his oath, he was doubly punished for his perjury, by exclusion from their company and expulsion from Olympus itself.

The theories propounded, in view to make out that the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Nile, though separate rivers are in reality but different parts of a whole, derived from the river of Paradise, have been condemned as grotesquely improbable, or as downright absurdities of thought, by modern critics, who reject the supernatural and accept nothing as true but what can be tested by the touchstone of experience. Accordingly, the statements, that the Danube, in its meanderings here, there, and everywhere, crosses

the continent of Europe, falls into the Black Sea, flows through it into the Caspian Sea, goes thence underground to the Himalayas, where it springs out as the Ganges; that the Indus, which is an arm of the Ganges, passing through the Punjab and Sind falls into the Runn of Cutch, (the *runn* or wilderness of Cutch between Sind and Gujerat is a large saline swampy desert, larger than Wales, and becomes a salt lake during the south-east monsoon, and a desert of sand during the summer months) whence as an underground stream it runs through Rajputana and the western part of the united provinces of Agra and Oudh to Allahabad, where it joins the Jumna and the Ganges, the three forming the sacred Tribeni, where, during the Khumb Mela, held every twelfth year, on the occasion of the conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Saturn and Mars, sometimes so many as three millions of Hindu pilgrims, from all parts of India, come together by rail or cart or boat or foot, for the object of bathing in the Ganges, in the assured hope of washing away their burden of sin in this world ere entry into the next; that the Ganges, flowing through the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean round the island of Ceylon, reappears in Ethiopia as the Nile, which, at the Delta, separates into two branches,—one going east and the other west; that the eastern branch of the Nile, thus divided, flowing through the Mediterranean comes to light as the Euphrates, which, in the Persian Gulf, mingles with the Gangetic current *en route* to Ethiopia; and that the Jordan, which as a river is singular, inasmuch as it flows from north to south, a thing only a few rivers of the world do, is an arm of the Euphrates, are classed as far fetched and mere geographical fictions of the brain.

It is stated, in chapter LXIV of the Zend Avesta, that Ahura Mazda, who has been identified as Sri Mahadeo, or Siva of the Hindu trinity, described in the Shastras, allows his river, flowing from the celestial mountain Hukairya, through the sea Vourkasha, to traverse the seven heavens, into which creation is divided, according to Zoroastrian cosmogony, in order to enable its being with-
 2174
 in the reach of mankind.

Lastly, it may be asked, what is said about the Ganges in the Hindu Vedas? These sacred books, written in Sanskrit, a form of the Devanagri, consist of four books, designated the Rig, Yaju, Sama, and the Atharva Veda. Each of the Vedas is divided into three parts: the first termed the Samhita, or a collection of

mantrus and *gathas*. (The *mantrus* have the character of ardent prayers to deities for grant of temporal blessings of health, wealth, and prosperity in life ; they are outpourings of the human soul in thanksgiving for those highly valued boons ; and they not only set forth the perfections of the deities invoked but they also proclaim, in fervent language, the duty of worshipping them by the acknowledgment and adoration of their ability and readiness to do good to those who put their trust in them. The word *gatha* means a hymn, and in practice is applied to any short poem intended, by reason of its rhythm, for musical performance with instrumental accompaniment. Like David's psalms, which were sung to music, the *gathas* of the Samitas were also so treated by the Brahmins. The observance of the Samitas is no arbitrary rule of bondage to the sacred caste, the Brahmins, but rather a charter and an instrument of their liberty, as incarnate deities and the first of mankind, and the source of their freedom from harm, in mind, body, and estate, from the animus of enemies in the flesh and demons of the air ;) the second is designated *Brahmanas*, which are the prescribed ritual of worship of the gods by the Brahmins ; and the third is called the *Jnana*, or *Upanishads*, which are philosophical statements embodying the essence of all human knowledge. The derivation of the word *Veda* is from the Sanskrit root *vid*, to know, and is synonymous with the Latin term *Vide*, and the English, to wit. It is admitted by Sanskrit scholars that in its general sense the word is applied to distinguish the sacred writings, which are differentiated into *Sruti* and *Smriti*. The first means direct revelation of divine truth by the supreme deity of the Hindu pantheon, and the second recollection of divine wisdom, such for example as the laws of Manu, for the regulation of human conduct during tenure of life on earth, and for the benefit of mankind in general. As the direct outcome of *Sruti* and *Smriti*, the Vedas are held to be inspired, the fact being considered by the Brahmins as beyond the province of human reason or argument.

Vedic science teaches that creation, as consisting of great insular continents, or heavens, is divided into concentric circles. They are Jambu, which is surrounded by a sea of salt-water, Plaksha, which is surrounded by a sea of sugarcane juice, Salmali, which is surrounded by a sea of spirituous liquor, Kusa, which is surrounded by a sea of clarified butter, Krauncha, which is surrounded by a sea of sour

curds, Suka, which is surrounded by a sea of milk, and Pushkara, which is surrounded by a sea of sweet-water. As we know for certain that our earth, known in the poetic language of the Vedas as Jambudwipa, which is said to be in the centre of the six concentric circles of the heavens, which are at vast distances from one another, is encompassed by a sea of salt-water, and as God, in the book of Genesis, has withheld from us all knowledge, as to the whereabouts, extent, shape, &c., of the heavens that surround us in their incomprehensible immensity, there is no proper reason why the Vedic account of their position, form, etc., should be laughed to scorn as a fiction.

What is called the firmament, or region of the air, or *Bhuh-loka* of the earth, is spread roundabout it, and is affected by the rays of the sun and the influence of the moon. It is said that the moon is 200,000 yojanas from the earth; that the sun is 100,000 yojanas from it; that Mercury (Budha) is 200,000 yojanas from the sun; that Venus (Sukra) is 200,000 yojanas from Mercury; that Mars (Angaraka) is 200,000 yojanas from Venus; that Jupiter (Brihaspati) is 200,000 yojanas from Mars; and that Saturn (Sani) is 250,000 yojanas from Jupiter. Beyond the encircling heavens of the planetary bodies is the sphere of the 7 Rishis. (Ursa Major) 100,000 yojanas beyond Saturn; and at the height above all the 7 Rishis is the polestar, called Dhruva, which is the pivot or axis on which the whole of the heavens rotate. Dhruva is the zenith, while Mount Meru, the Olympus of the Gods, is as it were the nadir. Mount Meru, which is said to be composed of gold, is the place where the gods, both solar and lunar, meet in session, for the discussion and settlement of affairs relating to heaven, earth and hell. Furthermore, it is given out that Mount Meru is situated in the centre of Jambudwipa; that the height of Mount Meru above the earth is 84 yojanas, and 16 yojanas below it; and that the diameter of Mount Meru, at its expanded summit, is 32 yojanas, and at its contracted base 16 yojanas, somewhat like the form of a cup.

The heavens described above belong to and are in the occupation of the great gods of the Vedas. These deities are not only married beings but are also fathers of no end of progeny. For example, Brahma, with his wife Savatri, inhabits the first heaven called *Satya loka*; Vishnu, with his wife Lakshmi, resides in the second

heaven called Vaikuntha ; and Śiva, with his wife Parvati, remains in the third heaven known as Kailas. The other heavens are similarly occupied by minor solar deities with their wives and issues. Each heaven is a region of transcendental bliss, the solar god in charge of it having full independence of powers therein. According to a celestial census, taken with greater accuracy than, say, an earthly one, the sum total of the deities of the heavens is 33 crores.

Seeing that in the sacred books of the Hindus, Zoroastrians and Chinese it is said that the celestial river, which descends from heaven and, by its four branches into which it is divided, waters the garden of Eden, it is necessary, first of all, to refer to what were and are the theories as to the situation of paradise, (the derivation of the word paradise is from the Sanskrit word *parades*, or foreign country) and afterwards to quote its description. The number of commentators on the garden of Eden has been legion, and their hypotheses, as to its whereabouts, are too many and varied for specification. Roughly speaking, the commentators may be divided into four classes, viz. (1) those who said that Paradise, having been created by God, long prior to the creation of the world, was above the seven heavens, but below his throne of power, (among those who hold this opinion are the Jews and the Musulmans); (2) those who said that Paradise was situated in the third heaven; (3) those who asserted that Paradise was located midway between the earth and firmament; and (4) those who believed that Paradise was the earth itself.

As explained, Jambudwipa is the earth, and the Vedic Swarga is situated in the regions of the mountains of the moon. Within Swarga, or the Elysian fields, is the abode of divinity, the Nandana, or the garden of bliss of the god Indra, (the rain god who, as being in charge of the place, was by the Aryans considered to be a deity of the highest rank.) Indra possesses in his Paradise the Jambu tree and the Jambu river, which is that of the garden of Eden of Genesis.

In the heaven below that in which Swarga exists is Kailas, or the paradise of Śiva, (whose name, however, is nowhere mentioned) but who has been identified as Rudra, or the roarer, or storm god. In the Vedas he is described as the father of the Rudras, or Marutas, is designated the slayer of men, and is said to be the possessor of remedies for the many ills of life. Kailas, has a river of life passing through it on its way to the earth below.

The celestial gardens of the Chinese are situated on the summit of the mountain called Honanuline, and contain a river of life going down to the earth beneath. According to the Medo-Persian mythology in the midst of the celestial mountain is the highest peak called Albourg, which is described as the dwelling place of Ormuzd and the good spirits. There is in this paradise the navel, or source of the river of life descending to the earth beneath.

The above are in brief the accounts of paradise, according to the various sacred books. They all agree in ascribing to it a mount, or Olympus of the gods, and a river of life, flowing through it, and passing down to the earth below.

The celestial paradise having been discussed, it remains for us to ascertain, from a source of general information—the Vedas, whence the Ganges originates, and how it comes to fall from heaven to earth.

According to the mythological romance of the Vishnu Purana, the river Ganges is said to issue from the great left toe of Vishnu, as he sits on his throne. In the Mahabharat and the Puranas he is represented as a powerful and all pervading deity, as the sun in his three stations of rise, zenith, and setting, and as the second person of the Hindu triad. Originally, the Ganges only circulated in the heavens above that of Vishnu, but was brought down thence to earth by the prayers of the Saint Bhagirath, for the purpose of purifying the mortal remains of king Sagard's 60,000 sons, who had, by the angry glance of Kapila, been reduced to ashes, which were thrown into the sea near Calcutta, and is therefore, called the Bhagirathi in Vedic poetry. As the Ganges was being drawn down from Kailas to earth, Siva, ever on the lookout for warding off misfortune in its multiplied forms, and in order to save the world from the rude shock of the falling mass of water, caught it up with his matted locks, and with his forehead checked the force of its descent, and for this reason he is termed Gangadhar. The saying, that evil often results from good, was illustrated by what happened. At the time the foregoing events were taking place, there was on earth a saint of the name of Janhu, who, being disturbed in the performance of a sacrifice to heaven, and also put out at the cold douche of the waters and the boisterous sound of their fall around him, in hot anger drank them up and afterwards, feeling no doubt uncomfortable "in the inside of his interior"—to use an Irishism—with millions of tons of liquid within him, released them through a cut

in one of his thighs. In consequence of what Janhu did, and in commemoration of the miracle, the Ganges is sometimes designated Janhavi. Lastly, in the pages of the Vedas, the Ganges is named the *Tri-patha-ga*, (triple flowing) because it is believed that it flows through heaven, earth and hell.

While the Ganges flows through the expanse of the seven heavens, it is said to give life and immortality to gods and genii who drink of its water. While it flowed round the earth, it did, once upon a time, possess the virtue of curing bodily disease, and washing away sin; but now it does not, because of the continued wickedness of all the races of mankind. While the Ganges flows underground, as an infernal river, its water does not, when drunk, altogether but only temporarily, mitigate the pains suffered by the shades of the dead in Patala.

Seeing that knowledge of the invisible world, which exists, has in the past been purposely kept from mankind, who are also ignorant of the many secrets of nature, it is silly for any one to deny the possibility of a celestial river descending below, and to characterise the Vedic account, of how it falls from the mountains of the moon to the earth as nonsense, and the raving of a disordered brain. Anyhow, it must be admitted, by any candid enquirer, whose opinion is not biassed by prejudice against the supernatural, that it is necessary for him to determine by enquiry what the ancients said and believed about the matter, which has been a sort of mystery from remote time to this. Anyhow, the scriptural information about the ark of the covenant, which symbolised the presence of the majesty of Jehovah with the Jews, the chosen race of God, affords some indicia, or tangible data, for the belief that the river Ganges originates from the throne of the Almighty, and appears on earth as a sacred stream. This fact will be attempted to be made out. First of all, there is no reason to doubt that the Mosiac tabernacle and Solomon's temple courts, which were of an oblong rectangular form, and built after the pattern revealed by God himself, were representative of the heavens, and that the ark of the covenant signified Jehovah's throne above them. In short, both the Tabernacle of Moses and the Temple of Solomon were prototypes in miniature of the heavens, and the dwelling place of the *Most High*. Before speaking of the symbolic meaning of the Tabernacle and the Temple, excerpts from the old Testament will be given, to show that

both were constructed according to the patterns made known by God. The following quotations are from chapter 25 of the book of Exodus :

“ And the Lord spoke unto Moses saying
according to all that I show thee after the pattern of the tabernacle
and the pattern of all the instruments thereof even so shall ye
make it.”

The following extract is from chapter 28 of the First book of the Chronicles :

“ Then David gave Solomon, his son, the pattern of the porch and
and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof and of the
upper chambers thereof and of the inner parlours thereof, and of the
place of the mercy seat.”

12...And the pattern of all that he had by the spirit, of the court
of the house of the Lord, and of the chambers roundabout, of the
treasuries of the house of God, and of the treasuries of the dedicated
things.”

W. A. SUTHERLAND.

**PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE BENGAL
TENANCY ACT.**

In the Bill for amending the Bengal Tenancy Act it is proposed to make occupancy holding transferable and to authorise the payment of fees to the zemindar for registering the transfer of occupancy holding. It is also proposed to legalise the levy of abwabs by the zemindar. There is some merit in the provision for making occupancy holding transferable, but the other two provisions are retrograde, improper and mischievous.

In view of protecting the raiyats from the oppressions of the zemindars, the right of interference was reserved by Clause 1 S. 8, Regulation I of 1793. In the same year the Court of Directors in their General-Revenue Despatch to the Government of India dated 19th September, wrote :—

"You will in a particular manner be cautious so to express yourselves as to leave no ambiguity as to our right to interfere from time to time as may be necessary for the protection of the raiyats and subordinate land-holders, it being our intention in the whole of this measure effectually to limit our own demands, but not to depart from our inherent right of Sovereign of being the guardians and protectors of every class of persons living under our Government." The State was thus the Paramount Land-lord.

The right of property given to the zemindar under the Permanent Settlement, was that the land-revenue to which the State was entitled was farmed to him in perpetuity with a margin of 10 per cent. He was, however, entitled to the profit derived from the reclamation of large tracts of revenue-free waste land. The zemindar was therefore the intermediate proprietor, and not an absolute proprietor. He could not expel the raiyats from the land in disregard of their respective tenures, and cultivate it himself by means of steam-plough and other labor-saving implements of agriculture, the raiyats being turned into day-laborers. Mr. Harington gave the following description of a zemindar as constituted by the Permanent Settlement.—
"A land-holder possessing a zemindari estate which is hereditary and transferable by sale gift or bequest subject under all circum

stances to the public assessment fixed upon it, is entitled after the payment of such assessment, to appropriate any surplus rents and profits which may be lawfully receivable by him from the under-tenants of land in his zemindari, or from the cultivation and improvement of untenanted lands, but subject nevertheless to such rules and restrictions as are already established or may be hereafter enacted by the British Government for securing the rights and privileges of raiyats and other under-tenants of whatever description in their respective tenures and for protecting them against undue exaction or oppression." It was, therefore, not the object of the Permanent Settlement to confiscate anything which according to the customs and traditions of the country belonged to the raiyats. The intention of the authors of the Permanent Settlement was not only to fix for ever the land-revenue of the zemindars, but at the same time to secure to the raiyats fixity of tenure and of rents. Lord Cornwallis in his memorable Minute relating to the Permanent Settlement declared that the zemindars can receive no more rent than at the rates established in the Perganah. A search should be made for any schedule of the rates of rent prevailing in the several Perganahs at the time of the Permanent Settlement which might have been prepared under the above orders of Lord Cornwallis. If it is not forthcoming the Land-Revenue Department may compile such a schedule from materials available in the revenue records of that period.

The raiyats, who cleared and cultivated the land, were according to the Hindu and Mahomedan laws actual proprietors of the land, and by custom and tradition from time immemorial they could be held to possess permanent rights on the land. The existence of those rights was recognised by the British Government and guarded by law commencing with Act X of 1859, which secured to them occupancy right. The measure was described by Lord Canning as "a real and earnest attempt to improve the position of the raiyats of Bengal and to open to them a prospect of freedom and independence which they have not hitherto enjoyed by clearly defining their rights and by placing restrictions on the powers of the zemindars such as ought long ago have been provided." It was provided in Section 4 of the Act that in the absence of evidence as to what the prevailing Perganah rates were, their fixity will be presumed from proof that they have not been changed for the last twenty years. The provi-

sion though not fair either to the zemindars or the raiyats was made as a sort of compromise. The Bengal Tenancy Act of 1885, however, provided that where any occupancy-raiyat pays his rent in money, his rent shall be presumed to be fair and equitable and shall not be enhanced except on the following grounds :—

- (a) That the rate of rent paid by the raiyat is below the prevailing rate paid by occupancy-raiyats for land of a similar description and with similar advantages in the same village or in neighbouring villages and that there is no sufficient reason for his holding at so low a rate.
- (b) That there has been a rise in the average local prices of staple food-crops during the currency of the present rent.
- (c) That the productive powers of the land held by the raiyat have been increased by an improvement effected by or at the expense of the landlord during the currency of the present rent.
- (d) That the productive powers of the land held by the raiyat have been increased by fluvial action.

The grounds are ominous grounds of dispute between the zemindars and raiyats involving them in frequent litigation. The following cross currents of public opinion in regard to them may be considered in connection with the present Bill for amending the Tenancy Act :—

- (a) As it is difficult to ascertain the prevailing rates of rent, the Court is empowered to direct that a local inquiry may be held for the purpose under Chapter XXV of the Code of Civil Procedure by a competent Revenue Officer. The procedure is costly and harassing. Instead of it, like the price-lists of staple food-crops published under the authority of Government for reference in suits for the enhancement of rent on the ground of rise in prices of staple food-crops, schedules of prevailing rates of rent should be published by the Revenue Department to which the Court may refer in determining the prevailing rates of rent.
- (b) As producer of staple food-crops the raiyat is entitled to the profits accruing from the rise in their prices

caused by facilities of communication and expansion of trade, in the promotion of which he is indirectly connected, paying road-cess, railway fares and freights and selling produce of his land in the market, but with which the zemindar is in no way concerned. It is shocking to humanity and derogatory to God's command, that the raiyat should be deprived of the fruits earned by the sweat of his brow by the enhancement of his rent on the ground of rise in the prices of the produce of his land. Such a provision would be the thin end of the wedge subversive of the occupancy right of the raiyat in the sense of the Bengali adage.—Every thing is thine except the key which is mine. Then again, for enhancing the rent, the zemindar would be prone to cause fictitious rise in the prices of food-crops by purchasing them at low prices from the raiyat at the time of the harvest, storing them and selling them afterwards at exorbitant prices by means of trade combination. It is therefore expedient that the zemindar should be prohibited from engaging himself in such speculation. Government servants as a rule cannot engage themselves in trade. The counterprovision that the raiyat can claim reduction of his rent on account of a fall in the prices of staple food,—crops is of no avail to him, the prices of all staple food-crops having steadily increased to an enormous extent without showing any sign of diminution; the rents have in consequence been generally enhanced.

- (c) The landlord must not make any improvement in individual occupancy holding, it should be done by the tenant, but he may with the sanction of the Collector introduce a general improvement in his estate and realise with the permission of the Collector the cost thereof proportionately from the raiyats.
- (d) A raiyat having occupancy right is entitled to the benefit of fluvial action or any other natural causes increasing the productive powers of his land and not the absentee landlord, his rent should not therefore be

enhanced. On the otherhand, it is provided that the raiyat can claim commutation of rent for deterioration of his land on account of deposit of sand by fluvial action. This spirit of give and take however equitable, can never be beneficial to the raiyat, poor as he is, he can have no redress in a court of law against a rich zemindar.

The zemindar who did nothing for the improvement of the land, nor contributed anything towards works of public utility even in the shape of road-cess, enhanced the rents of the raiyats to an enormous extent on the ground that the value of produce and the productive powers of the land have increased not so much by the agency or at the expense of the raiyats as by natural causes, expansion of trade, facilities of communication, embankments, canals, &c., to the benefit of which the raiyats as occupiers of land were entitled, and it was to them therefore that the increased value of their land would belong. In a Resolution of the Government of India Lord Curzon observed :—“ The Bengali cultivator was rack-rented, impoverished and oppressed.” In a Resolution reviewing the last annual report of the Survey and Settlement operations of Bengal, Lord Carmichael said :—“ The most flagrant instances of illegal enhancements of rent have been found in the estates of large proprietors.”

If in conformity with the orders contained in the General-Revenue Despatch from the Court of Directors, dated 19th September 1792 and the orders of Lord Cornwallis mentioned above, it is deemed expedient to secure to the raiyats once for all fixity of tenure and of rents, the legislature in amending the Bengal Tenancy Act should provide that if an occupancy raiyat whether under a written lease or not has paid his rent at a fixed rate for the last 12 years it shall not be enhanced, Clauses *a, b, c* and *d* of Section 30 of the Tenancy Act of 1885 being repealed.

Instead of the evil of oppressive enhancement of rent being redressed, the raiyats are confronted with a more appalling evil by the provision in the Bill for the payment to the zemindar of fees at 25 per cent. of the value of property for registering the transfer of occupancy holding. It will have disastrous effect on the occupancy right of the raiyats. What the legislature gave by one hand, will be taken away by the other. Since the grant of the occupancy right, the raiyats at considerable outlay and labour made various

improvements on their lands—they have erected brick-built houses, dug ponds, planted choicest trees, &c. It will be a great hardship on them if they are to pay to the zemindar fees at 25 per cent. of the value of property every time for registering the transfer of occupancy holding, besides paying the usual registration fees to the Registrar of Deeds. Under the circumstances, without bothering for occupancy right, the raiyats will prefer to live in hovel, as tenants at will surrounded by jungle. On the analogy of the provision mentioned above, Government would be justified as Paramount Landlord in claiming the payment of 25 per cent. of the value of any zemindari estate when transferred.

The provision in the Bill for the levy of *abwabs* by the zemindars is highly objectionable as a most retrograde and odious measure legalising the levy of illegal and oppressive cesses by the zemindars. In the Administration Report of Bengal for 1872-73 it was stated that the attention of the Government of Bengal having been attracted to the *abwabs* or illegal cesses levied by the zemindars from the raiyats enquiries were instituted, which showed that these *abwabs* were of general prevalence all over Bengal and they certainly have not diminished in number since the Permanent settlement notwithstanding strict statutory prohibitions. In the District of 24 Parganas roundabout Calcutta the seat of Government no less than 27 different kinds of illegal cesses were found to be usually levied. In the Resolution of the Government of Bengal on the Report of the Land Revenue Administration for 1912 it was stated:—The reports regarding the Tenancy Act contain little that is novel except in few districts no serious agrarian disputes came to notice, but the levy of *abwabs* or illegal cesses and the failure to grant proper rent receipts are still deplorably common." The law is very clear and strict in the matter. The zemindars were strictly forbidden to impose any *abwabs* or illegal cesses upon the raiyats under any pretence whatever. Every such exaction was to be punished by heavy penalties.

DÉBENDRA NATH CHUCKERBUTTY.

BIRTH OF THE DIVINE KRISHNA.

Extraordinary feats performed during infancy bespeak to his divinity.

On an auspicious day, princess Devaki, sister of Raja Kangsa was married to Basudev. Kangsa, taking the happy pair in his carriage, was driving to the palace. On the way, a heavenly message was vouchsafed to him to the effect, that the 8th child of Devaki would kill him. Greatly scared with the warning, he put Basudev and his spouse to prison. He argued with himself, that self preservation is the law of nature, and such being the fact, he was justified in taking steps to save himself. He directed the loving couple to be placed under confinement, although his sister was then in the family way. A strong guard kept strict watch and ward, outside, day and night. Kangsa anxiously waited for the confinement of Devaki, who in the course of things, gave birth to a male child in the prison, at Mathura, north-west of Agra, on the sacred banks of the Jumna. The child was ushered into existence at mid-night, on a favourable and auspicious hour, on the eighth day of the new-moon in August, corresponding to the month of Bhadra about 4500 years ago. The sky was over cast and wore a frowning aspect. Amidst drizzling rain, loud thunder claps overhead, the gloom was lighted up at intervals by forky streaky lightnings. Not a single soul dared to stir out in the awfully inclement weather. The sentinels were snoring heavily, under divine spell. The beauty and effulgence of the baby, captivated the heart of Devaki, who made up her mind to part with her precious child, just to baffle the evil designs and cruel intentions of her brother—Kangsa. Remembering the sad fate which will overtake her Apollo-like child, if he chanced to fall into the clutches of Kangsa, Devaki asked her husband to take away the infant. The couple shed bitter tears, when the divine baby smiled and softly said —“ The sentinels of the prison, as well as, the citizens of Mathura are under a spell and sleeping quietly. It is just the time to remove me to the abode of Nanda. So be up and

doing, and do not feel the least uneasiness for me. The wife of Nanda has just given birth to a female child, bring her here and proclaim her as the eighth born of Devaki. Leave me quietly on the lap of Jasada and return here. The shackles on the feet of Basudev fell of their own accord, and he stood up and taking the infant in his arms, sallied out into the darkness, alone, and unseen by any living soul. The locks of the door fell out on Basudev's touch and the gates were ajar. On arriving at the river-bank, the difficulty of crossing the Jumna at that unusual hour, stood in Basudev's way. He was cogitating on the ways and means of going across, when he saw a jackal plunging into the water, and fording the channel with ease. Flashes of lightning indicated the way the beast had taken, and he made no scruple to follow the track. Rain-drops pattered his back, and the baby was shivering with cold. Just then a huge cobra turned up and with its expanded hood, sheltered the baby: whilst he was wading through the mud and water.

The baby accidentally slipped from the hands of Basudev and fell into the water. He was upset and greatly agitated, although he had the good fortune of finding the child on the spot it had fallen. Picking up the infant, and carefully keeping him in his arms, Basudev crossed the river, without further mishap and eventually reached the residence of Nunda, unobserved and undetected by any living soul. Entering the lying-in room he noiselessly and quietly put his baby by the side of Nandarani and took away her female child in exchange. Occult influence was at work to help Basudev in his hazardous undertaking. Leaving the place, he recrossed the river and reached the prison-house. The shrill cry of the female child, awakened the guard, who at once ran up to Kangsa to apprise him about the birth of the new-comer. Kangsa immediately ordered the stripling to be produced before him. The child as well as the mother, were produced before the cruel, panic-stricken king. Devaki, with folded hands approached her brother and supplicatingly addressed him, with tears rolling down her cheeks,—“Oh Raja I beseech you, refrain from putting to death a female child. Have mercy on me, and pity my deplorable condition.” Her heart-rending appeal availed nothing. Kangsa caught hold of, one of the baby's legs with a view to dash her brains out on a stone which was conveniently at hand. He waved the child in the air to and fro, and was on the point of striking, the poor infant on the stone, when it

slipped away from his powerful grasp and was in a trice transformed in space, as Goddess Durga with eight arms, holding particular weapons in each hand. She indignantly said—"Wretch, you are as much a fool as a villain, your destroyer has already taken birth at Gokul in the house of Nunda, and you shall perish in his hands." Gradually the image vanished and her words fell like a thunder-bolt on the scared heart of the king. Awe-struck, Kangsa sent for his chief councillor to devise means, if any, to thwart the fate that awaited him. Jasoda, on account of the pangs of travail was quite ignorant at first of the sex of the child she had given birth. Awakened from sleep, she found a fascinating male child crying by her side! She took him up with great pleasure, and suckled him fondly. Nanda was informed about the matter forthwith by the female attendants of Jasoda. Nanda was awfully overjoyed and dismissed them with presents and rewards. He hurried up to the place of confinement and obtaining a glimpse of the baby, was agitated on account of the divine beauty of the child, which was reposing on the lap of his wife. The looks of the infant, captivated his heart and he was so much elated with pleasure, that he gave away lots of money and eatables to the denizens of Gokul. A string of men and women came to see the baby, whose smiling face endeared him to every one.

The unanimous opinion was, that such a handsome child was not to be seen on the face of the earth. Nunda was the chief herdsman in Gokul, and as such, was by courtsey called Raja.

On account of the birth of the infant, the town was illuminated at night, which was spent by the villagers in merry-making. Rohini—sister-in-law of Nunda, had presented her husband with a son, seven months prior to the advent of Jasoda's son. There is another legend in connection with the birth of Balaram mentioned by Vasya in his work—the well-known Bhagbata. During the month of February corresponding to Falgoun on the full moon day, Balaram was ushered into existence, seven months after the conception of the wife of Basudev. The fœtus was transferred in the womb of Rohini by the order of Vishnu the lord of the universe. According to custom Basudev requested Maharshi Garga to call on Nanda, and perform the ceremony of Namkaran (nomenclature ceremony.) The Rishi visited Gokul, and ordered the baby to be produced before him. Rohini, followed by Jasoda appeared before the

Maharshi, with their respective sons. The unique loveliness of the infants charmed the sage, who accosted Rohini in the following manner—"Madam, your son looks like a lotus. He will become the delight of his relatives. I therefore name him as Rani, but on account of his Herculean strength he shall be known as Balaram. He then turned round, and his eyes were rivetted on the baby of Jasoda, for sometime. By means of Yoga (concentration of the mind) he found the boy to be the incarnation of God,—the trinity in unity, creator, destroyer and sustainer of the universe. He called the deity—Krishna. It would be seen that Balaram was the offspring of Basudev. Krishna, and Balaram were brought up by Nunda during their infancy. Whilst still a suckling baby, a giantess called Putna, was sent by Kangsa to Brajapuri for killing Krishna. She went to Brajapuri and roamed about the place by metamorphosing herself into a beautiful woman. She appeared before Jasoda, and requested her to show her the comely child. Poor Jasoda, not suspecting anything sinister, made over the child to the vile woman. After caressing the boy for a few minutes, she opened her breast, and made it to suck her teats which were poisoned. The child, knowing her diabolical purpose, caught hold of her mammary gland firmly and then sucked her life blood out. She tried to remove the baby from her breast, but was unsuccessful. She shrieked with agony, but Krishna did not stop sucking till she died. The inmates of the house were struck with amazement on witnessing the phenomenon. She was lying dead on the ground with her gigantic body stretched to the full. People came out running from their habitations, to have a look at the Rakshi. (literally raw-eating-ogress). Jasoda with great concern, invoked the blessings of the All-Merciful, for the welfare of her son. The villagers became anxious for the safety of their beloved Krishna. With great vehemence, they showered imprecations and curses on the head of Kangsa. Foiled in his vicious attempt, Kangsa hit upon a plan, to kill his foe. He sent a monster named Sakat to Nanda's mansion. On account of Krishna's birthday celebration, Brahmins were reciting hymns according to Sastric rites. Nanda was distributing clothes and other gifts to Brahmins. Upananda was giving away sweets to neat-herds. The house of Nanda was enfeet with gaiety and festivity. Krishna was taking a nap on his foster mother's lap. Jasoda placed her child in the verandah to bask in the sun. Sakat

did not let go such an opportune moment. He stealthily entered the Verandah. The infant woke up and kicked the giant on the chest with such violence, that he was killed on the spot. Kansa persisted in spite of his repeated failures, to gain his object, and sent another demon of herculean strength called Trinabarta to Brojodhann. He went straight to his destination, incensed with rage. Jasoda was engaged with her household work as usual. The news about the arrival of Trinabarta frightened her, and she hastened to look after her dear boy. Krishna instinctively clung to her bosom for safety. She smothered him with her kisses. Suddenly she felt the weight of her son unbearable, and was obliged to put him down on the ground. Like a gust of wind Trinabarta entered the chamber with a yell and attacked him fiercely. The house was converted into a veritable tower of Babel: The inmates cried vociferously to save Krishna. No sooner Trinabarta laid his hands on the body of his prey, than he was throttled to death by Krishna: Nanda and Upananda rejoiced at the miraculous escape of their dear Krishna. Jasoda took the child on her bosom, and imprinted warm kisses on her darling boy. She carried the infant into a temple, and offered *pujas* (worship) to the presiding deity, for the safety of her child. The brothers grew up like ordinary boys, and in the usual course they learnt crawling on the floor, and began to prattle—"Papa, mamma with their indistinct voices, causing much amusement to their foster parents. Krishna sometimes climbed the knees of Nanda, with the intention of sitting on his thigh. Besmearing all over his body with cowdung, he sometimes with out stretched arms wound round the body of Jasoda, with infantile pleasure, and spoiled the dress she wore. She took him to task for his naughtiness, and then washed his body with the tenderness of a fond mother. Jasoda and Rohini vied with each other, in preparing delicacies, such as creams butter and the like, for their respective boys. They never allowed the children to partake food-stuffs cooked by others. Krishna and Balaram always played together. They sometimes, with other playmates, entered a neighbour's house, and demanded refreshments for them: in case of non-compliance, they will ransack the kitchen, scatter eatables on the floor, and then scamper off, when pursued. The pranks of Krishna became intolerable to milkmaids and they laid complaints against him to Jasoda who was unable to rule Krishna properly. One day she, with

great indignation, tied the tiny hands of Krishna with a string, and fastened the other end to a peg. The moment she turned her back, Krishna pulled the rope with a jerk, thus uprooting the peg and began crawling on all fours, and dragging the peg after him a short distance. The piece of wood by chance stuck between the trunks of a pair of trees called Jamal, Arjun. Krishna was incensed at finding his progress suddenly arrested and pulled the rope severely, uprooting the trees with a tremendous crash. He climbed on a branch of one of the trees and clapped his hands with joy. It so happened that several village women were passing by that way, with their earthen pitchers to fetch water from the Jumna river. They thought, he was in a serious predicament.

The affrighted girls ran to Jasoda and informed her about the sad occurrence. The information so much perturbed her mind, that she wildly ran about with dishevelled hair, weeping and bemoaning her sad fate. Nanda and his followers ran out to ascertain the cause of the hubbub. They found the trees lying on the ground uprooted, and Sri Krishna seated on the branch of one of them, quietly smiling. They could, not for their lives, account for the phenomenon. One of Nanda's followers unfastened the hands of the boy, and set him at liberty, and he at once went away, like an urchin set free from school. On the eastern side of the Jumna, there is a vast tract of land covered with jungle. For the sake of convenient classification, patches of the jungle were named after the trees they contained, such as Bhadraban, Bhandilban, Bilwaban, Lohaban and Mahaban. The whole forest was called Brindaban. Close to this wood, there was a kingdom known as Sarbasar. A mighty Raja called Brishabhannu ruled it. Kritika was the consort of the Raja. She had a daughter called Radha. She was born in August at noon on the eighth day of the Moon. Her beauty captivated the hearts of the Royal couple. On the third day after her birth, Durbasa Rishi paid a visit to the Raja's court. He was conducted to the hall of audience. The Raja out of respect to the Rishi, rose from his throne and bowing to him, asked him with folded hands the object of his visit? Durbasa said—"Three days ago, your queen presented you with a daughter. I have come to pay my homage to her. She is no other than the goddess Luchmi, who presides over Baikunta in heaven. She has condescended to come down here for the sake of Krishna. Do not treat her like an ordinary girl. Tell your son

Sridam not to molest her in any way. She should be allowed to do as she likes. Everybody should pay respects to her. Saying this the sage went away. The parents were elated with joy, having such a jewel of a child, who has come down from the highest sphere in Heaven. The happiness of the Royal couple increased as the child grew up. Brajapuri was ransacked and devastated by Kansa's followers.

SIVA NATH ROY.

TITAGHUR PAPER MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Titaghur & Kankinara,

E. B. S. R.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

ALL KINDS OF
Printing, Foolscap, Car-
tridge, Blotting, and
Badami Papers.

Managing Agents:—

F. W. Heilgers & Co.,

Chartered Bank Buildings.

CALCUTTA.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 2—FEBRUARY 1915.

IS THE GANGES A CELESTIAL RIVER?

(II)

13. "Also for the courses of the priests and the Levites, and for all the vessels of service in the house of the Lord."

It will be thus seen that the tabernacle, which was the sanctuary of the Jews, during a period of 40 years when they wandered in a circuit in the desert of Arabia, was built in exact conformity with the divine plan. The tabernacle, constructed of cloth and covered with carpets, was a portable tent, to all intents and purposes. It was in the shape of a parallelogram, its two smaller ends being towards the east and west, the entrance door facing the east. The framework of the tabernacle, formed by 48 gold-gilt boards of acacia wood, was securely held together by means of golden rings at the top, and sockets of silver resting on the ground at the bottom. The interior space of the tabernacle was divided into two unequal compartments. The greater called the sanctuary, contained on its north side the table of showbread, on its south side the golden candlestick, and in the middle, near the inner curtain, hiding the ark of the covenant from view, the altar of incense, and the lesser, called the holy of holies, contained the ark of the covenant, which had the two tables of the law, Aaron's almond tree rod that blossomed, and a pot of celestial manna, on which the Israelites were fed. Furthermore, the tabernacle was situated in a court, which was surrounded by screens or kanauts, which were supported in their upright position by means of hooks and fillets of silver.

In the eastern part of the outer court were placed the altar of burnt offering, and between it and the tabernacle door the laver, containing water, with which the Levites cleansed their hands and feet, preparatory to entering the sanctuary for the purpose of service and the worship of Jehovah.

The ark of the covenant was a chest or box of oblong form, made of acacia wood, overlaid within and without with gold, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cubits long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubits broad and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubits in depth. Each of the four top corners of this ark was provided with a golden ring. Through the two rings, which were not on the longitudinal side, was passed a staff of acacia wood overlaid with gold. By means of the two staves, whose ends protruded through holes in the veil, which divided the holy of holies from the sanctuary, the ark was able to be carried by the priests on their shoulders. On the upper side of the lid of the ark, and within the space enclosed by the outstretched wings of the two figures of the cherubims, one facing the other, in a posture of adoration, was the mercy seat, which was the Shekinah (this Hebrew word is similar to the Persian, Arabic, and Urdu Shekunath, meaning residence or abode). The ark was, therefore, considered to be the dwelling-place, or the footstool, of the Almighty, who is represented as a being who can only be worshipped in spirit and in truth, in as much as his personality cannot possibly be realised by the conceptions of human thought. He is everlasting by nature, uncreated, infinite, perfect in power, justice, holiness, truth and goodness. He is One God, and was and will be so always. He is the source of power, and the rightful ruler of all created beings in the seven heavens above and the earth beneath. He possesses the attributes of foreknowledge, and determines the occurrence of events in the wide expanse of his empire, in which the seven heavens themselves are in size no larger than a mote floating in the air. With him, quadrillions of ages are in duration like the wink of the eye. He is the eternal judge and arbiter of the destiny of cherubims, seraphims, archangels, angels, genii and mankind, and true religion consists in a knowledge of his unity, and the performance of his will, as revealed originally in the Pentateuch, then in the New Testament, and finally in the Koran.

The symbolism of the tabernacle was that it represented the whole immensity of creation, and that of the holy of holies was that it indicated Jehovah's place of rest, which was above it. In the

void of the mercy seat was his throne, which was carried by the four oherubims, whose forms, features, and appearance are described in the First Chapter of Ezekiel, on the occasion, of Jehovah's visiting Ezekiel, who was among the captives on the the banks of the Chebar, which is supposed, with some appearance of truth, to be a tributary of the Euphrates, in view to sending him as a prophet to the Jewish nation, and making him denounce to them, in language of righteous indignation, their doom of destruction, for their obstinate and continued rebellion, idolatry and wickedness. The following are the extracts from the 1st and the 2nd Chapters of the book of Ezekiel :

From Chapter 1st "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives of the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God."

2. "In the fifth day of the month, which was the fifth year of King Jehoiachin's captivity."

3. "The word of the Lord came expressly unto Ezekiel the priest, the son of Buzi, in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebar; and the hand of the Lord was there upon him."

4. "And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire."

5. "Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man."

6. "And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings."

7. "And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot: and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass."

8. "And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides; and they four had their faces and their wings."

It is remarkable that Brahm, the first created of Prajapati, is also said to have four faces, being a *chaturbhooj*.

10. "As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle."

11. "Thus were their faces : and their wings were stretched upward ; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies."

12. "And they went every one straight forward : whither the spirit was to go, they went."

13. "As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps : it went up and down among the living creatures ; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning."

14. "And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning.".....

15. "And there was a voice from the firmament that was over their heads, when they stood, and had set down their wings."

16. "And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone : and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man upon it."

27. "And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire roundabout within it, from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round it."

28. "As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud, so was the appearance of the brightness roundabout. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it I fell upon my face, and I heard the voice of one that spake."

From Chapter 10 of Ezekiel.

1. "Then I looked, and, behold, in the firmament that was above the head of the cherubims there appeared over them as it were a sapphire stone, as the appearance of the likeness of a throne.

14. "And every one had four faces : the first face was the face of a cherub and the second face was the face of a man, and the third the face of a lion, and the fourth the face of an eagle."

19. "And the cherubims lifted up their wings, and mounted up from the earth in my sight : when they went out, the wheels were also beside them, and every one stood at the door of the east gate of the Lord's house ; and the glory of the god of Israel was over them above."

20. "This is the living creature that I saw under the god of .

Israel by the river Chebar; and I knew that they were the cherubims."

21. "Every one had two faces a piece and every one four wings; and the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

22. "And the likeness of their faces was the same faces which I saw by the river of Chebar, their appearances, and themselves: they went every one straightforward."

Seeing, from the foregoing, that the Most High, sitting on his throne, descends in a twinkling of the eye from heaven to earth, alights at the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and thence departs and mounts to heaven again, and noting in verse 18 of the 28th Chapter of Isaiah the expression "chariots of the sun," it is evident that the cherubims are the highest order of angelic intelligences who are employed for the purpose of carrying Jehovah's throne, whithersoever his wishes. Hence it appears that they are meant and intended only for this duty. If in the Talmud of the Jews we have the cherubims particularized as the supporters and carriers of Jehovah's throne, we also have described in the Vedas as veharas, or vehicles of locomotion, the bull or Nanda, on which Siva rides, the eagle or Garuda, on which Vishnu knocks about, and the lion or Singh on which Brahm, the head of the Hindu triad, is transported whithersoever he pleases. In addition to the cherubims, who are below the throne of god but within the region of the holy of holies, there are the seraphims, another high order of celestial beings, referred to in Chapter VII. 2 of Isaiah, who are described as having each of them three pairs of wings, who in form and features are like man, and who are the ministers of Jehovah's will, carrying out the divine decrees.

The following are extracts from Chapter VI of the book of Isaiah, who like Ezekiel is considered by the rabbins one of the great prophets of Jehovah.

2. "In the year that Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple."

2. "Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

3. "And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: and the whole earth is full of his glory."

4. "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried and the house was filled with smoke."

5. Then said I, woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

6. "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar."

7. "And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged."

8. "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I, send me."

9. "And he said, go, and tell this people, hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not."

11. "Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate."

Judging from the fact that "one cried unto another," or sang Jehovah's praises antiphonically, it appears that two of the seraphims are on the right hand of God on his throne of majesty and two on the left, ever ready to administer to the divine will in the government of creation.

It should be noticed, that the symbolic forms of the tabernacle and the ark of the covenant had parallels in the religious insignia of the Egyptians, who built their temple with its adytum, the holy of holies, which contained the ark, which was very much in appearance and design like the ark of the covenant, and its sanctuary, which contained the altar of incense and the perpetual light. From inspection of a sketch of the adytum of the Egyptian temple, it is seen that the void of the mercy seat, covered by the canopy of two cherubims facing each other, was occupied by a picture of the sun, the visible appearance of Satan, upheld by the uplifted hands of a scarabæus. On one hand, in the tabernacle of Moses, the mercy seat was empty and had no effigy or likeness of Jehovah, and on the other, in the mercy seat in the Egyptian temple, was the figure of Satan, the principle of evil, who has his own solar and lunar deities, his own hierarchy of fallen angels, his own religions, such as Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and Hinduism, and his own corps d'élite of followers, who aggregate more in number than the sum total of

Jews, Christians, and Musalmahs, who testify by faith to the unity of God.

The belief that the sacred rivers of the earth had their source in the highest heaven, whence they as the celestial river descended through the intermediate regions of space to the lowest heaven of the moon, whence they tumbled on earth, is of very ancient existence. The Brahmins say that the Ganges, issuing from Chandragiri or Somagiri, the mountains of the moon in Kailas, drops on the Himalayas, and on its impact with the earth splits up into the Bhadra, the Sita, the Alaknanda—the main branches of the Ganges between Allahabad and the Bay of Bengal—and the Chaksue. The Egyptians, so celebrated in Talmudic history for their wisdom, considered the Ganges, in its form as the Nile, as a celestial stream emanating from the throne of Osiris; the Greeks, whose philosophy and military prowess were second to none, believed it flowed from the throne of Zeus; (Homer calls it Jove born, and Plautus says it issues from the throne of Jupiter) the Romans, who in warfare were unequalled as conquerors, thought it started from the throne of Jupiter; the Chinese were under the impression that it came from the presence of their chief supreme spirit Tychin; and the Persians were of opinion that it came out of the navel of waters in paradise in Alburg.

As every thing of the invisible world is not cognisable to the sense of man, and in consequence of human knowledge being limited by providence, the source of the Ganges or the Nile has ever remained a mystery. The ancients, impelled by geographical or religious curiosity, searched in vain to discover the origin of the Nile. Cambyzes and Caesar, with their immense resources of men and money, tried their best to do so, but without avail; Alexander the Great, whom the Musalmans consider a true believer, inasmuch as, on the conquest of Jerusalem, he acknowledged Jehovah of the Jews, as the true and only God, and gave the Jewish rabbins, on the occasion, many valued privileges and the Egyptian philosophical books, which were the source of knowledge expounded by Aristotle and other Grecian philosophers, whose writings have powerfully influenced the ideas of mankind, consulted the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ascertain whence his river the Nile began, but got no information; Ptolemy Philadelphus, when he warred against Ethiopia, endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to trace its source; and Nere,

who, according to the Sybelline prophecies, is to come during the Millennium as Anti-Christ, wished to crown his military exploits by the glory of discovering its hidden source, but failed of success.

The Jews say that the river of life in paradise flows from under the throne of the Most High, and the Musalmans believe that the river of life, which they designate Al-Cauthar, has its source beneath the throne of God, and that the water is sweeter than honey, whiter than milk, and more odoriferous than musk: its taste, as the elixir of life, is ineffable.

The Jews and the Musalmans think that the water of the Nile is blessed and holy. Mahomed, the prophet, is said to have declared, that the Nile comes out of the garden of paradise, and that were its water examined at its issue thence it would be found mixed with the leaves of paradise. Originally the water of the Nile had the property of conferring life and immortality on those who drank of it; but owing its nature having been altogether changed, by its contact and contamination with the sinful matter of the earth, cursed for the wickedness of mankind, it does not do so now. Furthermore, it is said, that the river, during its course above the sphere of the earth, flows over beds of gold and precious stones. The legendary lore, relating to the Nile as a heavenly river, is fancifully romantic of character. It is asserted by Musalmans, that it was bequeathed by Adam, after his expulsion from paradise to earth, where he remained for long in Ceylon, to his son Seth, who, along with his descendants, came to and dwelt in Egypt, where, in course of time and under Satan's instigation, they established idolatry, polytheism, and divination, to ascertain the secrets of futurity. At the time when the family of Seth settled in the land of the Pharaohs, the Nile was in the habit of overflowing its banks, and submerging the greater part of the African continent, to the no small destruction of life and property. Enoch, the grandson of the first murderer, Cain, and the only man who, by his translation in a chariot of fire to heaven, escaped the doom of death, was able to regulate the flow of the Nile, in order to guard against the loss. He constructed 85 huge figures of copper, and allowed the river to flow out of their mouths, and to form ten separate streams, which, running between banks of sand and tall trees, and coalescing in groups of five rivers, were made to fall into two lakes, and to issue therefrom in two streams; and the four of them,

thus formed, were emptied into a large lake, whence the Nile, as an attenuated volume of water, issued. At the Flood, when Enoch's engineering works, which would have been a credit to the scientific skill of Roorkee and Bengal engineers, were swept away and destroyed, the great grandson of Noah, Berdashir, the priest, who had, by diabolical agency, learnt the art of making himself invisible at will, and had rebelled against the authority of God, re-built them, after the original pattern, in order to nullify, like the proud design of Nimrod's tower of Babel, another deluge for the destruction of mankind. Berdashir's magic copper figures, water channels, embankments and lake, constructed for the purpose of minimizing the body of the Nile, were not on earth but in the mountains of the Moon. They are called by the Musulmans Jabal Khamar, and by Ptolemy, the geographer, Montes Lunæ. Now, according to the Vedas, the locus of Siva's heaven is Kailas, whither the souls of his worshippers, who die on earth, go. The Greeks; too, believed the moon to be inhabited by men and animals, and Aristotle taught the doctrine that the spirits of the dead went to the regions of the moon, which was worshipped under the name of Selene, or Diana, as the source and mainspring of magic, and the water supply of the world. The Jews, when they went astray in the worship of Jehovah, worshipped the moon as Astarte, or Mylitta, and the giver of good fortune and rain in a season of drought. It was supposed by the Greeks that magicians, augurs, haruspices, wizards, and witches were assisted in their occupation by Luna, who could and was now and then forced by their incantations to come personally to earth, for accomplishment of unholy acts and other forms of wickedness. Not only this, but Siva, who has his head-quarters in the sphere of the moon, is the god of magic in all its varieties, and is invoked for helps by *Byragis*, *Sadhus*, *Sanyasis* and others of his worshippers. The name of Luna is connected etymologically with the English word for lunacy, which many believe is caused by the baneful influence of her silvery light. Her power blights the prosperity of man in mind, body, and estate, although Brahmins say that some of her charms prevent a man from being killed by misfortune, others protect him from death by snake bite, many safe-guard him against the spells of enemies, and a few assure him safety from the snares of demons, who are ever on the look out to do him harm of some kind or another. If on one hand it is sure that she is the cause of man's rea-

son being upset, so on the other it is equally certain that she influences for good, in no small degree, the tides, the rainfall, and the monsoon. Well, all this being as it may, it is related that as the mountains of the moon, consisting of copper, and by their magnetic force attracting and burning to death those who chanced to see them at close quarters, one Hyod, son of Ecs, a true believer, prayed to God to be given a sight of them. God complied with his request. Hyod, taken from earth, was shown the *Jabal Khumar*, and he came back alive to tell the tale of what he had seen. He said that four rivers, viz., the Jihon, the Sehon, the Euphrates and the Nile issue from a jasper dome in a country of gold, situated beyond the dark sea, in the neighbourhood of paradise.

As scriptural evidence shows that there is a graduated scale of beings, such as men, genii, powers, principalities, arch-angels, seraphims, and cherubims, as the ministers of Jehovah, so the Vedas testify to the existence, in the Hindu pantheon, of no end of gods, who are subordinate to and under the control and orders of Prajapati, whose lieutenants are the major deities. These are classified as Solar and Lunar divinities, and are divided into big and small. One peculiarity of their nature is, that, by not posing as representatives of god, they do not fail to fulfil the chief term of the definition of fallen angels. Among Prajapati, Vishvakarman, Mittra, Surya, Savatri, Vishnu, and Pushan, recognised and worshipped as Supreme, no one is always first and foremost, nor is he always the last and the least. They vary in their omnipotence, vacating their positions as chief gods in favour of others less in divine status. In the different heavens, inhabited by the good and bad angels, there is an everlasting antagonism between them. As the good angels of Jehovah possess the attributes of love, truth and purity, and the bad angels of Prajapati have the opposite ones of hate, deceit and wickedness, which are the triple essence of moral evil, and the characteristic of the reprobate mind, it stands to reason, and is in accordance with common sense, that the deities, who pretend to do good but instead do wrong, by force of habit; are not worth the regard, much less, the worship, of any man, they being wolves of iniquity in the sheep's clothing of holiness. The kingdom of darkness, stocked with an overplus of *diabolos*, whose *raison d'être* is to seduce worshippers into atheism, infidelity, materialism, and a desire for worldly prosperity, which invariably forms the subject of Vedic

prayers to the deities, also contains many kinds of evil spirits, whose catalogue is as follows: they are the *Areyis*, or one-eyed hags, who bring affliction on mankind; the *Asuras*, who destroy the happiness of good people; the *Dasyas*, who withhold rain and cause drought and famine; the *Grahis*, or female fiends, who enter into men and cause their disease or death; the *Kimidins* and *Kimilims*, who spy on humanity, and find out their wicked deeds, and punish them; the *Panis*, who are demons of darkness and destruction; the *Pisachas* and *Pisachis*, male and female malignant spirits, who are the perpetual enemies of the *genus homo*; the *Rakshashas* and *Rashushis*, who satisfy their appetite for food by killing and devouring human beings; and the *Yatadhars* and *Yatadharis*, sorcerers and sorceresses, who, by the spells of their art, bring about evils on men and animals.

As the God of Judaism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism, being the perfection of love, truth, and purity, is the antithesis of Prajapati, they cannot, therefore, be confounded together and blended into one identity of person. In Judaism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism, Jehovah is the Almighty Creator; but Hinduism has no creator in the strict sense of the term, inasmuch as Prajapati, or Viswakarma, who is the sun, is represented as forming matter, or spirit *anew*, he having no power to bring into existence anything or any creature but with the permission of higher authority. The many and various solar, lunar, and other demons, guided and directed in their manoeuvres of iniquity by Prajapati, who is the generalissimo, form a select army corps of what may be called his life-guards, or sharpshooters, or Bersaglieri, or Jesuits, who are ever warring against those who do not profess and practise the faith of Hindus.

In addition to the foregoing testimony as to a celestial river, what did Mahomed the Prophet say on the subject after his return from his nocturnal journey while mounted on the back of Al-barak, who took him through the extent of the seven heavens to the throne of Allah? Only three instances are recorded of human beings in the body having been taken up to heaven and returned to earth: the first was that of Moses, who, the Rabbins and Musalmans say, was, while on Mount Sinai for 40 days, snatched up to heaven; the second was that of Saint Paul, who was caught up unto the third heaven; and the third was that of Mahomed, who visited God's throne above the seven heavens. The

permanent translation of Enoch and Elijah, the prophets, to heaven was different from the three preceding cases, as also the ascension thereto of Jesus Christ, who the Musalmans believe is a supernatural Nabi, having been born of the Virgin Mary. The Koran testifies to the fact that of all womankind the three perfect ones among them were Asia, the wife of Pharaoh, (she saved the life of Moses) Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ, and Fatima, the daughter of Mahomed, the prophet, and the mother of the martyrs, Hassan and Hussain. The summarised account of Mahomed's night journey from Mecca to heaven via Jerusalem is as follows :—

After having mounted Albarak, the celestial steed, and soared aloft in the firmament, Mahomed was requested by Gabriel to descend and worship God at Mount Sinai, where the Mosaic law was revealed to mankind, and at Bethlehem, where Jesus Christ the son of Mary, was born, in order that, at the last day, he might judge Satan, his fallen angels, genii, and men for their sins. Having carried out the command, Mahomed, under the direction of Gabriel, was taken to the first heaven of silver, where was Adam, who embraced Mahomed, and called him the best among mankind and the first among the prophets. Then Mahomed was brought to the second heaven of polished steel, where Noah was. Afterwards Mahomed went to the third heaven, which was too brilliant for mortal eye. In this region of light was Azrael, the angel of death, who was seen writing in a book the names of those who are to die, and of those who are to be born on earth, according to the divine decree. Subsequently Mahomed ascended to the fourth heaven of finest silver, and there saw the recording angel, who was noting in his book the sins of mankind, and the punishment to be inflicted on their account. Thereafter Mahomed was ushered into the fifth heaven of finest gold, wherein were Aaron and the destroying angel of fire, who execute the divine vengeance on infidels and sinners, who flout the divine authority and set it at naught. Subsequently Mahomed was brought into the sixth heaven of transparent stone, wherein were the guardian angel, who sends his messengers to incline mankind to the profession of the true faith, and the service of God, and Moses who, instead of receiving the visitor with joy, as Adam, Noah, and Aaron had done, shed tears of sorrow at his sight. "Why do you cry, while others have welcomed me with delight?" asked Mahomed in surprise. "Because," said Moses in reply, "you

are destined to conduct more of your nation into paradise than over I did of the back-sliding children of Israel. "Finally Mahomed entered the seventh heaven of divine light, which is beyond the power of language to describe. Within the sphere of light were Abraham and angels, whose stature was so large as to be beyond belief. As Mahomed was spell bound at the sights, he was suddenly caught up to the neighbourhood of God's throne, by the side of which is the lotus tree called Sedrah, whose branches expand wider than the distance between the sun and the earth, whose fruit is inexpressibly, delicious in taste, whose shade affords shelter for countless quadrillions of angels, and from whose base issue four rivers, two of them flowing into paradise and two beyond it unto earth. Furthermore, Mahomed visited *Al-Mamour*, or the house of adoration, which resembles in appearance the Caaba, and is perpendicularly above it. Seventy thousand angels of the highest order visit *Al-Mamour* daily and go round it seven times. Gabriel was unable to proceed further in the heights above. Thereupon Mahomed, in a twinkling of the eye, was made to pass through a region of wonderful light and another of inky darkness. Quitting the latter, he found himself in the presence of the Most High, whose face was covered with 20,000 veils, for no man could look upon it and live. Then the All Merciful, as a token of welcome, placed one hand on the breast and the other on the shoulder of Mahomed who, falling into an ecstatic state of bliss, which only those who are near unto God feel in soul, was taught the knowledge of divine secrets and the precepts of the Koran, which has existed from eternity, because all orders of angelic beings, created long ages before Adam and Eve, acknowledged its teachings and the unity of God. Ultimately Mahomed, after his gracious reception, accorded by God to no other prophet of human parentage, descended, by a ladder of life, in no time to the temple of Jerusalem, where he found *Al-Barak* as he had left him, and mounting him again was brought back in an instant to Mecca. The story of Mahomed's visit to the divine throne, above the heights of heaven, and his return thence is considered by Abul Feda, Al-Bokhari, Abu Hareira, and other Musalman theologians and commentators of distinction, as a reality, because it was vouched for by Mahomed, who, as the apostle of God, affirmed it upon his honour, and was ready to assert it on the faith of his oath.

As the source of the Nile was never discovered in bygone time, so, too, that of the Ganges at Haridwar, where the celestial river from Kailas is supposed to issue, has never been found out by most careful research. Many travellers and others, from a motive of curiosity, or for some other reason, have tried to set eyes on it, but have been disappointed in their hope, with the result that some of them, who are sceptics, and do not believe anything except when verified by the evidence of sight, came to think that such a place as Hari's door, which leads from earth to heaven, is mythical, and does not exist, except in the fancy of religious enthusiasts, who accept fiction for fact.

As a windup to these remarks, it is necessary to point out as strange that in verses 1 and 2 of Chapter XXII of the book of Revelations there is the following description of a celestial river to be :

1. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as chrystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

2. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, there was the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every months : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Seeing that there is a heavenly river, which flows from paradise to earth, and is known to Jews and Christians as the river of life, to the Hindus as Ganga Mai, and to the Musalmans as Al-Canthar ; that it is visible to mortal eye as the Nile, or the Jordon, or the Ganges : and that it courses through the nether-regions, as an underground river, which was crossed in person by the heroes Theseus, Odysseus, and Aeneas, referred to in Greek mythology, the fact of its existence is borne out and established by the joint evidence of the Vedas, the Talmud, the New Testament, and the Koran, and none can well argue to the contrary.

It is said, and it is a fact, that every year close upon fifteen thousand Greek and other pilgrims of many denominations from many parts of Europe, Asia and Africa at Easter congregate at the fords of the Jordon, for the purpose of bathing in it, and that Jordon water in casks is exported in quantity, in view to give Christians in America and elsewhere the opportunity of comfortably having, at a small cost, a holy water bath, in their own *gosalkhanas*. Being aware of this, a cynic suggested, some time ago, that a roaring trade

might be secured by a Bengal commercial man, with an eye to *Swadeshi* enterprise, by having Ganga-jal bottled as soda water, in order to its use in conjunction with whisky, as an effervescing *celestialade*, during the infernal heat of the summer months. It is more than likely that in clubs, hotels, boarding houses, and in private residences in Calcutta, lemonade, gingerade, and other cooling drinks, would be discarded for *celestialade*, guaranteed to cure thirst, bodily ailments, and spiritual ills, at a charge of two annas per imperial pint.

It is a remarkable circumstance, in connection with the question of the origin of the Ganges from paradise, that at the spot, where the accumulated ashes of King Sagar's sons were thrown, there should have sprung up Calcutta, which has become the microcosm of the world and the chief city of Asia, for its commercial importance. Among its million inhabitants, Calcutta furnishes many and varied types of humanity not to be seen either in Cairo, or Constantinople, or Vienna, or Paris, or Rome, or Madrid, or London, or New York, or elsewhere. As a cosmopolitan city, Calcutta is *facile princeps*, and the visitor who sees its teeming population is mightily impressed with the fact that in sartorial equipment the *dhoti*, as an insignia of Aryan civilization, holds its own, and that the pantaloons, covering the legs of western bipeds, is nowhere in comparison with it. The democratic idea of the equality of all and the superiority of none in race, creed, and caste, has not, having regard to the *dhoti*, as a soft pad for the *os coccygis*, subverted the basic principle of Brahmanic greatness over all others. Knowing the vogue of long established habits, it is certain that the practice of the Vedic *dhoti* will last till the end of time, among the Hindus of the city of *pans*, *paravallas*, plantains and babus.

W. A. SUTHERLAND.

BIRTH OF THE DIVINE KRISHNA.

(II.)

The inhabitants of the place could hardly stand the oppression perpetrated upon them by Kansa, and his following. One day Raja Nanda called his adherents and said—"Owing to the cruel and harsh actions of our enemy, we will no longer be able to live here securely and peacefully. We should leave this place, and pass our days quietly elsewhere. We should go to Brindaban at once. It is a nice place to live in; the forest, in and about the place is full of fruit trees, and is the abode of various feathered tribes. The soil is fertile, and covered with grass. Our cattle will roam about freely, and turn fat and sleek by browsing on the fields. Good feeding would bring about increased milk." The Brajabashis listened to him with attention, and determined to follow his advice. The next day Nanda Raja left Brajapuri for Brindaban. The inhabitants followed suit with bag and baggage. The long and tedious journey was lightened by the pleasant company of Sri Krishna. Within a short time, the place was transformed into a big hamlet. Sri Krishna was now five years old. New scenes and environments delighted him. He roamed about, with his elder brother, and went out with cowboys, to tend their flock. One day while the cattle were grazing, Krishna descried a deep wood. Out of curiosity, he went there, with his playmates, and found a big lake, the water of which had a bluish tinge. It was surrounded by teak, palm, and various other trees. Lots of creepers entwined upon them, so much so, that not a ray of light could penetrate through them. The foliage was thick. In spite of the luxuriant verdure not a single bird was to be found, neither any vestige of humanity, nor any denizen of the forest in the shape of beasts. The water of the lake was still, without any sign of its being used by birds of the air, or beasts of the field. Krishna although delighted with the view of the scenery, had nevertheless come to know by power of his omniscience that Kalinag (a vicious black reptile of gigantic size) had taken shelter in it, on account of his dread of Garur a bird of immense stature, on the back of which Vishnu rides through the air,

A bird chanced to fly over the lake, and whilst on its wings fell down dead in the poisoned water. Krishna was kind and generous in disposition, and could not tolerate wanton waste of life. Climbing to the top of a tree, he jumped into the water with a splash. The huge monster came hissing, with its thousand and one hoods spread out to devour him. Disregarding the terrible risk he was running, Krishna began to swim. The reptile lashing its tail quickly overtook him, and slowly entwined itself round his body, with a view to crush him. Krishna caught its hood firmly, and kicked the monster repeatedly. The blows made Kalia nag to vomit blood, and the rough handling diminished the strength of the reptile so much, that it lay half dead. The snake begged Krishna to spare him. Krishna's playmates saw everything from the embankment, and wept bitterly. They gave up their friend as lost. One of them ran to inform Jasoda about the sad occurrence.

His companions made the place resound with their grief. A grazier, left at once for Nanda's place to apprise him of the sad event. Let us see how Jasoda was killing her time. She felt much alarmed at the non-arrival of her darling son, and asked Balaram, "I hope my dear Krishna will be soon here." Do you think anything has befallen him? Balaram nodding his head said, "he will come presently." Her left eye-lid throbbed: and she thought it presaged an evil. God knows what has become of my dear Krishna, and she burst into tears. Her husband was overcome by affection mingled his tears with hers. In short the scene was most affecting. Distracted with grief, Nanda accompanied by his wife, and other females rushed out, and followed the track which the cowboys traversed. After rambling about, for a considerable time they saw the lake, tired out with walking, they had a presentiment of evil, and feeling heavy at heart began to weep, and filled the air with their lamentations. On hearing the wailing of his foster father, Krishna could not but feel compassion for him. He therefore ordered the monster to leave the place at once. The reptile ran away as fast as possible. Coming ashore, he ran up to Nanda, with out-stretched hands. Finding him safe and sound, they were transported with joy. The party felt as if they were infused with new lives, and fresh vigour. Jasoda and her companions, surrounded Krishna with signs of the greatest joy. The party spent the day in pic-nicing and merry-making. The sun began

to go down the western horizon majestically, they started on their homeward journey. Enroute night, over took them and were compelled to stay, where they were. The spot was called Munja jungle. They laid themselves down on the ground, and went to sleep. As ill luck would have it, a great forest-fire broke out at mid-night. Nunda and his men were awakened by the glare of the flames. The women through sheer fear shrieked with agony. The conflagration bewildered them. Jasoda changed colour with fear. Krishna felt pity for them, and extinguished the fire by a mere wish, and saved the lives of his near and dear relatives. At daybreak crows began to caw, and other birds sent up paeans of praise to their Maker, when they set out for Brindaban. A few days after the occurrence Krishna met Sri Radha for the first time. She felt a great inclination for him.

By the help of Subalchandra and her maids, she met Krishna at a lonely place. Her ladies paid homage to both of them with flowers and garlands and placed their mistress on the left of Krishna. He stood cross legged, holding a pipe. Images of Krishna and Radha are still worshipped in this posture. In the month of August, the inhabitants were making preparations on a grand scale for worshipping Indra. Krishna enquired one of them the purpose of the festival. In reply he was told that Indra, the king of heaven, will be worshipped. He said what benefit you expect to gain from him? The milkman said—"Indra is the chief of gods, and is the lord of heaven. By adequate rainfall, we expect a bumper crop." Krishna with a smile said—"It seems you are ungrateful, instead of worshipping the hill Gobordhan, you are offering pujas (worship) to Indra! The hill is protecting us, from an invading army. Man is liable to suffer for his actions, either done in this life or in the previous. You richly deserve chastisement for your ingratitude. The milkmen abandoned the idea of paying homage to Indra, and hastened to carry out Krishna's injunctions. The God of Heavens was aggrieved by the unprovoked insult of the Brajabasies offered, to him. He directed Barun his helpmate to punish them. Barun the God of wind, caused a tornado at Brindaban. Big trees were uprooted, and houses were blown away, accompanied by incessant rain, which submerged the entire country. It continued for a week, and" devastated the land. The poor inhabitants appealed to Krishna for help. Krishna said, "I shall help you: do not bother your head with

anxiety." He was only a mere boy barely seven, but in wisdom he was far superior to any grown up man. He lifted the hill called Gobordhan with his hands and placed the same on the point of his little finger. He called out the villagers with a stentorian voice, to take refuge beneath the hillock with their cattle. They did as they were told, then and there. In spite of cyclone and flood, Indra was foiled in his attempt at making mischief, and was ashamed of his conduct, and recalled Barun. The weather was cleared up as soon as Barun turned his back. The milkmen, and their wives returned to Brindaban with their flock. Krishna put down the hill on the ground, and went away. Indra was taken aback at the supernatural power of Sri Krishna. He reflected, that excepting Mahadev, none can work wonders like Krishna. He became a devotee of Krishna, and paid a visit to Brindaban to pay homage to him. With folded hands Indra addressed him these words—"Oh Lord Krishna! you have saved the denizens of this place by a miracle. The gods and goddesses have been pleased by your work, and they sing in chorus paeans of praise with admiration of your achievement. Although you have come to this earth with a body of flesh and blood, still you retain your divine power, and I think you will do a world of good to celestial deities." Krishna said, I am pleased to hear what you have said, I am not offended with you in any way. You may go to heaven with the assurance that I will not do any harm to you. Please convey my message to the denizens of heaven that after killing Kansa and his demons I shall leave this. In this way the gods will get rid of their enemies. After making his obeisance to Krishna, Indra left. Krishna with his companions went out for recreation and pastime. His kindness, nobleness, and supernatural works endeared him to his playmates. The adherents of Kansa on hearing the talk about the attachment and devotion of Sri Radha to Krishna, got an opportunity of belittling her, and her companions. They informed Krishna about the mischievous conduct of Kansa's people. He promised to chastise them, and feigned sickness. His foster parents became uneasy and felt his body with their hands. Nanda requisitioned the services of the best physicians, to ascertain the cause of the malady, but their efforts proved fruitless. Instead of alleviating his suffering, they aggravated the pain. Jasoda with motherly solicitude asked—"What ails you my darling." Krishna in a feeble tone said "that .. demon called Fever has taken posses-

sion of me, and giving me trouble. Every householder in Brindaban shed tears on account of Krishna's illness. Siva the Lord of Kailash in the guise of a medical man appeared, and asked a woman to show him the house of Nandaraja. She said—"Sir don't go there. His only son is suffering from a serious type of fever. Consequently he will not be able to entertain you as a guest. You had better come to my house. I shall give you food and shelter. The sham physician said—"I have not come here for that purpose. I am by profession a healer of disease," and I have heard about the illness of infant Krishna. I intend to try my skill to cure him. The joy of the girl knew no bounds when she heard this. She conducted him to the residence of Nanda. He welcomed the stranger, and said—"If you can restore my son to health, I promise to give you handsome presents and other rewards." The new-comer after examining the patient said—"If there is any chaste lady here, let her come to me at once, and I shall direct her to fetch water from the Jumna with an earthen pitcher the bottom of which is perforated with a thousand and one holes. I immediately require the water to bathe my patient, so that he may get rid of his illness. Considering the impracticability of the task, none ventured to undertake the duty. Finding no body coming forward, Yasoda herself took the pitcher and was on the point of setting out; when the doctor prevented her by saying, that water brought by one's mother, would not do. Yasoda in despair began to cry. A couple of ladies well-known for their fidelity ventured to perform the task, but were unsuccessful. At last Sri Radha, with great bashfulness came forward with her companions. She wended her way to the bank of the Kalindi chanting hymns in praise of Hari. She stood on the embankment and prayed fervently to god Krishna and begged him with tears rolling down her cheeks, to help her and save her honour. With great firmness she dipped the vessel into the water and filling it to the brim, carried it to the residence of Nanda, accompanied by her maids of honour. The whole village was struck with wonder, on witnessing the miracle performed by Sri Radha. The inmates of the house as well as the villagers praised her loudly, and the recovery of Sri Krishna was complete. Krishna was the idol of men and women alike. Village maidens, set up an image of Kattayani in front of Gopighat during autumn, and offered their pujas according to Sastric rites. They chanted the holy name of Krishna, all the while, with

great devotion. When the worship was over, they bathed in the Jumna, and then left for their respective homes. They kept up the worship of the goddess for a month, after which they always bathed in the river, and gleefully sported in the water. To please the Gopikas, Krishna appeared on the river bank, and played his lute.

The sweet notes emanating from the lute enthralled the hearts and senses of the girls, to such an extent, that they had not the least idea of the surreptitious removal of their clothes which they had left on the bank, by Krishna. Hiding away the garments Krishna climbed up a Kadamba tree, and sat on one of its branches. The damsels discovered their loss, and supplicated to Krishna to get back their clothing. For the sake of decency, they were perforce obliged to keep their bodies under the water up to the throat. Without noticing their importunity, Krishna smilingly enquired—"Ladies, where have you kept your clothing?" They saw their clothing tied up on a branch of the *kadamba* tree. With pouting lips, they accosted and implored, but their smiles and frowns were of no avail. One of them said—"You are the scion of a princely house, surely such liberties are unworthy of your good self. We are devoted to you, and hold you dearer than our lives. So please don't put us into trouble, we are feeling a chilly sensation, for being in the water for a long time. So please save us by bestowing our clothing." Krishna replied—"Young ladies, you know that water is the abode of Lukshmi and Narayan. You have insulted them by going into the water naked. I am, therefore justified in punishing you, come over here one by one and pick up your respective dresses." The damsels replied—"If you don't comply with our request without further ado, we will be under the painful necessity to bring the matter to the notice of Nandoraj." On finding that their threat had no effect. They acquiesced to his proposal, bearing in mind the adage, that necessity had no law.

They thought, that the outer covering of the soul, is an inert mass, having no value spiritually. The mass of flesh and blood may to the sensuous observer, appear beautiful, but in reality, it is not so, being destined to decay and dissolution. The spiritual, ethereal body, with its garment of light, being part and parcel of the over-soul is luminous and truly beautiful. They opined that the master was trying them, to see what importance we attach to the transient

body, and whether we cannot drown our false sense of shame, before one, whom we know as incarnate God. As they rose from the river Krishna from his elevated position in the tree, threw away their clothes to them, without deigning to glance at them. The damsels after putting on their garments, made their obeisance to Krishna, who omniscient as he was, said—"I am pleased with your devotion and I pledge to you that I shall fulfil your heart's desire on the approaching Full Moon night. On exacting this promise, the Gopikas left him, and merrily went their way. Autumn was over and spring had set in, groves and meadows, looked green and fresh. Blooming flowers, surcharged the air with sweet perfume and enhanced the beauty of nature. Birds, in their soft pleasant notes, joyously sang to the praise of their Maker.

The playmates of Krishna proposed to celebrate *Holi* on the Full Moon day of February. The whole town was en fête and wore a gala aspect. Men and women of all ranks, and ages were enthusiastic in singing songs and besmearing their bodies with red powder. Sri Radha, with her attendants joined them. Feasting and merry-making were the order of the day. Sri Krishna was barely eight years old, at the time of which we are about to chronicle, and was the hero of the *Rash Lila*—the mystical carnival of love. It was an esoteric symbolism of higher love—the pivot upon which everything turned. Krishna was the cynosure of all eyes, which were lovingly transfixed upon him. People with Pecksniffian ideas of purity and morality condemn the *Rash Lila* and consider it a degrading orgie. Every being, without regard to the outward symbol of sex is a *Prakriti* female principle, which is attracted by the *Purusha* male principle and the unification of *Purusha* and *Prakriti* in ties of holy *prem* (love), commingling and harmonising with each other in an ecstatic condition is the law of laws, and the *Rash Lila* teaches the way to such unification. Krishna is *param purusha*—the over-soul and Sri Radha and Gopikas are typical of the soul and the blending of the two is the essence of *Rash Lila*. The notes of Krishna's lute vivify humanity, and call them to attain to the blessed condition of Yoga—unification of human soul with the oversoul in bonds of pure, unalloyed love. Sri Krishna, on the Full-Moon day played on his lute and the notes reaching the ears of the Gopikas lulled their senses and they madly rushed towards him. With a view to try them, and probe their hearts to the core, Krishna said—

"young ladies, you should feel ashamed to come to me at this hour of the night, leaving your husbands and children aside. Take my word, you have not acted wisely, go home and make your *pujas* to me, from your hearths and homes." The Gopikas replied—"you are everything to us in this world. We have torn aside, domestic ties to be at one with you, and if you send us away, we have made up our minds to die." To reward their devotion, Krishna directed them to enter the *Rashmondal* (dais) when, wonder of wonders, every Gopika had a Krishna by her side.

SIVA NATH ROY.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALCUTTA—I.

CHAPTER I.

In the preface of his book "On the Soul," Babu Peary Chand Mittra wrote thus :—I received my education at the Hindoo College. I came in contact with a number of congenial friends with whom I had periodical discussions on metaphysics, theology, politics and other subjects. My desire to understand God and his Providence was earnest from boyhood. Metaphysics and psychology were my favourite studies, and the reading of standard works on those subjects and of theistic and Christian authors, as well of the Arya works, in Sanskrit and Bengali, produced a living conviction that there is but one God of infinite perfection. I became a theist or a Brahma. I still felt that the God of the mind was not the God of the soul. My love for God became stronger by the afflictions I met with from time to time. In 1860 I lost my wife, which convulsed me much. I took to the study of spiritualism which, I confess, I would not have thought of otherwise nor relished its charms. I wrote for instruction to Judge Edmonds in May 1861. His kind and instructive reply will be found in my "Stray Thoughts on Spiritualism." Doctor Berigny came to Calcutta subsequently, and we had weekly seances at his house. At one of the *seances*, I was developed as a medium. From 1860 I have been deeply engaged in spiritual studies—spiritual contemplation. Having been for years under spiritual influence, I now find that *yoga* and spiritualism aim at the same end—the gradual extinction of the carnal or impressional life. The higher the theosophy of this life is, the more complete will be the *nirvan*. Sir Humphrey Davy, who experienced this state after inhaling nitrous oxide said, "Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures and pains." One of the prayers in the Vishnu Purana is "to deliver the impressions received by the senses to the soul."

We will publish Judge Edmonds letter later on as it describes the *modus operandi* for carrying on the spiritual *seances*. Besides the Judge, Peary Chand used to correspond with Mr. James Burns, J. J. Morse, Mrs. Emma H. Britten and other spiritualists

of America for spiritual instructions. Dr. Theinnette Berigny came to Calcutta in 1863 and in one of his seances, as Peary Chand wrote above, he was developed as a medium.

Among the earliest spiritualists we may mention the name of Raja Degumber Mitra. Babu Raj Narain Bose of the Adi Brahmo Somaj wrote in an article the following anecdote :—

“He was a spiritualist. Spiritualism was his religion. Such was his firm belief in spiritualism, that he used to say that, in the future world, he will dine with his friends exactly as he did here, but, of course, or ethereal food. When one of his grandsons was providentially saved from falling down from the top of his house, he said that his departed father Girish Chandra saved him.”

In 1873 Dr. J. M. Peebles, the celebrated spiritualist, came to India, in his tour round the world for spiritual researches. On his return at a speech delivered on 30th September 1873 at the Spiritual Institution, he spoke thus :—

Tarrying a few weeks in these equatorial regions, we reached India, meeting Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, whom Mr. Burns (the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak) and probably others of you met a few years since in this city. He favors Spiritualism because of its liberalising influences. I met Peary Chand Mittra, a noble spiritually minded gentleman. He has been for several years a spiritualist and a medium. Although conversing with his spirit wife and other spirits, “I remain” says he, “a Brahma, Brahma is the infinite life—the infinite soul of the universe.” Names of the Deific presence are of little account; the longer I live, the more do I dislike childish technicalities and such petty divisions grounded upon theories as can lead only to strife and contention. You and I, friend Burns, know what it is to differ upon theological opinions. No two can think precisely alike. Spiritualists should differ only in love. While conversing with Peary Chand Mittra, a friend of his came in, saying, “I have just finished my book—a translation from several Spiritualist authors into Bengali.” He has also translated Mr. Emma Hardinge Britten’s Ten Commandments into Bengali language. Other pamphlets and books, either original or translation, upon spiritualism, are being circulated freely in India. To know is to admire the Hindoo character. They are kind, trusting and generous

in social life ; as scholars, they excel in mathematics and metaphysics. Spiritualism is destined—and that very shortly—to take a strong hold of the Hindu mind.”

Dr. Peebles subsequently wrote a book *Around the World* in which he made the following mention* under the heading “The Oriental Spiritualists.”

THE ORIENTAL SPIRITUALISTS.

Readers of the “Banner of Light” remember to have heard me speak of receiving Indian letters from Babu Peary Chand Mittra, a commission merchant, writer, and spiritualist. It can well be imagined that it gave me pleasure to clasp the hand of this Hindu thinker, author, and spiritualist ; and the more so when I found his soul deeply absorbed in spirituality as against the vices of this sensuous life. The Brahminical tinge permeating his spiritualism had for me a thousand charms. He was for a time a writing medium ; but at present his gifts pertain more to spiritual insight. He assured me that his ascended wife was as consciously present, at times, as though in her body. Parting with this excellent man, he gave us, besides other presents, a small volume from his pen entitled “The Development of the Female Mind in India.” Perusing I find it rich in historic references to woman’s independence in the Vedic period—the Golden Age of the Aryans. *

Mohindro Nath Paul and Romanath Sen,—two interesting young gentlemen connected with the higher castes, called upon us several times to converse of spiritual phenomena in America, and the best methods of holding private *seances*. Conversant with the spiritualistic literature of England through the mails these young men are spiritualists. A correspondence was agreed upon with these gentlemanly Hindus. Are we not brothers all ?

Shib Chandra Deb, another devoted spiritualist introduced by Peary Chand Mittra, presented us a neat volume that he had recently published upon spiritualism. It contains liberal extracts from American authors ; in fact, the works of Davis, Tuttle, Sargent, Denton, Edmonds and others are well known in India. This gentleman had also translated a large portion of my book “Seers of the Ages” into the Bengali language and they are now being circulated as tracts in India. We saw several Hindus healers relieving the

sick in the streets. Expressing regret that I had not a copy of the "Seers" to tender him in turn for his valuable volume, smiling, he said, "I have read the Seers of the Ages and others of your later works, quite a number of which have reached our country from Mr. Burns' Publishing House in London." So courage, brave-fellow workers all courage! Your pens preach where your eloquent tongues are never heard.

India's better class of minds—metaphysical and contemplative—are singularly adapted to accept the harmonical philosophy. It is a common saying that "Hindus, educated in English colleges, return to India theists and pantheists. Though willing enough to believe in Jesus as one of the Asiatic saviours and prophets they cannot believe in the immaculate conception and vicarious atonement." Oh! that there were self-sacrifice, sufficient liberality, generous enthusiasm, and missionary spirit, among the Americans, to send spiritual papers, pamphlets, books, and lectures even, to India, to disseminate the beautiful principles of brotherhood, free thought, and a present spirit ministry! The seed had already being sown by the angels; there are many spiritualists in different parts of this great country: can they, will they not perfect organizations thus and thus come into working order?

In the Calcutta Review of January 1877 (No. 127 Vol. 64) appeared Peary Chand Mittra's article the Psychology of the Aryas. The Hindoo Patriot of 29th January in reviewing that number of the Review remarked of the article as follows:—

The Psychology of the Aryas has touching interest as coming from the pen of him who yet lives to remind us of the literary name of the Mittra Brothers—Babu Peary Chand Mittra. The article is written in a clear and concise style and displays an extensive acquaintance with the metaphysical literature of Europe and Asia. It is very interesting reading though devoid of any thing new or original. We will make one passing remark. The Reviewer says:—The Aryas were theists. The change in the name of the God signified nothing; that which is ever the wise call many ways, they call it Indra, Varuna, Agni, the winged heavenly Garutmat." This is not strictly correct. The Aryas as a body were a polytheistic people, believing in a multiplicity of the gods; that it was only a few foremost minds among them who effected a generalization implying a Supreme Power; and that even in these foremost minds the con-

ception of a Supreme Power was strongly mixed up with polytheistic notions. It was only the "wise" who called God many ways: and that they called God "*many ways*" proves that even they had not completely shaken off the polytheistic cast of mind. There are among living Hindoos, men of great orthodox culture who are heard to say that "that which is over is called many ways:" And if we are right in calling these men, not theists, but polytheists, how can we be right in calling the old Aryas theists?

A copy of this article was forwarded to the Banner of Light, an American spiritual magazine, and the Hindoo Patriot of 30th April 1877, wrote that the following appeared in the Banner.

"A masterly and exhausting review and discussion of the matter contained in the choice pamphlet on the Psychology of the Aryas (recently published at Calcutta by Babu Peary Chand Mittra, an eminent Indian merchant and man of letters,) has been prepared for our columns by Alfred E. Giles Esq. and will appear at the earliest possible moment."

We can not reproduce the review, but will give our readers an extract of it as appeared (Banner of Light 31 March 1877) in the Hindoo Patriot of 21st May. It wrote thus:—

We give the following extracts from the review of Babu Peary Chand Mittra's Psychology of the Aryas published in the Banner of Light.

From the author's name, Peary Chand Mittra, it is easy to infer that he is a native of Hindusthan; and that he is a cultured, refined and spiritualised man, is manifest from his pamphlet. In a foot note on its second page the word Arya is defined as *noble*: so that the pamphlet may be regarded as a Hindu's statement of the science of soul as held by the nobles of India.

Our learned Hindu author mentions (page 13) four different states, or perhaps degrees of abstraction and concentration, into which the soul can naturally enter; 1st., the waking state, in which through the senses, it recognizes gross objects. 2nd., the dreaming state, wherein it enjoys subtle objects. 3rd., profound sleep,—no desire, no dream, knowledge uniform, enjoying bliss and knowledge.—somnambulism and clairvoyance come under this state. 4th., knowledge, nor external,—not internal—nor both, consciousness of soul, in which all the spheres have ceased, i. e. spiritual state, enjoying pure intelligence. He also quotes from the Brihat Aranyak that

the highest place, the highest state of the soul, is where it exists as the soul in its own inherent state. He who knows it (soul) daily retires to the region of *swarga* (heaven) in his own heart." "Know that," says another Indian mystic, "which does not think by the mind, and by which the mind is thought." These views, if not the same, are at least harmonious with the teachings of A. J. Davis, contained in all his works, but detailed in Volume III of the Great Harmonia. He there distinguishes and by anecdotes and philosophy illustrates the successive and progressive evolutions of the soul from its conception through its rudimental, psychologic and sympathetic states, until its spiritual or interior senses are developed, and thence yet onward through the mentally illuminated highways of somnambulism and chairvoyance into spirituality, the home of the soul, the heaven of the Christian, the Nirvana of the Brahmin, the inward kingdom of God. It hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, that they should shine in it, for the divinity of the God lights it.

"The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven :
But thou, meek lover of the good :
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

The finding of God and of heaven in the soul, where the Aryas and Jesus found both one and the other, and where all true religionists seek to find them, is the reward or fruit of self-knowledge.

The essential identity of the religion or philosophy (for, go deep enough, religion and philosophy are one.) of the pre-eminent teachers of righteousness in all ages, and their re-statement in Christianity by Andrew Jackson Davis, when knowledge of them hath become dim, we think appears also in the psychological teachings of the Aryas, which Peary Chand Mitter sums up in closing his interesting and valuable pamphlet.

The whole review is very interesting, but we have not space for more extracts.

In 1879 Peary Chand wrote his spiritual book entitled the *Spiritual Stray Leaves*. As will be seen from the contents enumerated below many of the articles were published in the magazines of America, England and in this country.

(1) The Psychology of the Aryas (published in the *Calcutta Review* 1877).

- (2) **The Psychology of the Buddhists**—(published in the *Spiritualist*. 31st August 1877).
- (3) **God in the soul** (published in the *Spiritualist*. 7th September 1877).
- (4) **The Spirit Land** (published in the *Spiritualist*. 16th November 1877).
- (5) **The Spiritual State** (published in the *Spiritualist*. 23rd November 1877).
- (6) **The Soul Revelations.**
- (7) **The Soul** (published in the *Spiritualist*. 30th May 1878).
- (8) **Occultism and Spiritualism.**
- (9) **Avedi or the Spiritualist** (published in the *Banner of Light* August 1878).
- (10) **Progression of the soul** (published in the *Banner of Light*. 12th January 1878).
- (11) **Soul Revelation in India** (published in the *Banner of Light*. 5th April 1878).
- (12) **Culture of Hindu Females in Ancient times** (published in the *Calcutta Review* 1878).
- (13) **The Human and Spiritual.**

Encouraged by the editors of these papers and private individuals both of America and this country interested in the cause of spiritualism, some whose letters we will publish later on, these articles were compiled in a book form, and as this was the first book of its kind, we give below some criticisms that appeared in the local press. The *Hindu Patriot* of 18th August 1879 wrote thus :—

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a copy of the *Spiritual Stray Leaves* by our esteemed friend Babu Peary Chand Mitra. The contents of this interesting publications are :—(Here the contents are given).

The writer shows that India was the cradle of spiritualism and what the spiritualists in England, the Continent, and America are now inculcating, was taught by the Aryans centuries ago. Believing that there are hazy ideas among the Europeans on the religion of the Hindus, the author has given an *expose* of what the Aryans thought about the soul, the next world, and God. We recommend our readers to read the different papers attentively. In the paper on the *Culture of Hindu Females in Ancient Times*, the author shows that they

received spiritual and secular education including the fine arts and the practical application of science. They moved in society and were treated with highest respect. They selected their husbands, and if they became widows, they led an austere life, rising above flesh, and dedicating themselves to God and the world to come. There was a repugnance on the part of the Hindu females to being brought up only for the marriage market or for living only for the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. They lived and died for God and the stream of spiritual ideas, which have been transmitted from generation to generation, has been, says our author, so powerful in its effects that a woman, however, illiterate, is not devoid of religious culture, on which she from early training lays greater stress than any ornamental or external education. The author holds that the experiment of bringing up Hindu girls like European girls will fail to impart to the former that *spiritual strength*, which Hindu females showed in olden times. The last paper Human and Spiritual is well-worth reading as it discusses and disposes of the arguments of the materialists against spiritualism and shows that what our *rishis* taught on the subject of soul, was echoed by Christ, Neo-Platonists and Christian poets. To the present work are appended critical notices of the author's English and Bengalee publications, which are concurrently much in favour of them.

The Amrita Bazar Patrika of 14th August 1879 wrote thus :—

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Spiritual Stray Leaves*, by Babu Peary Chand Mittra. We have read it with great pleasure. It is indeed a very valuable work and will amply repay a close study. We may mention one unique fact in connection with Babu Peary Chand, which will show the versatile and original turn of his talent. The first Bengali novel was from his pen, the first satirical work in Bengali was written by him, it was he, who brought out the first Bengali work on female education, he was the author of the first systematic work on theism, the first spiritual novel was from his pen, and he now gives to the world, the first spiritual book in the English language. We hope it will command a large sale.

The Theosophist of October 1879 wrote as follows :—

Under the title of the "*Spiritual Stray Leaves*," Babu Peary Chand Mittra of Calcutta, — a learned Hindu scholar, psychologist and antiquarian, and a highly esteemed Fellow of the Theosophical Society,—has just put forth a collection of thirteen essays which have

appeared in the forms of pamphlets and newspaper articles from time to time. Some of these have been widely and favourably noticed by the Western Press. They evince a ripe scholarship, and a reverence for Aryan literature and history which commands respect. The author writes of psychological things in the tone of one of whom the realities of spirit are not altogether unknown.

The Indian Daily News of Saturday, the 20th September 1879, wrote thus :—

This is a small book written by a well known and highly esteemed native gentleman of this city, who has long been known as one of the band of scholars and really educated men turned out by the old Hindoo College, a generation not surpassed, if equalled by any of more recent and supposed more favourable times. Babu Peary Chand has long been connected with literature in Bengal, and has been a frequent contributor to periodicals that are more than passing note. His present little work is of a wide range, and we should doubt whether these "Stray Leaves" are the production of Peary Chand as his best. First is a series of short papers on subjects chiefly religious, dreamy, and speculative, as the Psychology of the Aryas—Ditto of the Buddhists—God in the Soul—The Spirit Land—The Spiritual State—Soul Revelation—The Soul—Occultism and Spiritualism—A Spiritual Tale—Progression of the Soul—Soul-Revelation in India—Culture of Hindoo Females in Ancient Times—The Human and the Spiritual. The above list of subjects will convey some general idea of the nature of the book, but certainly not much of its particular character: many of the pieces contain beautiful thoughts and aspirations after a better life, and yet at times one is reminded of the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics. He said :—"When ye hear a man talk, and ye canna tell what he means, and when he canna tell himself, it is metaphysics." We are afraid our friend Peary Chand has become metaphysical or beyond it. But we will let him speak for himself :

"What I have stated is from actual spiritual experience. For the last sixteen years I have been associated with spirits who are not away being spiritualised by them, but I am talking with them as I talk with those who are in flesh. My debt of gratitude to God is endless for vouchsafing me this light, and I am anxious that spiritualism should be solemnly thought of. There are many points

which are apparently not clear to every mind, but let us endeavour to gain light from each other in fraternal spirit.

"Nothing delights me so much as the teaching of the Arya philosophy, that God is in the soul as its internal light, and that true theosophy is to be in the soul state, that being illumined by that light we may make our existence a bright one, both here and hereafter. No particular code of ethics is necessary; no creed is required. The light within, if seen internally, is our guide, and leads us to endless love and wisdom."

Whatever we may think of this from one point of view, we can not well question the excellence of feeling that pervades it. The aspiration to make our existence a bright one both here and hereafter is a noble one, and might well palliate defects in any endeavour to attain the end—the something "that leads to endless love and wisdom." The spiritual question is a curious one in many phases, and has its votaries ranging from hesitation between scepticism to profound conviction. For the general public there is need of more and more decided light. "The light within," says Peary Chand, "if seen internally, is our guide." We fear it is not given to all men to perceive this, and it may be, now, as in all times, that the carnally minded discern not the things of the spirit. But as spiritualism is in course of evolution perhaps we are on the eve of important revelations, for which, in the words of Longfellow it may be necessary to labor and to wait. The book is printed at the Stanhope Press.

The following were the favorite books of Peary Chand Mittra, which he used to read in his old age.

(1) Vedanta Sar by Sadananda—Edited by Ananda Chandra Vedantabagis.

(2) Sahaspati Swami's Treatise on Vedantic Raj Joge.—Edited by Girish Chandra Bosu (England).

(3) Upanishad by Ananda Chandra Vedantabagis.

(4) Vedanta Darshana—Uttara Mimamsa—Saririka Sutra.—Edited by Ananda Chandra Vedantabagis.

(5) Yoga Tarabali (M. S.):—

(a) Yoga-Bij, (b) Brahma Gan Tantram. (c) Amanaska. (d) Hata Pradipika. (e) Astabakra-Sanhita. (f) Gitasar. (g) Sukapanishad. (h) Guru Padika. (i) Guru Gita, and (j) Jagna balkya Sanhita.

Besides these he used to read the Magazines, (1) the Light, (2) the Banner of Light, and (3) the Theosophist.

The British National Association of Spiritualists elected him an Honorary Corresponding Member of their Society and the Central Association of Spiritualists an Honorary Member. Besides he was member or fellow of the leading Spiritualists' Associations of England and America.

In 1875 the Theosophical Society was founded and the Society elected him a corresponding Fellow in the next year. Both Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky came to Bombay in 1879 and removed the head quarters of the Society to India. In the month of October of that year they started the Theosophist, in the first number of which Peary Chand wrote the following small leaderette.

THE INNER GOD.

The Arya teaching is that God is light and wisdom. The mission of man is to know God as far as he can know. The classes of worshippers are innumerable. The more external man is, the more external God is. As long as we are worshippers of the external God, we are idolators and creed-mongers. The fertility of the mind is called forth, and we have no end of forms, organizations, ritualism and ceremonies, without which we have no salvation. Spiritualism, or the development of the soul, brings us before God, the source of spiritual light and wisdom, and revealing to our internal vision the boundless spiritual world frees us from mundane thoughts calculated to keep the soul in subjection to the senses. If we realise what soul is, we realise what Theosophy is. There are inspired writings where idea of Theosophy may be gained, but the infinitude of God cannot be made known to us in words or evanescent ideas. It must be acquired in the infinite region—the region of soul. The end of Spiritualism is Theosophy. Spiritualists and theosophists should, therefore, be united and bring their thoughts to bear on this great end. As we progress in developing our souls, and bring ourselves nearer and nearer to God, our thoughts and acts will be purer, and our lives, domestic and social, will be in union with the light within. We should think more of the substance and less of the shadow.

In the August 1880 number of the Theosophist appeared the article, Hindoo Bengal, written by Peary Chand Mitra.

In 1880 Peary Chand wrote his next work "Stray Thoughts on Spiritualism." The Hindoo Patriot of 1st July reviewed the book

thus:—Our indefatigable townsman, Peary Chand Mittra has again presented the reading public with another of his literary effusions. This time it is his "Stray Thoughts on Spiritualism." It is seldom that we meet with a gentleman of Babu Peary Chand Mittra's age who leads such an active literary life. The learned and devout author is wholly actuated by motives of benevolence in presenting his sound thoughts to the public and we trust his readers will duly appreciate them."

The Indian Mirror of 20th July 1880 wrote thus:—It is only a few months ago that we had the pleasure of noticing the *Adhyatmika* (a spiritual tale) published by Babu Peary Chand Mittra with a view to popularise the sublime truths of the spirit world. To prevent the interest of his object dying away for want of agitation and cultivation the learned author has now come out with a few practical hints as to the method of communing with departed friends and has supported his general views on spiritual matters with quotations from recognised Sanskrit authorities. Talking with spirits or getting work done through spirits is not, what many seem to suppose, the ultimate object to be aimed at by a spiritualist. "As we progress," remarked the author, "we open our communication with the spirit world; as we progress towards the subtile body by *yoga* or spiritual agency, mediumship is less needed. Being in the subtile body we see our departed friends, but when the subtile body merges in the soul or divine essence, we are in the state described by Jagnavalkya and Manu" i.e., *Samadhi* or soul state. A few extraordinary cases of work done by spiritual agencies has been put down as also the names of well known spiritualists and works on spiritualism. This little pamphlet will be found to contain much that is useful and instructive to all, who are interested in the progress of spiritualism in this country.

The brochure "Stray Thoughts or Spiritualism" was subsequently reproduced in the *Medium and Daybreak* in its issue of 4th February 1881. The editor of the paper made the following remarks on the occasion.

"Mr. Peary Chand Mittra, of Calcutta is one of our oldest and most respected correspondents, and it affords us sincere pleasure to give place to his essay in our columns. From his remarks it will be seen what is meant by *yoga* though the explanation which he gives is necessarily limited. His idea of the soul as the mediator between

God and man—the deific life and the animal life in us—is profound. Similar doctrine has appeared in these columns. Judge Edmonds' instructions to investigators are admirable. Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott receive cordial mention, but it would appear that the author has not made himself acquainted with the peculiar phenomena to be met with in certain parts of India. No doubt India has, in the past, occupied a high position in spiritual science, but now she appeals to the west for *mediums* to demonstrate to her people the modern phenomena. The higher spiritualism is inculcated in the ancient literature, and so it is in the New Testament, but how few Christians are aware of the due import of these teachings? The same may be said of Hindus in respect to what is recorded in their own literature; but a new outpouring of spiritual power is passing over the whole world, which will give mankind a practical knowledge of spiritual things, and kindle anew the fires of inspiration and interior light on the ancient altars, which have for so many ages been neglected.

The United Association of Spiritualists was formed in 1880 for the purpose of spiritual investigations. In the appendix of his book "On the soul," Babu Peary Chand Mittra wrote thus:—

A few friends used to meet in Mr. J. G. Meugens' office, No. 3, Church Lane, every Sunday afternoon, to talk on matters connected with spiritualism, and it was thought desirable to organise a society under the name of the United Association of Spiritualists on the 30th May 1880. Mr. Meugens was elected President, and Babu Narendra Nath Sen, Solicitor of the High Court, Secretary. Several Hindu gentlemen joined the Society, and it was thought absolutely necessary to get a medium from England for the purpose of physical manifestations. Mr. Meugens telegraphed to England, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, the medium who was to have come out here was not able to leave England. Babu Narendra Nath Sen resigned the office of Secretary, and Babu Purna Chandra Mukerjee, also a Solicitor of the High Court, was elected to succeed him. Our sittings have since been in his garden-house at Belgachia in the Suburbs of Calcutta.

The principle sittings of the Association were as recorded in the book on 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th June. The mediums were controlled by various spirits either to write or to speak. The intelligences received through the mediums were generally confirmed after

careful enquiries. Mr. Alexander Calder, the President of the British National Association of Spiritualists in England who was here in Calcutta at about this time, attended some of these *seances*. It is very difficult to trace how long the Association lasted. In this connection we publish a letter written by Mr. Mengens to the Editor of the *Light* and reproduced in the *Indian Mirror* of 5th August 1881 and in the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* for May 1914.

To the Editor, "*Light*,"

Sir,—We have lately had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Alexander Calder, the well known and honoured President of the British National Association of Spiritualists in England. Mr. Calder attended our usual weekly *seance* on Sunday last, an account of which I enclose, which may, perhaps be of interest to some of your readers. I may mention that on my return to India eighteen months ago, I tried to get a few people interested in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and a few native gentlemen agreed to try weekly for a time to see whether any phenomena would result. Babu Purna Chandra Mukerjee placed his garden at our disposal where we have met nearly every Sunday for the past twelve months, without, however, succeeding in getting anything in the way of manifestations. These meetings nevertheless, were not so much time lost, as we turned them to good account, by reading, discussing &c. Just as we were doubting whether we should ever have any success, one of our members, Doctor Raj Kristo Mitter, brought to our circle a patient of his, a young man who was *obsessed*.

At the first *seance*, this lad, Nitto Niranjan Ghose by name, was at once controlled by the spirit of a man who had been murdered some twenty five years ago (at least this was the account the spirit gave of himself). The young medium was at first extremely violent under his control, and was only subdued and kept quiet with great difficulty. At subsequent *seances* he passed under control without any repetition of such violence and has been controlled to write or speak by various spirits, but never so far on any two occasions by the same spirit. Such enquiries as we have been able to make have always resulted in the confirmation of the intelligence given through this medium.

Possibly as we progress he may be used as a medium by the spirit of some European whom I may be able to test for myself. So far the controls have always been of his own nationality. If you or

your readers care for an occasional account of our doings in this part of the world, I shall be happy to act as your correspondent from time to time.

Calcutta;

June 17th 1881.

Yours for the truth,

J. G. Meugens.

"The weekly meeting of the United Association of Spiritualists was held in the garden house of Babu Purna Chunder Mukerjee, in the northern suburbs of Calcutta, on Sunday, the 12th June 1881. Present: A. Calder, Esq., one of the leaders and President of the British National Association of Spiritualists in England, as a casual visitor; J. G. Meugens Esq., President of the Association; Babu Peary Chand Mittra, Vice-President; R. Mittra, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Babu Purna Chander Morkerjee, Attorney-at-law, Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore, Babu Surjo Coomar Mookerjee, Accountant at the office of the Inspector-General of Jails, Lower Bengal, and some others. At about 4.30 P.M. all the abovenamed gentlemen sat in a circle, and in the course of about twenty minutes, Babus Sutto Churn Chatterjee and Nitto Niranjana Ghose passed into a state of trance, the former being influenced to write and the latter to speak. The following is the translation of the replies given in English and Bengali to questions put in English to the speaking medium by Mr. Meugens and Babu Peary Chand Mittra. "My name is Modhu Sudan Mittra. I am Peary Chand Mittra's brother, I am very unhappy, I have something private to say, and desire to communicate privately."

On this all the gentlemen left the room, leaving the medium to make a confidential communication to Babu Peary Chand Mittra. After an interval of about ten minutes all the gentlemen re-entered the room and sat in circle again, and Babu Peary Chand Mittra informed them that his brother's spirit asked him to pray for him, giving him satisfactory proofs of identity. The medium was still in the trance state and remained quiet for sometime, giving no replies to questions put. Then in reply to a question, he said his name is Surat Chunder Mitter. He had no special message for any one. For more than a year he had been in the spirit world. He had passed away at Mirzapur in Calcutta; was nephew to Babu Cally Churn Ghose; was unmarried and died of phthisis, adding - "I am very happy where I am, but am sorry for my poor sorrowing parents. Sympathy for my parents brings me here. My parents do not

understand spiritualism. I am very happy here. I think of God and require no other occupation. By meditating on the infinite power of the Great Father, we spend our time happily. Who is not lost to himself when he thinks on the majesty of God and His infinite love? Surrounded by friends and relatives we are spending our time very happily. There is no distinction here of caste and color. Every one is in a calm state. At the time of my death when I saw my spirit friends around me, I was frightened, but afterwards I was delighted. Here everyone is full of enjoyment and happiness."

To a question the medium answered, "You don't know my father, therefore, I gave the name of my uncle. I bid you good bye. I go to my place."

The writing medium wrote out a long message in Bengali from his wife's spirit, touching upon the fact of the medium's remarriage. A translation of this will be sent by the next mail.

At the close of the proceedings, Babu Peary Chand Mittra addressed the distinguished visitor, Mr. A. Calder, in a few brief and appropriate words, complimenting and thanking him for the honor done to the meeting by his presence, and offering a deserved *encomium* upon him for his disinterested efforts in the cause of truth, and for the loftiness of his soul.

Mr. Calder acknowledged the compliment in a suitable reply.

It may be as well to add that Surat Chunder Mittra was not known to anyone at the *seance* during his earth life. Just after the *seance*, Dr. Raj Kristo Mitter, a homeopathic physician and frequent visitor at our *seances*, dropped in and fully confirmed the statement of Surat Chunder Mitter, who had passed as he described, when under Doctor R. C. Mitter's treatment."

Doctor Raj Kristo Mitter published a book, *Sokbijoya*, in which he related several spiritual *seances*. He wrote that he witnessed himself what he faithfully described in the *seances* held with people like Norendra Nath Sen, Ananda Kissen Bose and others.

It was only a phenomena in itself—this rapid spread of spiritualism, within a few years among our educated countrymen. Wherever any person went he heard of *yoga*, and spiritualism and theosophy and saw gentlemen of education and position including Maharajas and Rajas, Baristers and Attorneys, merchants and tradesmen, students in colleges and even ladies of the Zenana all eager to witness the spiritual phenomena and to dive the mysteries

of occult science. Circles were formed and *seances* held in private houses and families with varying success and the study of *yoga* philosophy, which was formerly left to be perused by the few who were thought to be specially elected for the same, was then considered to be of vital importance.

The Indian Mirror of 2nd July 1881 announced as follows :—

Our esteemed friend Babu Peary Chand Mittra is passing through the press a work in the English language, which will shortly appear "On the Soul,—its Nature and Development," containing numerous extracts from the Hindoo Shastras, and being the result of the author's spiritual experiences for the last twenty years. Mr. Alexander Calder, the President of the British National Association of Spiritualists writes as follows :—From the few pages of the work which I have seen, it promises to be very interesting and highly instructive. Mr. J. G. Meugens, the President of the Calcutta United Association of Spiritualists writes :—I am of opinion that the work of Babu Peary Chand Mittra will be of great service in promoting and spreading the spirit of enquiry into the phenomena of spiritualism." A short sketch of the United Association of Spiritualists and the most important communications received at its *seances*, will be appended to the work.

At the commencement of our article we quoted a portion from the preface of the book, to satisfy the curiosity of our readers we will quote another portion of the preface.

"It is too late in these days to discuss whether we can communicate with the departed, or whether spirits can appear before us in materialised forms. These are all accomplished facts. The spirits can do more than what we can think of in showing their supremacy over matter which falls within the domain of occultism, and this occult power we can show when we rise above the mediumistic state. But this, as I have shown in this work, is not the end of our being. One great subject for enquiry is whether spiritual action and *yoga* are identical in their effects, as they both aim at the extinction of the impressional life. I am convinced that they are. Another point is whether spiritual agency can be dispensed with. The two worlds are concatenated. There is correspondence between the most undeveloped spirit and the highest angel, and all intermediate spirits of different grades, occupied as they must be, radiate their influence on this world according to the psychic power of the embodied beings.

I am not, therefore, clear whether a mortal, ceasing to be mediumistic or rising above the brain influence and becoming an adept, ceases to be under the influence of high spirits whose action, direct or indirect, is ceaseless and must be in rapport with advanced mortals. The action of high spirits ceases only when we are in the *sumadhi* state, or in union with God in *light*. Till then they carry on the work of progression directly or indirectly. A few general directions as to the practice of *yoga* have been given. But it is necessary that a person wishing to practise it should receive practical instruction from a *yogi*. As to the development of mediumistic power, it may be acquired by the formation of a circle, or the enquirer being magnetised, or by using planchette, or evoking self magnetism by contemplation, and then sitting in a state of passivity with a pencil in hand, placed on paper."

Before noticing any press comments, we will produce two letters written to the author by two well-known authorities, viz., Col. H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, and Babu Raj Narain Bose, President of the Adi Brahmo Somaj.

19th August, 1881.

My Respected Brother,

I am sending off to the Theosophist a notice of your excellent pamphlet "On the Soul" which I hope may not be satisfactory. I plead the urgent engagements of my present work as an excuse for not making it longer. With the management of so great a campaign as this upon one's hands, it may be well conceived that one can scarcely do much outside literary work. Your pamphlet, like all its predecessors, testifies to your wide reading, accurate thinking, and high moives. I regret, however, to find your accepting* so unreservedly the alleged utterances of departed worthies through mediums. Years ago, I lost all my faith in such, and undertook to judge the matter entirely apart from the assumed revelation as to the pretended outgiving of Professor Maples (whom Corn Hakhoso loves to quote). I can speak by the book I was a pupil of his and co-editor of his Agricultural Journal. I also intimately know his

* It will be seen from a letter from Mr. Aler Calder to Babu Peary Chand, that Peary Chand was preparing a book "Yoga and Spiritualism," to show that both of them are identical. This letter will be published in the subsequent issue. A portion of the work "Yoga and Spiritualism" as written by him was published in the National Magazine for December 1909.

family. They and I agree in saying that every discourse ascribed to him by Mrs. Hatch Tapper is hers and not his.

I hope your brochure will have a wide circulation and that you may live long to publish others.

Ever your attached,

H. S. Olcott.*

To

Peary Chand Mittra Esq.

Deoghur, 25th August 1881.

My dear Sir,

Accept my best thanks for your very kind present of a copy of your erudite work, "Soul; its Nature and Development." I have read it with the greatest pleasure. It treats of the very highest points of religion that which form the esoterics of the sages of every country. Your sentiments are typified in the following Hindoo song :—

সত্যি ! ঐ দেশ যে বুঝে জানে

যেহে নার নাই ঠিকানা

যাহা ন জানান ন জরীনা ।

যাহা বিট গিরি সব থলি

যাহা নাম রহিম একো বন্দা

যাহা ন বেদ ন কোরাণা ।

The sentiments of Plutarch delighted me much : "What the Soul is to the body, God is to the Soul" that is, God is the Soul of the Souls. In Him it lives, moves and has its being. This principle is the Soul of the Hindu Shastras especially the Upanishads.

The mediumistic revelations from the spirit-world which are given at the end are very interesting. I have been a firm believer in the opinion of old John Milton from my boyhood.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,

Both when we sleep and when we wake, un-seen, &c. &c."

I also think it is possible there may be intercourse between men and spirits. I, however, want clear proofs of this though I cannot possibly disbelieve what is given out in your circles. I have every faith in your honesty. Trusting you are quite well with family.

Yours affectionately,

Rajnarain Bose.

In reviewing the book the Indian Mirror of 27th August 1881 wrote as follows :—

Babu Peary Chand Mittra who has made spiritualism his special study for many years, has brought out another work on the subject for the benefit of his countrymen. The last of his series of works on spiritualism is designated "On the Soul its Nature and Development." It is divided into two chapters; the first treating of the nature of the soul, and, the second, of the various processes by which it can be developed. The work is the result of vast learning and laborious researches, and the views enunciated therein have all been illustrated with copious quotations from works, bearing on the subject, Indian or European, modern or ancient. A few general directions as to the practice of *yoga* have been given, though in order to attain a thorough knowledge of the matter one should take practical lessons from a practised *yogi*. To such people as take an interest in the elevating study and cultivation of the soul,—and, thanks to the earnest endeavours of Babu Peary Chand Mittra and of his co-adjutors in directing public attention to the subject, the number of such people among our educated countrymen is at this time by no means inconsiderable—the work will certainly be one of incalculable importance. The appendix to the book consists of an interesting, and to some readers a wonderful record of the proceedings of the "United Association of Spiritualists," lately established in Calcutta, an extract from which we have the pleasure of publishing in another column.

The Hindu Patriot of 8th August 1881 wrote thus :—We thank Babu Peary Chand Mittra for a copy of his latest spiritual work entitled "On the soul, its Nature and Development." It is in continuation of his spiritual works "Spiritual Stray Leaves" and "Stray Thoughts on Spiritualism" which have been received favourably by the organs of spiritualism in Europe and America. In his present work the author has largely drawn from Sanskrit works and has given a brief exposition of the *yoga sūtra* bearing an intimate connection with spiritualism. From his spiritual experiences during the last twenty years the author is of opinion that *yoga* and spiritism are identical in their effects in emancipating the soul. The appendix to the book contains a short history of the Calcutta United Association of Spiritualists of which Mr. J. G. Mougens is the President and Babu Peary Chand Mittra is the Vicepresident.

While on this subject we may mention that the spiritual fraternity in Calcutta have invited Mr. Eglington, the psychic medium to visit India and they have collected liberal subscriptions from several leading members of the Hindu community for the defrayal of his expenses.

The Theosophist for November 1881 wrote as follows :—

The bright and tireless intellect of our venerable brother, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, has produced still another of those pamphlets which mark his literary industry, moral elevation, and practised scholarship. We are in receipt of the advanced sheets of the long expected work "On the Nature of the Soul," and rise from its perusal with a sense of real pleasure derived. Babu Peary Chand's leading proposition is that there has ever been a conflict between the higher and baser parts of our human nature, the one in preponderance in any given age having fixed the character of that period. As Babu Peary Chand expresses it "As the soul principle advances, the country prospers in intellect, idea of God, constitution of government, beneficence of administration and amelioration of its condition. Substitute the matter principle and the country begins to decline. Every country has been governed by the intellect of a few leading men, and prospered or retrograded according to the solidity of their ideas and their reflex on the government." With this general proposition no one of whatever creed, will disagree, though some—the Buddhists, for example—would except to the word Soul, and define the nobler parts of our nature in other terms. Our author then shews how the perfection of knowledge about the things of the inner world may, and can only, be attained, viz., by the evolution of the latent powers of that higher Self, which the physical Self brutally represses and smothers. "The reason why our *rishis* were more successful in their investigations as to the nature of the soul," says the author "is that by their mode of living and austerity they fitted themselves to penetrate into the inner life." The philosophy of Buddhism fully recognises this method of inquiry in its Dhyana, and the best Buddhistic scholars concede that none other than an Arahant, that is, a fully developed and illuminated ascetic can grasp the meaning of *Nirvana*. Widely divergent, therefore, as the Buddhistic and Brahminic philosophies are in many respects, this parallelism of thought as to the best means of attaining to the higher knowledge reconciles their adherents, and lays out a *via media* by

which both may travel in harmony, to search after the Eternal Truth. A special value is given to the author's pamphlet by his ample quotations from ancient Indian authorities.

Modern culture has almost entirely confined metaphysical speculation to the lines of classical and European thought. Thus our educated Asiatic youth, equally with those of Western Countries, have been deprived of the aids of the sublime attainments of primitive Asiatic research, and thus had no proper conception of the reverence due by us to those philosophical giants of yore. It will be the dawning of a brighter day when there shall arise an entire class of writers like the author to rescue from oblivion those ancient treasures of literature, and spread them before the world's eye. The present work contains an account of some very surprising "Communications" in Hindi and Sanskrit given to the Calcutta Spiritualist Association, through a "Medium" wholly ignorant of those languages. There are also frequent quotations of alleged utterances through "mediums" by well known deceased persons of Europe and America, which we would have been glad to see accompanied with a word of protest and caution as to their genuineness. Infinite mischief has, we think, been done by this incautious acceptance of pretended communications from the great dead before proving their genuineness.

The Great Madras Saint Sabhapati Swami came to Calcutta at about this time and delivered some lectures regarding spiritualism in the Albert Hall and the meetings were presided by Peary Chand Mittra.

Mr. W. Eglington, being invited by the spiritual enquirers of Calcutta arrived in this city on 20th November, 1881. We reproduce an article appeared in the Indian Mirror, of 10th December 1881, describing a *seance* held in Calcutta under his auspices.

While Theosophy is engaging the attention of our countrymen in the Western Presidency, spiritualism has begun to stir up the minds of a portion of the most respectable and intelligent classes of the citizens of Calcutta, with unquestionable manifestations of a power, the mystery of which is still unfathomable. Some leading native gentlemen, who take a deep interest in spiritualism here, have, at some expense, brought over Mr. W. Eglington, who has already acquired a worldwide reputation as a physical and materialising medium. This gentleman, who has recently arrived at

Calcutta from England, has already held several *seances*, during which he has given undoubted proofs that he really possesses the powers he professes to be gifted with.

The first *seance* was held at the house of the Hon'ble Maharaja Joteendra Mohan Tagore, C.S.I. We are told that it was a decided success. Two other *seances* were held at the residence of Babu Denonath Mullick. At the first of them, with a view to prepare the minds of his sitters gradually to the mysterious wonders he was capable of exhibiting, Mr. Eglington, though his hands were held on either side by two gentlemen of the highest respectability and intelligence, caused, through some agency which certainly could not have been material, a luminous cross on a dark ground, as of the black velvet or broad cloth, to appear in the air; then a harmonium, which, when the sitters took their places in the light, was some ten or twelve feet apart from them, to be brought by the same means to within two feet of them, and, finally, *mirabile dictu*, the same instrument to be played upon.

At the subsequent *seance*, held at the Babu's house, no sceptic could possibly have doubted that the things he saw and heard could have been effected by other than immaterial agency. An organ was played upon by invisible hands; and, though Mr. Eglington, to prevent any suspicion of his being a ventriloquist, kept some water in his mouth, which he afterwards spat out in the light, the sitters distinctly heard articulate words spoken connectedly and sensibly by invisible voices which, he said, belonged to his spirit guides. To the surprise of the whole party, whose character for respectability and intelligence is absolutely unquestionable, the materialised form of a native lady then appeared, whose face was partially visible; and a gentleman, who was a sitter, solemnly assured the party that he distinctly recognised her as his mother. But these things were done in darkness. Still, it is impossible to doubt that they were in absolute good faith, and without the least help from accomplices.

The crowning feat, however, remains to be told. Mr. Eglington, in the clear lamplight, tore off an end, of a blank card, giving the rent piece to one gentleman to keep secure under his thumb, while he passed the card with point of a black lead pencil, which he broke off with his teeth, to another gentleman, whom he desired to place the card and the bit of pencil within a book on which he was resting his hands. The sound of writing was distinctly heard by every sitter

from within the book. But some disturbance in the conditions necessary in those *seances*, quite unsettled Mr. Eglington. Rather than lay himself open to the imputation of practised fraud, he chucked a card together with a pencil towards a window within the room. Shortly afterwards he asked the gentleman, who had placed the first mutilated card into the book under his hands, to take it out, when, to the surprise of all, it contained part of a letter, written at the dictation of the departed spirit of a distinguished relative of a most distinguished member of the *seance*—the continuation of this letter being found in the card thrown near the window. A copy of this letter we subjoin:—

"I am glad to take this opportunity of proving to you beyond doubt the fact of my continued existence. I am happy in my immaterial form, and would that I could see you the same in your earthly one. That I still live and communicate again with you, you must not ever again doubt, for I am as much human in my continued existence as you are. I still take interest in you, and watch your earthly progress with anxiety. And I guard and guide you—I trust, to the right path. But you must not forget, in the language of Dharmapada, that he who pays homage to those who deserve homage, whether awakened, or their disciples—those who have overcome the host, and crossed the flood of sorrow—he who pays homage to such as have found true deliverance and know no fear, his merit can never be measured by any body:—that is *nirvana*, the highest happiness. Written for —

P.

He is with your father J.

Mr. Eglington has come out under the most distinguished auspices, and would have received no countenance, if he had not given undeniable proof of his wonderful powers. Already his reputation has spread; and we hear that he lately held several *seances* at the house of a high public officer, where some distinguished members of the civil and military services were present. It should be known that Mr. Eglington has not come out to exhibit his powers to the outside public but only to a select few of the higher and more intelligent classes upon whom no impostures can possibly be palmed off. We are almost sure that before long he will succeed in dispelling any doubts that may rest on the minds of people, who have not enquired

into the subject, as to the reality and good faith of spiritualism, as practised by true spiritualists. *

Mr. Eglington came in India at the time when Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky were preaching theosophy in the Western Presidency with the co-operation of Dayananda Saraswati. All the Hindoos of that Presidency admired much of the American *Jogi*, and the consternation was felled in Calcutta by the advent of Mr. Eglington. The sensation made here was great, as we find from the files of the Indian Mirror that many educated gentlemen flocked to attend these *seances*. Besides some open *seances*, Mr. Eglington arranged for some *seances* with private individuals, and we have testimony of one below appeared in the Indian Mirror of Thursday the 29th December, 1881.

A SEANCE WITH MR. W. EGLINGTON.

(By Peary Chand Mittra.)

It is very well-known that I have been a spiritualist since the death of my wife. My eldest son, Amrita Lal, who has had communications with several departed members of our family, was desirous of witnessing some manifestations through the mediumistic powers of Mr. Eglington. Accompanied by my son, I visited Mr. Eglington at about 11-30 A.M., on Tuesday last. Mr. Eglington, on seeing my son, at once said that he is a medium. Mr. Eglington kindly offered to give us a *seance* and he, myself and my son formed a circle at 12 o'clock in broad daylight. Mr. Eglington was in no sense in a trance state. I had brought with me a clean slate which he held under the table, his thumb being on the top, and his fingers pressing the slate against the undersurface of the slate. Mr. Eglington and my son sat opposite to each other, and I sat next to Mr. Eglington. The following questions were put, the answers being written on the slate, while Mr. Eglington held it in the position described. After each question the slate was washed, and the writing obliterated.

Amritalal's Question.

Q. 1. Whether I am a medium ?

A. You are a medium.

Q. 2. Why I cannot communicate with the spirits, as Mr. Eglington does ?

A. You are not developed.

Q. 3. Whether the communications I had with the spirits of my

mother, wife, and grand-mother were real or the hallucinations of my brain ?

A. Yes, they are real.

Q. 4. Are my mother, brothers, sisters and wife in the room ?

A. Yes.

Q. 5. Whether my mother can give a message ?

The following long communication was then given in answer :—

My dear Husband—This will be written for you by one of the guides Mr. Eglington, but it is nevertheless from me. I am so glad to be able to communicate in this material manner, and assure you by actual demonstration of my presence. Your father, Ramnarayan, (1) comes with me, and together we hope we left your philosophic mind to the realms of light and truth. Keep on in your noble disinterested work and your reward in the next life is very sure.

Assuring you of my presence at all times I am ever, with much dear love.

Your wife

(Countersigned).

Prankrishna (2).

Q. 6. Whether my brothers are in this room ?

A. Your brothers are with you.

Q. 7. Is my wife in the same sphere with my mother ?

A. No.

Q. 8. Is my mother in the fifth or any other sphere ?

A. Yes, fifth sphere.

Q. 9. Where is my wife ?

A. She is in the fourth sphere.

We asked a mundane question which the spirits declined to answer.

In all cases the sound of the writing was heard distinctly by me and my son. Mr. Eglington's fingers only held a slate or two slates, with a little bit of pencil, one above the other. When the question 6 was asked, two slates, which we so carefully sponged, were put on the table with a little bit of pencil which we both touched. We both felt and heard the writing.

Peary Chand Mittra.
Amritalall Mittra.*

(1) Ramnarayan is the name of my father.

(2) Prankrishna is the name of my father-in-law known only to me and my son. *i.e.*, the late Prankrishna Biswas of Khardah.

* Appeared also in the Hindoo Spiritual Magazine September 1913.

TITAGHUR PAPER MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Titaghur & Kankinara,

E. B. S. R.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

ALL KINDS OF
Printing, Foolscap, Car-
tridge, Blotting, and
Badami Papers.

Managing Agents:—

F. W. Heilgers & Co.,

Chartered Bank Buildings.

CALCUTTA.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

NO. 3—MARCH 1915.

A LEAF OUT OF ANGLO-NORMAN HISTORY.

Most people like travel, and they undertake it because it is the fashion of now-a-days and for that reason you must have money enough and to spare to do so. The popular mistake is the idea, that by visiting foreign lands, in a period of six months or so, and in a helter-skelter run through it, you ultimately come to realise that there are in it races of men who are unquestionably better physically, intellectually, morally, socially, politically, and economically than your own motherland, and that Western civilization, with its hurry-scurry, sorry and extravagant expense of living, compares unfavourably with the simple, frugal, and religious life of the East.

The Hindu belief, in connection with the evanescence of earthly life, is, that travel in foreign lands beyond the seas, and far from his birth-place, is injurious to a traveller's spiritual nature, because it is apt to be injuriously affected by materialism, and to be rendered wicked by adoption of alien habits. For the enjoyment of the senses, travel hither and thither in the world is profitable, but is far from beneficial to his soul, which is bound to contract some sort of contagion from the customs of foreigners. With a Hindu, his home, where he thriftily lives with his wife, whose habits, in the shape of *saris* are uniform, is the place where he thinks occasional religious exercise at *pujahs* is necessary, to prepare him at death for another and a better world, in which food and clothing may be easily had without the sweat of the brow. Besides, globetrotting makes the traveller selfish: he occupies himself with the object of securing his own comfort: he looks after his stomach

with care and caution; he keeps his eye on his own welfare, by going by steamer, or rail, or vehicle, or on horseback, he becomes suspicious of people, and especially of hotel keepers, who, he thinks, are on the *qui vive* to swindle him out of his money, and take him in, in more senses than one.

Having, like Satan in the Book of Job, wandered to and fro in the world, the traveller returns home a greater sinner than before; he finds that his money has been spent, along with his small reserve stock of morals, by which he had set store: he admits to himself, on retrospection, that a personal knowledge of mankind, from China to Peru, is after all a poor return for his money spent: and, lastly, he mourns over what it cost him for this worldly experience.

The fact of a man's being a traveller in the out-of-the-way regions of the world is, in my opinion, a suspicious sign of bad character. One is tempted to ask, what are his reasons for forsaking his home and fatherland and recklessly undertaking the dangers, difficulties and personal inconveniences of hunger and thirst of travel? A boy, when he runs away from school, or his kith and kin, and goes off to the Polynesian Isles, or Japan, or Patagonia, or Timbuctoo, or elsewhere in distant lands, is customarily called daring, or venture some, or bold of spirit: but as a rule he is not a good type of the rising generation, but an adventurer who is tired of daily routine of life and seeks after fresh field and pastures new. The fact is well-established by historical evidence that England, over whose empire the sun never sets, owes her maritime supremacy, which is acknowledged by the comity of nations, to this species of her run-away youths who, carrying their lives in their hands, chanced their luck on the sea, because they did not know what was good for them on land.

It cannot be denied that there are undoubtedly good effects of foreign travel. Anyhow, an analysis of the evidence, in view to discover and extract from its nutshell the truth, is necessary, and after a careful study of the *pros* and *cons* of the case the verdict of the jury must be that the bad among Britishers have been of greater use, in rearing the splendid edifice of England's overseas empire, than the good. In short, to her adventurers, whose conduct as Christians was anomalous, and thoroughly out of joint with religion, are due the thanks of Britons for making them the masters of the sea. The biblical scheme of securing life in the

next world, by giving it up in this, met with no response in the minds of Britain's ne'er-do-wells and land and sea rovers, who reversed the process, for they gained this world and probably lost the next. The result was that the limits of England's empire were extended in the four quarters of the globe. If the stay-at-home Englishmen, under the influence of Christianity, tried to elevate and beautify human nature among its followers, the British adventurers rendered striking its sordidness in foreign parts, and so magnified the contrast.

It is said by atheists that there has never been such a religion as Christianity. All great religions, such as Buddhism and Hinduism, whose followers are numerically greater than the sum total of Christians, have never "dealt damnation round the land on each they judged their foe."

As society nowhere, since the commencement of the world, had been able to devise a system of laws to render wars impossible, and had always been divided and distracted by conflicting intrigues, the Papacy found it an easy task to set Christendom ablaze with religious fervour, by means of the crusades, which resulted in a great deal of bloodshed. In A.D. 1093, the period of the first crusade, which was the most successful of all the eight that were undertaken and carried out against Mahomedans, the age was corrupt and restless: Europe was not noted for the purity of its morals: people neglected religion: they revelled in the commission of evil: they wilfully raked up causes of scandals: they invented false reports about the character of others; and they rekindled old feuds for the sake and pleasure of fighting. Not only was the state of society bad, in respect of the practice of virtue, but there was a widespread belief, in the public mind, that the end of the world was close at hand. In the fear of such a calamity, there was a prevalent craze for visiting the Holy Land, and the mania spread like wild fire on all sides. The church, being powerless for good, left sinners, who point-blank refused to listen to her counsels, to find salvation for themselves as best they could, or go to the dogs.

The first crusade, which was dreadful in its folly, terrible in its results, and laughable as a spectacle of stupidity, proved that the church possessed the faculty of inspiring Christendom with the idiotic desire for the acquisition of an earthly Jerusalem, when they should have sought for a celestial one. It only required on

the scene the Knight of La Mancha, mounted on his Rosinante, and on his way to Jericho, to complete the comic element in the history of the Christian's Jihad, which made historians with critical discernment of the truth, declare that the Papacy deserved the gratitude of the world in getting rid wholesale of its Christian desperadoes, who were a danger and a source of mischief to the Church, by fleecing them of their money at home, sending them on a fool's errand to Palestine, and killing them there in the end.

To properly understand the statement, that the Papacy is responsible for the creation of England's adventurers, who won for her oversea dominions, it is necessary to relate certain facts, with regard to the first crusade, which excited to the highest pitch the religious enthusiasm and valour of European chivalry.

During the minority of Philip, King of France, a momentous event took place, and resulted in the subjugation of England, and the placing upon its throne the foreign dynasty of the Normans. William the Conqueror had determined to execute a design, long maturing in his mind, for the invasion of England. At length he resolved upon it; but, before setting out on its achievement, he paid a visit to Philip at Saint Germain-in-Sage. In the interview he requested Philip to assist him with men, money, and munitions, in his claims upon the English Crown, and even stipulated that, should the enterprise not fail, he would pay homage for the conquered kingdom, and hold it as a fief of France. The advisers of Philip saw in the proposal a deep-laid scheme of Norman aggrandisement, for they argued that, on one hand, should William succeed in the conquest of England, he would become so powerful of harin as more than likely to attempt the overthrow of France, and, on the other, that, in case of failure, France would naturally become the enemy of England. For these reasons Philip, as the liege lord and a man of keen sagacity, negatived the request. At the time the fame of the Norman warriors was the theme of poetry and the dread of all in the wide extent of the continent. Their martial prowess was acknowledged by friend and foe; their success in arms was envied by enemies; and when William publicly declared his design upon England, and swore to exact a signal vengeance on the English, for their outrage in not accepting him as their king, large numbers of soldiers swarmed to his standard from everywhere in France, each of them feeling, beforehand, sure of victory, wealth, and glory.

William, nowise cast down by the rebuff, and confident of good fortune, with characteristic energy set sail from Saint Valery in September 1066, won England at the battle of Hastings, and was crowned with *éclat* as king of England in London, on Christmas Day of the same year. When the fortune of war made William King of England, and a greater monarch than the king of France, it caused chagrin to the latter, who resorted to policy, to successfully resist the will, to humble the pride, and to weaken the power of his rival. Philip knew from experience that in character William was proud, presumptuous, headstrong, cruel, and more addicted to pleasure and display than the hardwork of statecraft and government, and that he was actuated by military fame, and a desire to excel in the virtues, graces, and exercises of chivalry.

As the monarch of England, William was desirous of the welfare of his new subjects; but he sought it by means of his own authority. The conquered kingdom, therefore, was not abandoned to the lawless will of the Norman Earls and others, and did not become a scene of violence, pillage, rapine and destruction. Nevertheless, jealousy of William's luck and prosperity, led Philip to conceive a dislike for his *confrère*, and to try to undermine his power. With this end in view Philip took the part of Alain, Duke of Brittany, who had revolted against William. Philip encouraged the rebellion of William's eldest son, Robert Courthosé, who, disappointed at not obtaining the Government of Normandy, as of right of primogeniture, rose in arms against his father, and a desultory warfare continued for several years between them, within the area of the Duchy. For some time William appeared to have observed great forbearance under provocation, and to have shown patient endurance of wrongs, until overcome with anger, he demanded, in an ultimatum, the restoration of the district of Vaux, which had, without just reason, been annexed to the French Crown. Philip treated the demand with derision, and refused redress in insolent terms. On this, war broke out between England and France. William in person invaded and ravaged with fire and sword the district, and took by assault the town of Mentes; but as he was directing the operations of the siege, his charger, treading on hot cinders and rearing frantically, threw him with force to the ground, and he died of his wounds on the 10th of September 1087.

Meanwhile Philip went from bad to worse in his morals, which

were never good at any period since his majority. In order to gratify his will, and at the same time to fill his ex-chequer, he adopted the plan of offering, for sale to the highest bidder, whosoever he might be, bishoprics &c. Such irregular traffic in ecclesiastical offices caused a loss, which touched the church in her tenderest part, her pocket, and was not likely to escape the censure of the Vicar of God and heaven's treasurer as well, nor did it, for Pope Gregory III, who was as much interested in the conversion of heretics to the Christian faith as in the collection of their shakels, addressed to the Catholic prelates in France a letter, couched in terms of indignant remonstrance, in a Latin Encyclical, whose translation in English is as follows:—"It is your king, or rather your tyrant who, yielding to the seductions of the devil, is the cause of your calamities. He has defiled his youth with every species of infamy. Nor less weak than miserable, he knows not how to rule the Government entrusted to his charge, and not only does he abandon his subjects to crime, by relaxing the bonds of authority, but he encourages them by his own example to everything which is forbidden to do or even to name."

Gregory concluded his letter by threats of ex-communication, interdict, and even deposition of Philip, unless he, in coming to a knowledge of its contents, renounced the practice of selling bishoprics &c. at royal auctions, and expressed sorrow and repentance for his past misdeeds. Philip, on receipt of a copy of the Papal communication, one of the most arrogant and menacing ever received by a ruling despot, viewed it in the light of a paper joke, for he knew that none in his kingdom would dare enforce it; but dissimulating he promised amendment for the future, and for a time suspended the disposal of benefices. However, afterwards being pressed for money he relapsed into his old habit of raising the loan.

This defiance of Papal authority would not longer have been tolerated by the Pontiff, whose feelings had been unbearably outraged by the loss of church revenue, were it not that at the time he was deeply occupied with unsettlement of the knotty dispute, relating to ecclesiastical investiture with Germany, and, for reasons of policy, he forebore to fall out with such a potent monarch as the French king, who seemed disposed to undertake and accomplish a counter-move against the Papacy, and who was, besides, competent to resist and put it to shame by brute force. The Pope, therefore, kept

quiet and did nothing, except to note, with secret satisfaction of mind, that Philip was as rapidly going to dogs as enemies could wish, and as nicely as the Papacy could desire.

As he grew in years there was no corresponding increase of wisdom in Philip, inasmuch as he perpetrated a still more outrageous violation of public decency. He had grown weary of his wife Queen Bertha, who palled on his taste, for the reason that she had been in flesh. Now, he appreciated the conjugal frequency with which she had borne him a series of olive branches, as replicas of himself in miniature; but as at the same time he felt, he was under the painful necessity of transferring his long standing affection to another lady.

All of a sudden, and to the astonishment of all, one day Bertha was surreptitiously arrested, taken away from court, and kept in the castle of Montreuil, on the charge of having turned too fat as the royal spouse. To banish her from her home and detain her in custody, without formulation of a charge of having got stout, or of having been detected *fragrans delecto* in a criminal irregularity and without giving her the opportunity of explanation, or defence of her conduct, was hateful to the Papacy, which has always shown keen interest in composing feuds between husbands and wives, as an act contrary to constitutional authority of procedure and the canons of law and justice.

During a visit paid at Tours to the Count of Anjou, who received him with lavish hospitality, Philip conceived at first sight a deep passion for Berthade, the Countess, who was reputed to be, as she actually was, the most beautiful woman in France. Berthade had married the Count of Anjou not for love but more for his rank, power and wealth, and afterwards discovered that he was not to her liking. Flattered with the royal regard, and feeling sure she cared more for another's husband than her own, she was persuaded to separate from him. She left him and her good name behind at Tours and eloped with Philip who, at Orleans, married her as his wife.

Philip was not sorry for the iniquitous misappropriation of Berthade, nor was his sense of shame in any way affected by the fact that the Count had lost her in return for his hospitality. Anyhow, he broke out into violent reproaches, and upbraided the king with a breach of faith and honour, and demanded a duel with him

to the death. The monarch, who did not know how to behave like a Christian, nor to continue as a gentleman, and who knew the frailty of female virtue, laughingly declared to his friends that "womankind can do neither with nor without husbands."

In the world woman, as stated by Cynics, has ever been its chief mischief and the source of its many evils, and has, therefore, been rightly designated, in Anglo-Saxon literature, wo(e)man. In Biblical cosmogony, she, as Eve, was the cause of man's downfall up to now; in the legendary lore of the Ramayana she, as Sita, occasioned the war, in which Ravan, the demon king of Ceylon, along with millions of his soldiers, lost his life: in the epic poetry of Homer's Iliad she, as Helen, originated the great Trojan war, in which vast numbers of both Greek and Asiatic warriors were massacred: and lastly, she, as Berthade, started the first crusade, in which many Christians and Mussulmans were slain without rhyme or reason.

The Count of Anjou, the husband, and Robert of Flanders, the step-father of Berthade, immediately took up arms to avenge in blood the wrong done her: but their murderous resolve resulted in nothing, for the king was too powerful a personage to be brought to book and laid by the heels by any one howsoever great. But nevertheless an appeal for help and justice was made by the offended party to the Pope who, already at daggers drawn with Philip, came to the rescue with despatch. A papal legate was sent into the kingdom of France, to summon at Autun bishops and other ecclesiastics, to meet him and to deliberate on the measures to be taken for the punishment of the royal bigamist. Without loss of time the legate came to a decision, for he publicly excommunicated Philip and Berthade, and forbade the former to make use of the ensigns of royalty, until he should separate from and renounce the latter, and submit to canonical penance, as might be determined upon by the holy see.

On hearing the news of the Papal thunderbolt, Philip in jest likened a Christian king to a rider on camel's back, and the papacy to a vicious camel, which loves to go its own way, and regards not the guiding rope, which for control is inserted and passed through its nose. The rider cannot, of his own accord, scale the back of the animal, unless it comes down to *terra firma*, to him in sections of its anatomy. With a little coaxing, and a great

deal of guttural noises, it first descends on the knees of its forelegs with violent jerks, forward and backward; then, with the shock of an earth-quake, on those of his hindlegs; and, finally, composes itself on its stomach, on the ground, to enable the rider to ascend heavenward. When, however, the brute is in ill humour, and not disposed to answer the rope, nor inclined to allow him a comfortable ride, it is obstinate and will do nothing to oblige him. When it is forced to get up, there is a fearful hubbub of gurgling sound; the nervous driver fancies he is about to somersault backward in his fall to earth; and when the incarnate nightmare, the came, attempts awkward caracoling and grotesque curvetting, he is reduced to imbecility, and is, indeed, more glad to get out of his seat than to prolong the dangers of an overthrow by remaining in it.

Of course Philip knew beforehand what was going to be done, and appeared callous to the Papal *brutum fulmen*; but, warned by the example of former times, he thought it common sense not to infuriate the Pope uselessly and be, perhaps, knocked down by it to the ground and there trampled to death. Being a man of understanding, and possessing force of character, he was shrewd enough to see the folly of such a course of action. He, therefore, temporised, put aside his crown and sceptre, but not Berthade, who stuck to him with the tenacity of a limpet to a rock.

What Philip had done, to thwart the Papacy and make null and void its commands, having come to the ears of Pope Urban II, he again anathematized him as a sinner, who showed no disposition to accept the ethics of Christianity, or its religious, social and political principles, by making amends, by separating from another's wife, when his own was alive; and, accordingly, an interdict was laid on all towns and cities, where the king and his guilty paramour might sojourn for business or pleasure. Philip, fearing no injury from the Papal anathema, which consigned his body to the devil and his soul to hell, and desiring not to do any to his loving Berthade, continued to laugh in his sleeve and dissemble his motive. Submissive in his outward profession of respect and regard for Papal authority, he treated it jestingly in private, among his friends, for he neither parted with Berthade nor rectified the wrong done Bertha, by releasing her from prison. He even went so far, in defiance of the Papal orders, that he had Berthade crowned queen amid public pomp and ceremony at Troyes, in acknowledgment of

the favour she had done him in bearing him four children in due time, and thereby showing him that his troubles in the world were little ones.

Under the circumstances, Urban, who, as Pontifex Maximus, was competent to exercise his sacerdotal power with despotic sway, in frightening sinners out of their wits, with threats of perpetual damnation in the hereafter, would never have permitted his will to be thus flouted and he himself made a fool of, in the eyes of Christendom, were it not that his mind was absorbed in a project of momentous magnitude—the first crusade—which required, as a *sine quâ non* of success, the co-operation and help of all Catholic monarchs; and he knew he could not possibly fall foul of one of them, and least of all a king of France, whom he now came to estimate as a Christian only by the amount of service he could get out of him.

His Holiness, when his ecclesiastical thunder and lightning failed of result, told his cardinal friends that the sovereign of France was, after all, an amorous fool, and looked more of an ass than he was; that Berthade appeared to bestow a larger share of her affection on the king than she had given her first husband, who was satisfied with a few crumbs of it; and that as Philip was a right royal rone, incapable of judging of things, by any standard than that of his own moral foot rule, it was necessary to leave him to his own ways and Berthade, and patch up some sort of peace with him. So it came about that, for these reasons, the rupture between the Pontiff and the king was adjusted, to their mutual satisfaction, for, metaphorically speaking, they shook hands with each other, making the customary inarticulate noises indicative of polite assent. The former said he liked a good sovereign in any mood, except in a bigamous one, and was not sure if he did not care for him even then; and the latter declared that, were he not a king, he would any day prefer to be a Pope, and a bad one too. The result showed that the battle between the two was a drawn one, for neither the Pontiff had sent the king to the devil, nor had the king obeyed the Papal *mandamus* to get rid of Berthade, for whom he had risked heaven itself by fighting with its Vicar on earth.

It must be admitted, that the church, in starting the crusades against Islam, was the means of reviving in British adventurers the mania for roaming the world, in view to making their fortune or

leading a *dolce far niente* life therein. In England, their role of labourers, or artisans, &c. was not of ease, or dignity, or any social status. Being dissatisfied at home with their lowly state of workers, and unable to discover an arithmetical process by which they could subtract the greater, their expenditure, from the lesser, their income, they left for foreign lands, where they were admired and respected for their doughty deeds, and where they rose to greatness in worldly prosperity. The thought of leaving their motherland for her good, and of getting some respite from an overstrain of continued labour and other troubles, within her borders, was the cause of so many Britishers turning sea-rovers and adventurers, and being instrumental in the creation of England's magnificent oversea dominions.

In the various grades of modern society everywhere, there are many who dogmatise and believe that everything happens by the will of God, without reference to the wishes of mankind, who have to endure things which they cannot possibly avoid. "There is a divinity that shapes our end Rough-new them how we will." When they are inexorably predestined, what is the use of men foolishly trying to alter their destiny? This dictum is the oft repeated creed of the fatalists. In truth, they would as logically make the self-same assertion even if their wives, in the way of Berthade, eloped, and console themselves with the reflection that the domestic *contretemps* was the result, already pre-established, of Kismet, against which it is perfectly useless to contend. Taking their stand on scriptural authority, and the doctrine of predestination, they boldly adopt, without reserve, the faith that it is useless for a man, who cannot escape hell fire, to attempt the stupidity of going to heaven; that it is folly to worry about a matter that has been finally settled; and that the best thing to do, under the circumstances, is to eat, sleep, and drink merrily, preparatory to his going to a destination decided upon beforehand. Now-a-days such is the fatalism which is much in vogue, and which is knocking the bottom out of society's efforts after a religious life. But whether the king of France, in parting with his own wife for that of another, or whether the Pope of Rome, as the Jupiter Tonens of Christendom, in cursing the French king for his wickedness blessed him instead, acted in consequence of Fate's *vis major*, it cannot now be ascertained by enquiry. Nevertheless, the fact is certain that

none could have foreseen, in the vista of yours yet to come, that Bertha's abduction would have resulted in the first crusade, in which Philip took part, so as to wipe off the tarnish on his name, owing to her account; that the Pope should have so energised, by his bulls, the will of Christendom, to visit the East, for the purpose of seeing the Holy Land and other places therein, that Europeans had India in their thoughts, and that, afterwards, the English as sailors, merchants, adventurers, soldiers, &c., by heaven's favour and aided by their own efforts of trade and warfare' stepped into the shoes of the Great Mogul, and created and continued in India a vast and wealthy empire.

W. A. SUTHERLAND.

BIRTH OF THE DIVINE KRISHNA.

(III.)

The derivative root of Krishna is from the Sanskrit word *Krishna* which means attraction. Krishna attracts and uplifts humanity. He is the Parabrahma. The root meaning of Radha is *Radh* (worship). Radha is always for communion, and companionship with the idol of her heart—Krishna. Through her, we approach Krishna, she is *Prakriti*—the female principle, the mistress of the cosmos, always gravitating towards the *Param Purusha*—the male principle. The unification of Radha and Krishna is the commingling of the soul with the over-soul. *Gopi* symbolises the principle which sustains and preserves the world, and is derived from the Sanskrit root *gup* (earnestness to meet Parabrahma). Krishna is said to be the lord of innumerable *Gopikas*, who are nothing but forces of nature. Love is the vivifying principle. Vishnu has in his hands *sankha* (conch shell), *chakra* (disc), *gada* (club), and *padma* (lotus). By his conch-shell, Krishna proclaims virtue and righteousness; by the disc, the mystery of things spiritual is revealed, by the rod punishment is awarded to the transgressor; by the lotus reward is allotted to the deserving. *Rash-lila* symbolises the unification of soul with the supreme soul through love which attracts, sustains, and uplifts humanity.

The *Rash Lila* is therefore, the communion of personal souls with the oversoul, and as such, is spiritual in character. The devotees in an ecstasy, forget the world and everything worldly. To perpetuate the blessed night, *Rash Lila* is held every year during spring by Vaishnavs all over India.

Although repeatedly balked in his attempts to take away the life of Krishna, Kansa did not desist to move in that direction. He sent the giant *Brisasur*, a terror of the locality, to kill his son. The advent of this horrible figure at Brindaban caused a consternation in the hearts of the *Brajabashias*. Krishna allayed the fear of his dependents and co-villagers, and put to death *Brisasur* within a short time. The gods showered flowers on the divine head of

Krishna. Narad was present during the encounter of Sri Krishna, with Brishasur, he chanted the sweet name of Krishna with great veneration.

MIRACLES PERFORMED AT MATHURA.

Narad called on Kangsa. The king, and his courtiers rose from their seats, out of respect to the sage. Kangsa requested the Rishi to take his seat, and after the customary greetings were over, respectfully enquired, "To what he owed the honour of this visit?" Narad replied—"Maharaja I feel the presentiment of an awful catastrophe occurring soon, and have come as a well-wisher, to warn you beforehand. Get rid of your enemy at once or else you run the risk of losing your life through him. In my presence, Brishasur was killed by Krishna the other day." The death of Brishasur cast a gloom over Muttra, Kangsa was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his friend. He begged Narad to show him the way to tide over the difficulty. Narad said—"give up the idea of killing him by giants. He has already killed lots of them, you had better perform a sacrifice and invite him to this place. Once in your clutches, get rid of him as best as you can. According to the instructions of the sage, a big pandal was erected in front of the palace for the purpose of the sacrificial ceremony. Lots of servants were engaged to collect necessary articles. Kangsa deputed Akrur to invite Krishna on his behalf. Akrur left Muttra for Brindaban in a *ruth* (a sort of wooden conveyance on wheels) and reached his destination in due course. He handed over the letter of invitation to Krishna. After perusing the letter, he asked Akrur to take rest, and offered him suitable eatables. Breakfast over, Krishna asked him the following questions:—"How fares my parents? I am told that they are still rotting in prison. I regret to say that I shall be under the painful necessity of taking drastic measures to liberate them." Akrur then informed Krishna, the evil motive of Kangsa in inviting him to Muttra. Krishna did not care in the least, the danger and risk he was about to undergo. He accepted the invitation unhesitatingly! The whole village expressed their regret to part with him, and the milkmaids shed tears for him. Jasoda in the course of conversation said to her husband:—"I do not like to send my boy to Muttra."

He is young in years and does not know the ways of the world. You respond to the invitation by personally going to Muttra." Krishna entreated her to allow him to go. He said "You need not

be uneasy on my account. I shall come back as soon as the ceremony will be over." Jasoda acceded to his request with reluctance. Krishna accompanied by Nanda, and his suite started for Muttra, with costly presents. Poor Jasoda could not bear the separation of her beloved son for a moment. She ran after the car of Krishna like one demented. Her hair was dishevelled and her raiment was not in proper order. Akrur drew up the reins of the horse, and stopped the trap. Coming up to the side of the car, she said—"My darling Gopal, you will meet your mother at Muttra, and I am afraid, you will forget me." She then wrung her hands in agony and cursed the irony of her fate. Akrur descending from the car, cheered up Jasoda with conciliatory and soothing words. In the meantime, the milkmaids besieged the *ruth* and bemoaned their sad lot. One of them exclaimed, "Akrur, you are very hard-hearted and unfeeling or else you would not have dared to snatch our beloved Krishna from us. We shall die of grief, and you will be held responsible for our lives to God." Krishna comforted them with sweet words and promised to come back as soon as possible. Exacting a promise from Krishna that he would return, the Gopees let go the car. They remained standing with eyes fixed upon Krishna, so long as the vehicle was visible, and then slowly went away with drooping heads. When the car reached the banks of the Jamuna, Krishna and Akrur alighted from the vehicle, and went in for a bath in the sacred stream. Akrur saw the image of Krishna reflected on the water. He thought the reflection came from the original, as Krishna was bathing by his side. To find out the truth of his conjecture, he turned round to see, if Krishna was still in the river. Imagine his surprise, when he saw Krishna seated on the *ruth*, with a sweet smile on his lips. Akrur was a true devotee of Krishna, and he worshipped him with great veneration. Krishna asked Akrur why he was tarrying in the water so long, and to what he was devoting so much attention? Akrur replied, "I can not express in words what I have seen."

I had some doubts with regard to your being the Godhead: but I am now convinced that you are God and nothing else: I must pay due homage to you: saying this he jumped into the car and drove on forthwith. They reached their destination at dusk. Without entering the city, Krishna remained on its outskirts. Akrur, however, went direct to Kanga and informed him about the arrival

of Krishna. Early in the morning Krishna entered Mathura, and halted on the embankment of the Jamna, to inhale the fresh and cool air of the river. A washerman with his load of clothes on his back happened just then to pass the riverside. Krishna accosted him in the following manner—"Will you please supply me with a court dress, as I have been invited to attend the king's sacrificial ceremony." The man insolently abused him by stating,—"These are the king's clothes and am I to make over these costly garments to a man in your position." Krishna simply touched his head, which was instantly severed from the man's trunk!

The horrible scene, scared away the passers by, and they fled pell-mell. Krishna, however, quietly went towards the palace. The streets of Muttra were neat and clean, and its main thoroughfares were adorned with rows of trees. A big crowd had collected to give a hearty welcome to Krishna. Respectable ladies from house-tops and verandahs eagerly waited to have a look at the divine and effulgent occupant of the car. A hunchbacked woman was carrying flowers, and garlands in a basket to the palace. Krishna called her graciously and said,—Will you be so good as to deck me with garlands, and flowers, my good woman." "I shall do so, replied the woman with the greatest pleasure." Thereupon she adorned him. Krishna was much pleased with her behaviour, and touched with his hands the hump she had on the back, when lo, the ugly woman was transformed into a handsome young lady, her hump disappeared and she became straight as ever. The transformation became the talk of the town. Krishna was the cynosure of all eyes, and the ladies were simply fascinated with his noble bearing and comely appearance. Anon, they arrived into the palace. Krishna was challenged, at the portal, by a demon, who offered him a bow to break. He broke it in twain with the greatest possible ease; and killed the challenger. He then appeared before Kangsa, besmeared with blood.

Kangsa was frightened, with the prospect of death, and ordered his door-keepers to turn out his nephew. Krishna with a yell dragged him by the hair from the throne. Kangsa unsheathed his sword to slay his opponent. Krishna warded off the blow with a jump, eventually vanquishing and killing his foe. The spectators eulogised Krishna's extraordinary heroism, bravery and dexterity. During the conflict, Balaram was not idle, he killed Kangsa's brother. After performing this feat, Krishna liberated his

parents who were pining away in captivity. He installed his maternal grandfather Ugra Sen on the *guddi* vacated by Kangsa ; and passed his days in peace and comfort with friends and relatives. Nanda asked Krishna and Balaram to accompany him to Brindaban. They did not comply with his wishes. Nanda after bewailing his sad lot, reluctantly returned to Brindaban to chew the end of disappointment. Bosudev performed an expiatory ceremony on account of his sons. His idea was that Krishna and Balaram, have been lowered in public estimation from the fact of their association with milk men, in their infancy. Bosudev was not large-hearted and could not realise the significance of Krishna's taking shelter in the abode of Nanda. He acted like a man of the world and was not advanced in the ways of *prem* and *bhakti*, (love and faith). Bosudev utilised the services of Garga Rishi to impart knowledge to his sons. The brothers had their quarters in the hermitage of Garga for sometime, when they went to the city of Abanti. During that time, a sage by the name of Sundipani used to reside there. They gained knowledge and learning at his feet. During their sojourn, a son of the Rishi died, and the importunities of the sage and his wife, moved the heart of Krishna to resuscitate the boy, to the great joy of his parents. They then returned to Mattra with the permission of the Rishi. One day he sent for his bosom friend Uddhab and said :—" I have left Brindaban for an age. The milk maids, Nanda, Jasoada and other inhabitants of the place are bewailing my absence. Go to Brindaban and convey my greetings to them. Tell them, that I intend to see them at my earliest convenience." Uddhab left for Brindaban that very day. The sight of a chariot, excited the attention of the people of Brindaban, they thought and hoped that Krishna was the occupant of the car. Men and women rushed out from their hearths and homes to welcome the idol of their hearts.

They were sorely and terribly disappointed : on finding Uddhab in lieu of Krishna. The milk-maids enquired after his health with great earnestness, and so many questions were put to him, all at once that Uddhab was in a fix to answer them, singly and collectively. At last, Uddhab allayed their anxiety by stating, that Krishna was in good health and anxious to meet them. The *loplikas* were not satisfied with the answer and asked, if he had come to take them all to Mattra. On getting an answer in the negative, they were

aggrieved, but were right glad that Krishna was well. That was all they wanted. After meeting Nanda and Jasoda, Uddhab left Bindaban.

Jarasanda king of Magadha was one of the most powerful rulers of India, and was Kamsa's father-in-law. When he heard about the tragic death of his son-in-law, he was awfully enraged, and mobilised his vast army to attack Krishna at Mattra. He marched to the place and besieged the town. The Jaidavs congregated in full force and elected Balaram as their general. A fierce battle ensued. It lasted a few days, when Jarasanda raised the siege and took to a precipitate flight, on account of the immense losses he had sustained. Although Jarasanda gave up the fight for the time being, yet he was determined at all cost to take revenge upon the Jaidavas.

The temporary lull in the fight was the prelude to a determined attack, which he contemplated to bring to a successful issue, as soon as he completed his arrangements. He again besieged Mattra with redoubled force. During the fray, Krishna collected the leaders of the clan and said—"Jarasanda is a powerful foe. He is being helped by other Indian Rajas, who are collecting, for him, the sinews of war, Jarasanda wants to wear us out. None of us would be able to kill him, for the present, as he has secured the benediction of Brahma (one of the Hindu triad) by which he is not to lose his life for some time at least. The best course for us would be to leave Mattra and live in a fortified place on the sea, which no one would dare to attack us. We would live in peace and plenty, without the shadow of any overpowering evil. We are holding out against heavy odds, and as it would be impossible for us to emerge victorious, the best plan would be to go to a fortified place and live there in complete security."

After Krishna's speech, one of the elders got up and said:—"There is no knowing that Jarasanda would not follow us, and attack us wherever we may go. Moreover, personal courage is always edifying, but to take the vessel of the state, clear of all shoals and eddies, state-craft is necessary. So let us go and settle at Dwarka. The Jaidavas then departed for the fortress on the sea.

MIRACLES PERFORMED AT DWARKA.

Princess Rukmini daughter of Bishmak, having become enamoured of Krishna, from the description she had heard of his lofty and divine qualities of head and heart. As an ardent admirer.

she was determined to marry him. She asked her father's permission with maidenly bashfulness, that she should be given the privilege of selecting her partner in life in Sayambar. Her father granted her prayer. She went away to her chamber with joy. By beat of drum the Sayambar of Princess Rukmini was announced to the public, and all the nobles and princes of India were invited to attend the ceremony. As the auspicious time fixed drew nearer and nearer, she was told that her father was dead against Krishna, and that her brother was negotiating to bestow her hand to Sishupal a great Raja, without consulting her inclination. On hearing this news, she became uneasy and prayed fervently to God to fulfil her heart's desire. After saying her prayers she cogitated thus—"I shall rather die than submit to be the consort of that detestable prince, he is an enemy of my beloved Krishna. Let me see whether God grants my prayer or not? She was interrupted in her musings by a poor Brahmin, who approached her, and blessed her. She got up, out of respect to the Brahmin, and addressed these words to him—"Would you kindly do me a favour sir? I am in great distress now, and I wish to make an appeal to the Lord of Dwarka. Will you please hand over a letter to him, and I shall remain under a deep debt of gratitude to you. The Brahmin agreed, to undertake the work. Rukmini made over the billet to him, along with a purse to defray the necessary expenses of the journey. In the meantime, preparations on a grand scale was made in the town for the approaching Sayambar ceremony. A huge tent was pitched in front of the temple of Goddess Katyayani. It was gorgeously decorated. Rows of seats were arranged in order, according to the rank of the distinguished guests. A flag was hoisted at the top, it was flying with a rustling noise. The services of professional dancing girls were requisitioned to enliven the guests with their terpsichorean feats. The Brahmin reached Dwarka just in time, and without losing a moment sought for an interview with Sri Krishna, and was conducted to his august presence. The man made over the *billet doux* to him, saying that he was coming from Bidurva as the bearer of the note.

● The contents of the letter was as follows :—

To the puissant, and adorable Sri Krishna.

I have been so harassed with, doubt, distraction and a thousand other conflicting feelings, since I heard, that my father is going to

bestow my hand to Sishupal, against my inclination. I have taken a fancy to you, but I deferred from disclosing the secret of my heart in writing, in the hope of consecrating my humble self to your service at my Sayambar, which will be held very soon. I can resist my feelings, no longer on a subject, upon which depends my very existence. I therefore lay open to you the sufferings of my heart, and implore you to restore my peace and happiness. The fervent love which is devouring my soul for your adorable self, can only be allayed, by your accepting my hand. Please come to Bidarva without losing a moment, and take me off in your car, as soon as I come out of the temple of Kutyayani.

After the perusal of the letter, Sri Krishna smiled, and told the Brahmin to inform princess Rukmini, that he will carry out her mandate, with the greatest pleasure, and without delay. Saying this he dismissed him with valuable gifts. Let us leave the Brahmin to wend his way to Bidarva, and see what princess Rukmini was doing, she was cogitating thus—"Perhaps my beloved Krishna will not agree to my proposal. A poor mortal like myself cannot aspire to be a partner in life of such an adored being. The project is Alusker-like, and absurd. Besides that the Brahmin may think it not worth while to take such a long and tiresome journey for a mere girl like myself. She was taken aback by the sudden appearance of the Brahmin, and was transported with joy, on hearing the happy tidings from his lips. In the meanwhile Krishna ordered his airman Daruk to get his air-craft ready. The car was big enough to hold easily 200 passengers. Sri Krishna was elegantly dressed, and took his elder brother Balaram, along with some Sepoys, in the car. He ordered Daruk to start, and after a few hours travelling through space, the car slowly descended to Bularvanagore. Raja Bhismak conducted them into the pavilion. Sri Krishna showed Rukmini's letter to his elder brother, and decided to carry her off. The princess emerged from the temple majestically, and was resplendent with jewels, she was all smiles, and became the cynosure of all eyes. Her beauty captivated the hearts of the spectators and everybody wished to win the fair prize. Sri Krishna was waiting for her and quietly helped her into the airship and taking his seat beside her, soared up into the sky, and the airship went out of sight in a few minutes. The guests rushed out of the pavilion, and looked up towards the car with great amazement.

When it disappeared, they were disappointed and excited with indignation. To wreak their vengeance the princes collected their men, and attacked the Yadav troops fiercely. Balaram repulsed them with difficulty and then went away followed by his men. Krishna fulfilled the desire of Rukmini by marrying her at Dwarka. The period of history we are chronicling, polygamy was a recognised institution of the land, and as such, none could over ride the custom, so widely tolerated and sustained. Krishna, therefore, had more than one wife, as sanctioned in regal society. Amongst his queens Satyabhama true to fickle feminine nature was jealous. The co-queens quarrelled amongst themselves, whenever they found an opportunity. One day Sri Krishna and his Rani named Rukmini were sauntering leisurely arm in arm on the Raibatak hill. Narad with his Bina (a kind of stringed instrument) appeared before them and bowing to Krishna respectfully, presented him a garland of Parijat (celestial flower). It is said that there is only a single Parijat plant in heaven. Indra is the owner of the plant. Parijat blooms throughout the year in Indra's garden. The smell of the celestial flower is sweet, and remains fresh perpetually. Krishna gave the garland, to Rukmini as a token of love.

The sage had the reputation of being a quarrel monger and after taking his leave from Krishna hied to the quarters of Satyabhama, and slyly said—"Madam, I had occasion to see Indra, he presented me a garland, which was made of Parijat flowers. En-route I met Sri Krishna on the Raibatak hill strolling with Rukmini Devi, I offered my garland to your husband as a souvenir of affection and regard for him. He offered the same to Rukmini Devi. I was under the impression, that you were the favourite of my Lord, but I am now convinced that Rukmini Devi is the most beloved of his queens. Srimati Satyabhama was out to the quick, on hearing this apparent neglect, and slight from her husband. Her lips quivered with indignation, and her eyes filled with tears. She scattered her ornaments on the floor and stretching herself on the ground rolled about and cried bitterly. Krishna was partaking some refreshments with Rukmini Devi. Suddenly Narad appeared, before him, he was perspiring profusely. Krishna asked him, "what was up?" He related in detail what had happened. Krishna begged his wife to save the situation by giving him back the Parijat garland. Rukmini

could not part with the same, and said with pouting lips, let her die of jealousy and malice rather than expect from me, this coveted token of love. There was no other alternative but to order the sage to bring another garland from Indra at once. Krishna returned to Dwarka, and found Satyabhama in the hall of anger, weeping and bemoaning her sad lot. He tried to pacify her by sweet conciliatory words. Satyabhama said—"My lord it seems you no longer care for me and entertain the same love as you did formerly. You are partial towards Rukmni, under the circumstances I had better die. Krishna said—"Do not be disconsolate my dear for a trifle. Instead of a garland, I shall bring the tree from Indra. Thus you will be in a position to use, as much flowers as you like. So get up, and be cheerful. She smiled complacently, and began to shampoo his legs. Early in the morning, Krishna accompanied by Mahadev started for heaven on Garuda's back (a bird of gigantic size). Indra refused to part with Parijat, Krishna insisted upon gaining the prize, and from words they came to blows. Mahadev separated them, and induced Indra to part with the bone of contention. Indra agreed to give the tree on condition, that he will be at liberty to take back the tree, when Krishna will come back to Baikunta. Satyabhama was transported with joy, when she got the Parijat tree from Krishna and thanked him fervently.

While a student, Srikrishna contracted great friendship for a lad called Sridam, at the hermitage of Sandipani Rishi. Sridam, after finishing his studies left the *ashram*, and married a tolerably good-looking Brahmin girl. He was of studious habit, and spent the major portion of his life in studying philosophy. He had a religious turn of mind and prayed twice daily. Consequently he had neither the time, nor the inclination to work for his bread. His virtuous spouse bore privations with great fortitude for some time, without saying anything. One day she said to her husband. "My darling, you always praise your friend Krishna for his liberality, and charity to the needy. He has become the king of Dwarka now. Will you please pay a visit to him, and ask him to help you. I am sure he will grant your prayer. Her husband agreed to the proposal. He said "I will go, give me something as a present to my friend." They were so poor that his wife, could not give him anything, than a handful of rice. Sridam

1 tied his wife's gift in his scarf and started for Dwarka. On his way Sridam reflected, that the sentinels of Krishna will not allow him to approach Krishna clad as he was, like a beggar. However, it may be, he determined to take his chance. He reached his destination, and asked one of the door-keepers to inform Srikrishna, that a Brahmin named Sridam has come to see him. Srikrishna dismounted from his throne, and embracing Sridam warmly, made him to sit on the throne, and ordered his Rani Rukmini to fetch water immediately and directed her to pour water on the feet of the Brahmin. Krishna then turning to his friend said—"I am glad to meet you after an age, I thought you forgot me, but I find you still remember me, that is a source of great pleasure to me. Sridam said "friendship once contracted can't easily be alienated from the mind". Krishna said it is breakfast time, let us go and take our meals together. When the repast was over, Srikrishna said—"dear Sridam, you are a married man now. I am sure, your better-half, must have given you something for me. On hearing this, Sridam tried to conceal the handful of rice, out of shame, but Krishna snatched the same from his chum's hand, and then gulped down the rice with great avidity, and pronounced the same as most delicious. He was on the point of taking another mouthful, when Rukmini Devi, catching hold of his hand prevented him. She said "what are you doing? Are you going to dispose of the Goddess of wealth to this man?"

SIVA NATH'ROY.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN PATRIOT.

The public at large, especially of Calcutta, are sufficiently acquainted with the various good works done by an Indian Patriot, during his long life.

The precepts of Christ, Buddha and the moral qualities of virtue or religion enumerated in Manusamhita as defining it, have been the guiding principles of his actions. His views of religion cannot be better described than in the words of Swami Vivekananda used in his celebrated address at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.

"The Christian is not to become a Hindu or a Buddhist," he said, "nor a Hindu or Buddhist to become a Christian. But each must assimilate the others and preserve his individuality, and grow according to the law of his growth. If the Parliament of Religions has shown anything to the world, it is this: it has proved to the world that holiness, purity, and charity are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world, and that every system has produced men and women of the most exalted character. In the face of this evidence, if any body dreams of the exclusive survival of his faith and the destruction of that of others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart and point out to him that upon the banner of every religion would soon be written in spite of his resistance, 'Help and not Fight,' 'Assimilation and not Destruction,' 'Harmony and Peace, and not Dissensions.'" Among his concrete religious acts the highest and noblest is the institution Devalaya which stands for a universal church, for the cultivation of a feeling of brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God, of knowledge of all kinds, literary, scientific, philosophic &c., of unity—no idle talk but earnest action of peace—harmony and cord, and not discord and dissensions. It is the emblem of self-sacrifice and devotion—the theatre of action which is principally two-fold, love of God and service of humanity.

It is by living faith in an ever living and ever active Providence, making for all that is truly good and beautiful in nature and society that the sacred work of reform can be done.

From the preceding observations on faith, it is clear that he is a believer in *daiba*, fatality as well as in *purushakar*, human capacity.

A profound philosophy underlies such a two-fold belief. The prevalence of accident cannot, as some may be tempted to imagine, be accidental. It is in the very constitution of things. It is one of the most marked characteristics of the state of the world in which our lot is cast.

It is, in fact, the grand means which the Governor of the world employs, for the accomplishment of his specific purposes and by which his providence is rendered a particular providence reaching to the most minute incidents and embracing all events and every event. It is the special instrument employed by Him to keep man dependent and make him feel his dependence. At the same time we should not believe that we are tied hand and foot by an over-ruling destiny. Because such a belief would tend to make us dull and inactive. Besides if we have no control over our actions, we cease to be morally responsible for them. Such a hypothesis would be inconsistent with the justice and mercy of God who rewards virtue and punishes vice. If we are denied freedom of action we cannot be justly punished for our misdeeds.

Professor M'Cosh in his work on Divine Government has explained the whole thing thus: "We are now in circumstances to discover the advantages arising from the mixture of uniformity and uncertainty in the operations of nature. Both serve most important ends in the Government of God. The one renders nature steady and stable, the other active and accommodating. The wisdom of God is seen alike in what He hath fixed, and in what He hath left free. The regularity when it is observed by man, is the means of his attaining knowledge: while the events which we call accidental enable God to turn the projects of mankind as He pleases towards the fulfilment of His own wise and mysterious ends. Without the uniformity, man would be absolutely helpless; without the contingencies, he would become proud and disdainful. If the progressions of nature induce us to cherish trust and confidence, its digressions constrain us to entertain a sense of dependence. In the one we see how all is arranged to suit our nature; in the other, we discover that we are as dependent on God as if nothing had been fixed and determined, and so the one invites to praise, and the other to prayer."

Not only has Karma-jogee Indian Patriot acted in accordance with the philosophy above set forth but also in such a way as to

show that all the three kinds of *Joga*, *Karma* or work, *Gyan* or knowledge and *Bhukti* or faith are manifested in his life. So he is not only *Karma-Jogee* but *Gnan-Jogee* and *Bhakti-Jogee* as well. These *Jogas* are inter-dependent on each other and their importance and efficacy lie in their going hand in hand. Each divorced from the other two, is infructuous and even injurious. Work without knowledge is misdirected and aimless, without faith it is barren of any useful results; knowledge without work has only an academic, not any practical, value, without faith it has materialistic or atheistical tendency. Faith without knowledge is apt to become blind; without work it tends to degenerate into fanaticism or lip-deep homage. Thus a union of the three elements—a rational knowledge of the goodness of God leading to fervent and enlightened faith and fructified into practical morality or sanctity of life—constitutes human perfection or fulfils the high mission of life. The various characteristics of a *Karma-Jogee* have already been painted out as exemplified in the life of *Karma-Jogee* Indian Patriot.

These qualities constitute the essence of virtue or religion as defined by Manu. Patience, forgiveness, self-control, non-stealing or absence of cupidity, purity, restraint of the senses or passions, wisdom, learning, truthfulness, equanimity or want of irritability, are the ten distinguishing features of religion.

As the Devalaya is the result of a life-long sacrifice of an Indian Patriot, a detailed account of the institution will clearly illustrate alike his religious views and his practical religious life. It is not only the building but the spirit underlying the Devalaya that is significant, practical and hopeful. It offers a meeting ground for all creeds, each retaining its special characteristics, none harshly criticising the other, but united in devotion to its motto: "God is One and Humanity One." Calcutta may be proud of the distinction of possessing such a House of God, in which every day the faithful of various creeds meet for worship to quote from the Trust Deed:—

"The Devalaya is a place for all religious denominations. Pious and devout persons of all sects, irrespective of caste and creed, are entitled to deliver lectures and addresses in the Devalaya. The founder's earnest desire is that pious and devout persons of all sects should consider the Devalaya as their own undisputed property. No particular sect should ever consider it exclusively as its own

and have an exclusive possession of it. It aims at the promotion of religious devotion and the establishment of unity, brotherly feeling and mutual co-operation among the various religious communities of the country without any surrender of their respective peculiar doctrines and practices." The Devalaya is an Association for devotional exercises, and for literary, scientific, philanthropic and charitable works. Equally with religious culture, the culture of morals, science, arts and literature, and the enjoyment of innocent amusements proceed regularly in the Devalaya, and regular lectures are given. In the services, addresses, sermons, and even conversations held in the Devalaya, no one is to vilify, mock or ridicule any religious sect or any community or individual, or use any contemptuous or insulting words with reference to any one. The story of the growth of this practical realisation of the Gospel of unity—the worship of the God of all nations and denominations, however divergent the form and practice—centres round one man an Indian Patriot who has recently attained his seventy-fifth birth-day. His sincere and whole-hearted work for his country and for humanity for the last half a century was warmly and gratefully recognised at the forty-second annual meeting of the Devalaya movement, held last spring in the Calcutta University Institute under the presidency of Hon'ble Dr. Devaprasad Sarvadhicary. It is a story which awakens admiration for untiring, unflinching devotion to a great ideal and triumphant patience and faith in giving it practical form in spite of many difficulties. It is an object lesson for both East and West.

Briefly, the story is as follows :—

The Devalaya movement began at Baranagar, in the northern suburbs of Calcutta under the name of the Universal Religions Association in 1873 just twenty years before the Parliament of Religions took place at Chicago. Its service in helping to unite different religious denominations was noticed with appreciation by the Rev. Dr. Jarline at the Christian Missionary Conference at Allahabad in 1874.

After three years of work it came into possession of a local habitation with a spacious hall and adjoining rooms. Here it is that the children of the All-father meet in love, forgetting their differences in a veritable Hall of Peace, for no note of discord is permitted. The founder has made over to the public by a trust-deed his own library and museum with the building

and has provided funds for the upkeep of the Institute where admirable and varied work is carried on. There is a school for girls to which the National Indian Association from the time of Miss Mary Carpenter and Miss E. A. Manning to that of the present Hon. Secretary Miss Beck, has made an annual money grant as well as presents of prizes for the children and books for the library. There is a night school for working men and a working man movement includes the preaching of practical religion and morality. To realise his long cherished idea of religious union co-existing with religious differences the Indian Patriot founded the Devalaya in Calcutta on January 1, 1908, on the model of the Universal Religious Association, and has made over to it his house in Cornwallis Street by a trust-deed nominating five trustees for the supervision of the work and the care of the property. The weekly services and the public meetings held every day in the week attract considerable attention. Sympathy and co-operation come from all creeds in India and from Europeans and Americans—men and women. The last report concludes thus:—"The Devalaya has no creed of its own, and there is no idea of ever formulating one or of establishing ourselves into a new sect. We believe this is against the spirit of the age; moreover, the principles laid down by the founder in the trust-deed make it impossible for the Devalaya, even in the most distant future, to drift towards it. Every religious denomination is striving for progress and adapting itself to the requirements of the age, keeping intact its fundamental principles. The one watch-word now with all is "God is One and Humanity One!!" The Devalaya, therefore, sincerely wishes and earnestly prays for the prosperity of all religious denominations. So God help us all in this and every other land." And the personality of the man who has founded and inspired this work as well as other service to the community is beyond all praise. As a child he loved to settle disputes and quarrels between his companions and has worked all his life for social reform. He has always been an eager and practical advocate for the education of girls; in 1861 he undertook the education of his wife and founded home education classes for girls. The loss of his first child through bad sanitation moved him to work for sanitary reform; night schools for working men, temperance work, a savings bank (when there was no Post Office Savings Bank), public libraries, reading clubs, a widows' home, an exhibition

at Baranagar in 1872, journals for working men and for ladies, municipal work, infant schools on Kindergarten principles, as well as schools for girls and boys, are among the many activities of a remarkable life. When laziness was looked upon as a blessing he taught that labour was honourable ; he changed drinking dens into reading clubs. His religious character is singularly universal and unsectarian in its nature ; prayer has been his strength and refuge throughout his life. What finer attribute can be paid than this :—

He fed the hungry, gave shelter to the homeless, knowledge to the ignorant, and medicine to the sick. He was always a friend to the needy. The highest and noblest fruit of the tree of his life is the Devalaya. Doctrines divide but righteousness unites. We conclude this brief account by noticing the high opinion expressed by Sir Stewart Bayley, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal remarking " The Indian Patriot is one of the most remarkable men I have met, and for whom I long felt the highest regard and respect. The qualities which struck me in my personal intercourse with him were an unusual combination. The meditative introspection, the metaphysical receptiveness of the best Eastern mood, combined with the moral energy and organising capacity of the West ; a consuming passion for the welfare of his people and all-embracing tolerance of creed, founded not on carelessness but on comprehensiveness."

K. C. KANJILAL, B.L.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALCUTTA.

(II)

Some other private *séances* were held notably those with Narendra Nath Sen, Deno Nath Mullick, Raja Joteendra Mohan Tagore, Purna Chundra Mukherjee, and others accounts of which used to appear in the Indian Mirror, and in the *Psychic Notes*. In this connection we publish a series of correspondence that appeared in the Indian Mirror criticising the doings of Mr Eglington.

The following appeared in the "Indian Mirror" of Saturday 31st. December, 1881 :—

I have persued Babu Peary Chand Mittra's letter in your columns of Thursday last describing what occurred at his interview with a so-called "spiritual medium."

Will you allow me to point out that the description, as given, bears abundant evidence on its surface that the worthy Babu has been the guileless innocent dupe of mere vulgar heartless trickery.

(i) The pencil and the slate trick is easily performed after a little practice by any person holding a slate in the position described. The "way it is done" was shown up in open court at the trial of the impostor Slade, also a spiritual medium, and it would not now for a moment delude any one but your guileless spiritual believer.

(ii) The letter purpurting to be written by the wife of the Babu ends thus :—I am ever, with much dear love, your wife, Prankrishna. But "Prankrishna" as every one knows, except perhaps a "medium" new to the country, and ignorant of its most elementary social conditions, is a man's name, and not a woman's; and it is innocently mentioned by the worthy Babu himself in a footnote that Prankrishna was the name not of his wife, but of his father-in-law.

(iii) The phraseology of the letter throughout is, as any Bengali gentleman knows well enough such, as under no conceivable circumstances, would be adopted by a Bengali lady and wife in addressing her husband.

(iv) The supposed spirit letter is in the English language, wretched English enough it is true. whereas, if genuine, it must

have been written in the only language with which the deceased lady was acquainted, viz., Bengali.

The so styled medium's ignorance of Bengali is probably however sufficient explanation of this ugly circumstance.

Yours &c.,
Anti-Humbug.

To the above the following reply appeared in the Indian Mirror of 3rd. January, 1882.

A seance with Mr. Eglington.

In hurriedly preparing the manuscript narrating my experiences with the above gentleman, I have unfortunately caused your correspondent "Anti Humbug" to fall into error. To prove that he is entirely mistaken in his explanation of manifestations, I must repeat the exact method and conditions under which these phenomena took place. Calling up Mr. Eglington as I did, and thinking, perhaps he would kindly offer me a *Seance*, in which I hope I was not disappointed, I took with me a common school slate 7 inches by 4. When we sat down at the table, the "so called" medium carefully sponged the slate, and putting a small crumb of pencil on the top of it, placed it in under the table, pressing against its undersurface and exposing to view two of its corners. When the writing took place, we distinctly heard it, and could hear the t's crossed and the i's dotted. After the writing was finished, three raps came upon the table, and drawing the slate from its position, the writing was discovered on the *upper surface of the slate* and *not* underneath it, as your correspondent would infer from the evidence of Mr. Maskelyne, when called by the prosecution at Mr. Slade's trial; and in *all* cases, the writing came upon the slate *from* the medium and not as if he had written the messages, as they would have been to him. Besides the theory of writing with a pencil underneath the nail (see Maskelyne's evidence in the Slade trial) is not tenable, because when *two clear slates were placed upon the top of the table* and in full view of myself and son, the medium resting his hands upon ours—which were upon the top of the slates—we heard the sound of writing going on between the two slates, and no conceivable explanation of fraud will meet the case, for it was absolutely impossible that any one could write upon them, without lifting the top slate. The long message at which your correspondent cavils was

thus written ; so he is entirely out of court in his explanation as to the method of writing.

With reference to his assertion that the message from my wife is in wretched English, I must premise that he is unacquainted with this language, for I fail to see any error in its diction except one made by the printers. With reference to the "guileless innocent dupe" being "taken in" by the message from my wife, I can only say (owing to my not making my letter clear), that the message terminated "with much dear love your wife," and that her father's name was written in another handwriting altogether underneath the message, and not as a signature. Being, perhaps, better acquainted than your cavilling correspondent with the language generally used by native ladies to their husbands, I cannot find one word or expression that would *not* be used by my wife in addressing me, therefore, I must infer that "Anti Humbug" knows absolutely nothing of Bengali social customs or the subject he ventures to criticise.

In conclusion, I would say that I have been present at a *seance* when the most perfect Sanskrit has been written ; therefore the "so called" medium is either not so ignorant of the language, as your correspondent asserts, or else the message was written in the matter I believe it to have been—by the aid of spirits—and further I would refer him to Professor Zollner's "Transcendental Physics" for his information of how Slade "did it" after his conviction by Mr. Flowers was quashed on appeal to the Court of Queer's Bench. Possibly a perusal of this work will convince this particularly mor-dacious correspondent of yours, Sir, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his (limited) philosophy."

Yours &c.,

Peary Chand Mittra.

P.S.—As in the interests of truth, I placed my name and family matters before your readers, perhaps, "Anti Humbug" will kindly let us know who he is, as I do not care to answer anonymous correspondents.

P. C. M.

The following appeared in the Indian Mirror of 4th. January, 1882 :—

Your correspondent, Anti Humbug, appears to me to write in absolute ignorance of the subject, and I do not suppose that he has

ever witnessed a single spiritual manifestation. It is amusing to one who has investigated the subject for years (as I have done) to observe the attitude of those who attack the grandest truth and most sublime philosophy that God has ever vouchsafed to man, and to note the *ex cathedra* style with which they denounce, and deny things of which they are utterly and deplorably ignorant. Babu Peary Chand in his answers to "Anti Humbug" is quite sufficient to refute the latter's statement. Now I am prepared to maintain that there was no humbug, delusion, conjuring, trickery, imposture or anything of the kind, either possible or attempted. We simply met as friends and sat to see what result we could get. If your correspondent is not satisfied with facts, such as I have described, I can give him dozens more, many of them still more wonderful, and as I am neither a fool nor a knave and have only one truth as my end and aim, I will not, as your correspondent has done, shield myself under a *nom de plume*, but sign myself in full.

Yours &c.,

J. G. Meugens.

"Anti Humbug" wrote a letter in reply on 7th. January, which according to the Editor was more abusive than argumentative. This was replied to by Mr. Meugens who wrote that sarcasms and ridicule are not arguments and are not in accordance with good sense or good breeding.

Mr. G. A. Van Greiken, the Assistant Secretary to the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was also a spiritualist, wrote the following letter to Amrita Lal, the eldest son of Peary Chand Mittra, being the result of spirit communications received by him from Mr. J. V. Mansfield of America.

111, Radha Bazar,

1st. January, 1884.

My dear friend,

Enclosed you will find the extracts from my spirit messages regarding your sainted father and my most invaluable friend and councillor. Wishing you and all your kind brothers and cousins a happy and prosperous new year. Why I say *happy* is because you know your sainted father is with his God and Saviour.

Yours very sincerely,

Van Greiken.

Extract from 1st. spirit message dated 20th. August.

"Dear Peary—his troubles in the body are near ended tell him that his dear ones are on the *shore* watching his arrival—say to him his darling and her father Pran Krishna Biswas will meet him—I see them often."

Extract from 2nd. Spirit Message, dated 19th. November.

Tell Peary Chand that all is well—fear not—one step more and he walk into the true city of the *living* God.

Mr. Mansfield further added, "if Peary *lives* give him my kind regards."

CHAPTER II.

We will now produce some letters written to Babu Peary Chand Mitra by the various spiritualists and votaries of occult science.

CHICONDEROGA,

On lake George,

July 29th, 1861.

DEAR SIR,

Yours of the 8th of May reached me only lately, partly because of my having retired early in the summer to my cottage among the mountains, where away from the bustle of city life for a while, I can have time to ponder a moment on the sublime truths now being revealed to us.

The interest of those truths is increasing daily, yet like all God's teachings they come to us in the most simple form and so moulded as to be within the reach of even the commonest minds.

The most simple form that we have experienced in this country—the A. B. C. as it were of our New School,—is by the rapping and table tipping. Yet in this form comes the remarkable phenomenon of "*inanimate matter, moving without mortal contact and displaying intelligence*,"—a marvel, it appears to me, as great as any recorded in the annals of mankind.

This must of course be done by some power outside of ourselves and yet we have much to do with it—at least to the extent of putting ourselves in a condition to receive it and aiding it to come to us. If we want to converse in English or French, we must be where English or French are spoken, and so if we wish to have the manifestation of spirit communion we must place ourselves in a situation to have it come.

It is not to be in a crowd, amid the turmoil of human passions, but quietly and retired—"the world shut out." Not in a sneering or cavilling temper, but calmly and honestly seeking truth and nothing else. Not for mere selfish gratification of idle whim or curiosity, but earnestly realizing that we are communing with the dead.

With such feelings, let from 3 to 6 or 7 persons get together at twilight hour, when the turmoil of the day is over, and sitting together in a circle, with hands joined all round and in silence.

In these few words is contained the whole direction of the mode in which the communion is brought about.

But even this is not always sure of success, nor will the manifestation always come at once. Sometimes there is an entire failure and sometimes we have to wait quite a while, but most generally it will come first or last.

When it comes in this form, your communion will be by spelling out words from the alphabet. For instance, when you observe the table to move, express a wish that it may move 3 times for Yes and once for No. Or if you hear the raps, have the wish uttered that 3 raps may be Yes and one No; and then call the alphabet, letter by letter, until the signal for Yes is given at the sound of a particular letter, when you write that down and begin the alphabet again and go through again until the next letter is indicated, and so on until you get words and sentences.

It was in this manner the communion was begun with us, and you will be surprised as we were at the ease with which you will concert as a set of signals with the intelligence that will be dealing with you and which will meet you more than half way. Almost every circle has its own *modus operandi*. In Spain I was told of a novel mode. The alphabet was reduced to 24 letters, and each letter was numbered, and the legs of a table were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4.—If leg No. 1 moved, it was A. If leg No. 4 moved it was D. If legs 4 and 3 moved, it was G, and so on.

The particular form of the communion is not however of so much moment. The important thing is to procure a manifestation of the presence of the power, for as soon as you get that you will find no difficulty in devising a mode of going farther and making it available. And in regard to bringing the power around you, every thing depends on the disposition and mood of mind of the circle.

Some get frightened, some are afraid of being laughed at—some, unimpressed with the solemnity of the occasion, indulge in frivolity—some get excited with the bare possibility of its being a verity, and some will be selfish enough to destroy all harmony in the circle, and all these are unfavourable conditions, and often retard and not unfrequently prevent any manifestation. The most proper state of mind is one of harmony and devotion, and singing and prayer are always found to be conducive to that.

Oh ! how glad our departed friends are to avail themselves of this, to them, new mode of once again visiting the dear ones left behind, and how pained they often are at the trifling and irreverent manner in which their advent to us is welcomed ! and how often do they turn sadly away at the impatience that will not wait until the conditions can be prepared !

Ignorant ourselves of what these conditions are, we are often unconscious of the impediments we ourselves put in their way ; and for this, persistent patience is the great remedy.

It will be quite out of my power to give you “ directions as to the selection of the media.” Were I with you, I could perhaps say of the persons present who could most likely be a medium, but not otherwise.

You will have to try your circles until you find one, and when you do find one, he or she may be developed in a form quite unlike anything I have alluded to.

But here again I repeat the remark, that as soon as you observe the presence of the power, whatever its form, you will have no difficulty in opening communion with it.

When I return to town, I will try to send you some publication that may aid you, for we have many a one now in our libraries.

Wishing you every success in your pursuit of this true knowledge, which so purifies and ennobles the soul, I subscribe myself.

Very truly yours,

J. W. Edmonds.*

To P. C. Mittra, Esq.

* * * *

Appeared in the Bengal Magazine. December 1877.

Orange, North Jersey.
2nd January, 1869.

To Peary Chand Mittra.

DEAR SIR,

Yours of 6th November has just come to hand. I am pleased to learn that the spirit of progressive truth has awakened earnest attention in your part of the work. May it progress !

I am no longer publisher, but send you the address of my Boston and London Agents. I shall order to send to your address a copy of the Banner of Light for one year. if it will please you.

Very fraternally,

Yours,

Andrew Jackson Davies.

* * * *

"Banner of Light,"

No. 9, Montgomery Street,

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

May 16th 1874.

Peary Chand Mittra.

My dear Friend,

It is now nearly nine months since I met you face to face in your native land, and had the pleasure of conversing with you upon the all-important subject of Spiritualism. It gave me great pleasure to meet you because I had heard Judge Edmonds of N. Y. speak of you. The Judge a few weeks since passed to the spirit-world. He had occupied a judicial position for seventeen years.

Leaving India I went to Egypt and then through Palestine. The Pyramids delighted me exceedingly and so did Jerusalem, Jordan and the Dead Sea in Palestine. Perhaps you have seen my "Letters of Travels," still being published in the Banner of Light. I was charmed with the characteristics of the Hindoos—finding them genial, hospitable, kind-hearted and spiritual. And believe me, knowing you on earth, I shall meet you in the beautiful summer-land of souls where love is law and the spirit for ever unfolds. There is a great want in America of a more divine, self-sacrificing spirituality among spiritualists themselves. But the principles of liberal thought are far raising ground in America.

I am preparing a new book which I will send you when finished.

When you see Shib Chandra Deb, tell him that the Banner of

Light publishers would like to have him act as an agent for them. Do you see Mohindra Laul Paul. He is in the book-store of Wyman & Co., Hare Street. Tender him my regards and also the same to Mr. Deb.

I want to ask to what extent the Brahmins abstain from flesh-eating?

II. Is there an order among them of colibates, as there are many who entirely abstain from sexual intercourse?

III. Are not the modern Hindoos or rather Brahmins much degenerated from the ancient Brahmins in the time of the Vedas?

I am very busy lecturing and writing for the public press. I shall always remember you with the greatest pleasure. Thanking you for personal kindnesses. I hope to hear from you directed to the Banner of Light as my letter is headed.

Most sincerely and truly thine,
J. M. Peebles.

Hamminton,
Atlantic Co.,
New Jersey, U.S.A.
Oct. 25, 1875.

Peary Chand Mittra.

Dear friend and brother,

Often do I revert in memory to the time I met you in Calcutta. I have made mention of you in my book "Travels Around the World." Since my return to America I have been continually lecturing upon Spiritualism, organising spirit-seances, and writing articles upon spiritual manifestations for the spiritual journals in America, particularly the Banner of Light. When in your great country that so delighted me I was invited by several whom I met to remain and lecture upon spiritualism and also to instruct on the formation of circles etc., but I had no time. Now my mind is turned towards your country again. Ancient spirits who lived in the East wish to have me come to their country—to *your* country and labor for a few months in behalf of the pure and holy truths of spiritualism. What is the prospect? I am told that there are many Englishmen in your country who are spiritualists.

I have been written to by the Australian spiritualists to again

visit and lecture in Australia, and I intend to do so and should like to revisit your country at the time.

Please write me at length. And further be so kind as to give me the names of other spiritualists in Calcutta or other cities.

Accept my love and fraternal regards.

Most cordially thine,

J. M. Peebles.

*

*

*

Manicktolla.

January 10th, 1877.

My dear sir,

Allow me to tender you my best and most cordial thanks for your very kind present of a copy of your essay the Aryan Psychology. I have read it with great interest, and feel much edified by it.

Yours sincerely,

Rajendralala Mitra.

Babu Peary Chand Mitra.

*

*

*

Albert Buildings.

51, Queen Victoria Street, E. C.

27th. February, 1877.

My dear Baboo,

I did not until recently know that you were and are a spiritualist. Our mutual friend Jennings told me so, and I have recently perused your pamphlet with interest and satisfaction. Any effort however small which we will make to raise men from materialism is a good work, for the consideration of spiritual things improves our highest nature. I have no idea of the kind of manifestations which are common with you of spirit doings. You would I dare say see our accounts in the Spiritualist newspaper. If at any time you would like to send me any particulars I could have them printed for the information of our people, and if you have time to spare I should like to have your opinion on the meaning of *Nirvana*. Is it trance? Or does it imply death to human passion and lust? I am inclined to think it is this last condition, for it is the only one which ushers us into a state of peace.

I take this opportunity of sending you separately a copy of my

address to the Conference and with the best wishes to yourself and friends at the Board.*

Yours very truly, tho' in haste,
Alex. Calder.

Orange, New Jersey.
19th March, 1877

Peary Chand Mitra, Calcutta, India.

My dear Friend,

I thank you for your most instructive pamphlet,† which I immediately sent to a retired legal gentleman (A. E. Giles), who resides near Boston, Mass. He has prepared a review of it for the next *Banner of Light*, which you will receive by mail. The contents of the pamphlet are exceedingly new and valuable, and I hope it will be widely circulated. Please do not forget to send anything of interest to me, or to Mr. Alfred E. Giles, Hyde Park, Massachusetts, U. S. A. I thank you for all you have done for the progress of ideas.

Please accept a photograph from your friend truly,

A. J. Davis.‡

Fairmount Avenue,
Hyde Park, Mass., U. S. A.
30th March, 1877.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra, Calcutta.

Honoured and dear Sir,

I take the liberty to address you, because I have read and been interested by your pamphlet entitled the *Psychology of the Aryas*. The pleasure that I derived from it, prompts me thank you as its author. It was loaned to me by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, who received a copy from Calcutta. At his suggestion I wrote an article for the *Banner of Light*, a paper published in Boston about eight miles from my home, and discussed and to my satisfaction observed the similarity of the doctrines held by the nobles of India with

* Mr. Alex. Calder, the President of the British National Association of Spiritualists, was a partner of Wilson Calder and Coy., the London Agents of the Great Eastern Hotel Co., Ltd.

† The *Psychology of the Aryas*.

‡ Appeared in the *Hindoo Patriot*, 30th April, 1877.

those inculcated by my loved and honoured friend Andrew Jackson Davis. A copy of Banner of Light containing that article I have deposited in the Post Office directed to you. I recognise India as the birth place of *true religion*, which, in my Banner of Light article I indicate, is a state of consciousness exerting when the soul is withdrawn or *drawn back* from the *purniew* of the senses. Like most Christians I was bred and brought up as a *superstitionist*. The writings of Andrew Jackson Davis and the Bhagbat Gita gave to me a clue to find the sanctuary of God *within* and not without me. I find that Jesus also had discovered and taught true religion. But how grossly do his professed followers misconstrue him and his doctrines. More than seventy years ago my father and grandfather were captains of American vessels and sailed to and traded in the East Indies and not improbably in Calcutta. I never before reading your pamphlet expected to have occasion to address any one in that far distant land where my father visited. Your learned and valuable contribution to religious literature has led me to write this note and to express my thanks to you. With great respect, I am, honored Sir.

Your friend and servant,

A. E. Giles.*

Albert Buildings,
51, Queen Victoria Street.
4th June 1877.

My dear sir,

I was very glad to receive about the middle of the month past, your kind letter of the 12th April. The interchange of ideas on things which make for our higher nature is refreshing, and you may be sure that we gain much that is imperishable in the study and pursuit of spiritualism. By this I mean the cultivation of spiritual mindedness. There is nothing more noble than the emancipation of the soul, from earthly bondage, for when this state is reached you arrive at a tranquility of sweetness excelling beyond comparison all other conditions. I quite agree with you that our chief duty here is to conquer, subjugate all our passions so that they may be swallowed up in our spiritual life. With regard to works

* Appeared in the *Hindu Patriot*, 14th May 1877.

on magnetism there is shortly to be a new issue of Professor Gregory's work. I have subscribed for several copies of it and shall have much pleasure in sending you one as soon as it appears. I do not know anything about Mr. Braid's work on hypnotism, nor can I readily enquire as he wrote at Manchester.

You ask whether our Association is in harmony with J. B. — I am sorry to say that he is against any co-operation in spiritualism. I fear he sees in every institution other than his own a cause of loss to him. This we think is the key to his opposition. We have, I am glad to say all the leading spiritualists with us so that it does not much matter. I am much obliged for your intention to send your life of David Hare. It will perhaps be noticed in the Spiritualist. You will see in the copy of that journal which was recently sent you the notes you sent me in your letter under reply.

I have communicated to our mutual friends, Wilson and Williamson your kind wishes which they heartily reciprocate. Wilson has suffered a good deal lately from an attack of typhoid fever; but he is improving now and has gone to spend some time at Brighton on the sea-side.

And now with all good wishes for your success and happiness.

Believe me—

My dear Sir,

Your very sincerely,

Alex. Calder.

*

*

*

New-York, June 5th 1877.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Babu Peary Chand Mitra

Dear Sir,

In November 1875 the Theosophical Society was organized in New-York to promote the study of the esoteric religious philosophies of the East. Some of the founders were materialists and sought evidence of man's immortality; some Christians and wished to know if their cherished religion was indeed born in Hindustan; some spiritualist, who were surfeited with mediumistic phenomena, and looked to the Indian pagodas for explanation of the dark doings of American circle rooms. Of this heterogeneous assemblage I was chosen leader, not because of superior erudition, but only because

some familiarity with public life and public men seemed to make me some available as President.

The results that might have been expected ensued the majority tired of dry philosophy inspired with novel phenomena; the few found their zeal grow intenser every day and themselves more and more enamoured of India, her people, her wisdom, and her glorious past. Of those few, I believe I may safely say that none has gone farther or deeper than myself into this enchanted domain. I have been highly favored with instruction theoretical and practical,—and it is no exaggeration to say that Modern Spiritualism, which I had vainly studied for more than twenty years, to discover its secret, has in these last twenty months, become to me almost an open book. I discover that these phenomena are but copies of others that have been witnessed in India from time immemorial: and that man need not wait for death to demonstrate the powers of his immortal spirit.

Your name, respected Sir, is well known among all intelligent spiritualists in America. Personally I have heard much of you and your studies from Mrs. Emma H. Britten (a member of the Council of our Society) and Mr. J. M. Peebles. I have also read what has been contributed by your pen to the *London Spiritualist*. Your views upon the Spiritual states, which Mr. Calder has inserted in the number for May 25th, so coincide with those of our revered colleague and teacher, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, that the Council have instructed me to respectfully request the privilege of enrolling your name among our Corresponding Fellows. These views of yours are exactly what we are trying to spread throughout this Christian country (where every precept of Christ is constantly violated, and hypocrisy and and sensualism stalk through every church under cover of the priestly robe and the episcopal mitre).

We want to combat and help overthrow this pernicious doctrine of the Atonement, and teach people that eternal justice exacts the personal expiation of every offence, even the most trivial, as it rewards the least as well as the greatest action of virtue and benevolence. I go so far as to say that the assurance of Divine pardon through the vicarious suffering of the poor Jesus, begets nearly every crime of "civilization," and is dragging all Christendom into the abyss of moral ruin.

Among our Corresponding Fellows are the Rev. Hainton Moses, C. C. Massey and Miss E. Kishlingbury, of London; Prince Wittgers-

lein, Hon. Alex. Aksalof, and Mme. Faderiff of Russia; Baron and Baroness Von Vay, of Hungary; and other nobles and scholars in various parts of the world. The Society is a secret one—its Active Fellows are unknown to the world and mainly to each other. I only know all and each. It publishes no works as a body, but individual fellows are known as authors, and several are now about to publish volumes upon oriental subjects. Among these Mme. Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" (2 vols., large 8vo., up about 1400—to appear in London and New York in September); Mr. Geo. Henry Felt's "The Kabbalah of the Egyptians" (large folio in 10 parts, with several hundred plain and colored engravings); Professor Hainton Moses' "Essays and Reviews"; and Professor Alexander Wilder's "Serpent Worship" are the chief. Many of our Fellows are connected, in one capacity or another, with the quarterly, monthly, weekly and daily press. As occasion offers, each in his own sphere and after his own fashion, helps disseminate liberal ideas about the East, her people, and her religious philosophies. If you will join us we impose only these conditions: What facts we give you as arcana, you are to keep to yourself; all others you may communicate as you will. In return, we ask you, whenever it may be convenient, to write to us such things as you know will interest a body of men and women who feel towards your country and countrymen almost a tie of consanguinity. What you wish kept secret, shall be so kept; the rest we wish to employ where and when it may seem likely to advantage a cause dear to your heart as to ours.

You will have intuitively felt: of course, that the one who addresses you, and those few others whom he includes in the personal pronoun "we", are not Christians, in the remotest sense of the term. We are—I will not say Brahmanists, I will not say Buddhists, but adherents of that Secret Doctrine, or World Religion that antedated both these great sects that now bear those familiar titles. We thoroughly believe that Nirvana does not mean annihilation, all the Max Müllers and Enlargen Pundits to the contrary notwithstanding. We believe in the Unknowable Deity, from which emanated the Creative First Cause; in the cyclic progression of man's spirit, down into matter and back again up into Nirvana. We feel the wrongs inflicted by Christianity and its Missionaries upon "heathen" peoples, and would arouse here, within the enemy camp, a diversion in your favour. In fact, we have been

doing this for many months already. Latterly we have been having a controversy in New York daily papers about Jacolliot. The *Sun* brands him as "a French fraud," and Professor Whitney of Yale College writes me that he regards him as "a humbug of the first water."

Will you, Sir, kindly tell me how this prolific French writer is esteemed by native scholars, and particularly by the Brahmans? Are his translations accurate, and his general reflections upon Indian affairs accepted as just? I will not ask you if he has told the truth as to certain lascivious *esoteric* rites he pretends to have seen in pagodas. Those I feel sure are unblushing falsehoods—attributable to the French lust after sensationalism and sensual indulgences. But do his works, as a whole, tell the truth about your country; and has he accurately and impartially translated your sacred texts?

Our Society has not confined itself to words. Last year we buried a Fellow, the Baron De Palm, with oriental ceremonies including the employment of fire upon an altar, the phallic cross and serpent, hymns, a litany &c.; and in December last, we took the body from the receiving vault of the cemetery, and cremated it in public. Both events created great talk, and, as you may imagine, the religious press indulged in much indignant protest. One leading organ, the *Presbyterian Banner*, berated me soundly for affirming in my oration at the cremation that the institutes of Manu were in existence "more than a thousand years before Moses."

You live so far away from here, and it requires so much time to exchange letters, that I will venture to transmit your Diploma without waiting to hear from you; at the same time expressing the hope that it may please you to retain it.

Awaiting your reply, on behalf of my colleagues and myself,

I have the honor to remain,
Dear Sir, Your obedient servant,
H. S. Olcott, *President*.*

* * * *

Hyde Park, Mass U. S. A.

June 18th, 1877.

To

Mr. Peary Chand Mittra.

My Dear Sir,

Your favour of 11th. of May, reached me a few days ago. It gave me great pleasure to find as it were sympathy and like religious sentiments to my own, in the farthest India. I was interested to learn from your note what a useful and persistent worker you have been in educational and progressive movements, yet you are a young man, or so I fancy you to be from a photograph of yourself recently received by my friend, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis. It so happened that Mr. Davis was kindly giving to me the favor of his company for a few days when your note to him arrived, and so it was that I happened to have the opportunity of seeing your photograph. Your note to me alludes to the Banner of Light. Neither Mr. Davis nor myself edit or publish that journal. We have no connection with it except occasionally writing or contributing an article to its columns. I read that portion of your note which requests a copy to be sent regularly to you, to Messrs. Colby and Rich, its publishers, and they said it should be sent to you. The postage to Calcutta is about two dollars for the year which will make it cost you 3 (regular subscription) and 2 (postage) dollars, which amount Mr. Rich says may be remitted by a draft on London. At the present time the Banner of Light is peculiarly valuable and interesting to me from the publication in its columns of a new work by Mr. Davis, entitled, Views of our Heavenly Home. Mr. Davis lives in Orange, New Jersey,—about two hundred miles distant from my home, and his present visit to me has been the only one I have had from him for nearly seven years. The good luck which attended his sending his photograph to you in securing one of yours in return emboldens me to make a like venture. The enclosed photograph of myself was taken about four years ago, and by a spirit photographer. As a spirit photograph, it is not a success, but it gives an outline of what my looks were at that time. If you have a photograph of yourself to spare I know of no one who would value it more than your friend and brother,

Alfred E. Giles.

Orange, N. J.

11th. August, 1877.

Dear Friend Mittra,

I have your very kind letter, with your photograph, for which we all return to you our most sincere thanks. Also we all thank you for your very just and eloquent biography of David Hare; and to-day we have your "Development of the female mind in India"—which shows that in the Vedic period woman was as truly exalted as she ever has been under the influence of Christianity.

It will advance the world to become acquainted with what has been taught by different races and in different ages *before* the Christian era. I take the liberty to send you a little work of mine concerning women etc. etc. It will go to you with this mail.

Please let me hear from you again, and also please send me anything you would like your friend to read.

With very fraternal regard for you and your family,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Andrew Jackson Davis.*

* * * *

Albert Buildings,

51. Queen Victoria Street, E. C.

17th August, 1877.

My Dear Sir,

The last mail brought me your welcome letter of the 17th July accompanied by a very interesting paper on the Psychology of the Buddhists. I shall see the editor of the Spiritualist as to its publication in an early number of that paper. He is just now absent attending the meetings of the British Association of Science which are being held at Plymouth this year. I shall also request the editor to send you a copy of his paper during the year as you suggest. You might remember the great noise there was last year, when the subject of spiritualism was discussed at the meetings of the British Association at Glasgow. I am waiting anxiously to see whether any one will venture to touch upon the matter this year at the present gathering. If you look at the Times of the 16th instant, you will see the address of Professor Allen Thompson, the President elect for the year; and you will from it see how much pains is taken by our

* Appeared in the Amrita Bazar Patrika. The 27th September. 1877.

men of science to elucidate things *material*. The entire address is occupied in the speculations as to the germ theory! In haste. With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
Alex. Calder.

Rabu Peary Chand Mittra.

*

*

*

*

Madras,
30th August, 1877.

P. C. Mittra, Esq.

My Dear Sir,

You see by the date of this that I am again in India, and it was my purpose to have visited Calcutta, giving some gratuitous lectures upon psychology and the philosophy of spiritualism, but it seems to be an inappropriate time for lecturing in India. There is not only a terrible famine in the land, but the weather is intensely hot at this season. And a ship having launched here, bound for Natal, I have concluded to go aboard of her as a passenger. From Natal I shall go by steamer to Cape Town and then to London, where I should be pleased to receive a letter from you in care of

James Burns,
15, Southampton Row,
Holborn, London.
Most Truly thine,
J. M. Peebles.

P.S.—Yesterday I dined at the Madras Club. To-morrow I breakfast in the Government House with the Viceroy, the Governor of Madras and others. The famine is fearful to contemplate.

*

*

*

*

Albert Buildinga,
51, Queen Victoria Street, E. C.
11th September, 1877.

My dear Sir,

I sent you a note, dated 7th August, and have since revised the two manuscripts you forwarded and they have appeared in the two last numbers of the *Spiritualist*. I hope you are pleased with them: and that I have made no error as to Indian names and meaning. I think the said articles *very good*, and this is the opinion of friends

who understand them. The extracts from the Upanishads concerning God in the Soul are *very true* and *very good*. This appears in the Spiritualist of 7th September. On the next page of that number you may see a discourse I delivered recently at Brighton. I think you will like it. Our object should be to show that all mankind are the offspring of a common Father whose will in regard to us must be learnt and exercised. We shall find this *will* in natural laws—not in creeds but far from them—laws which give physical and moral and spiritual health. These laws would form a Universal Religion, acceptable to all races of men.

Mr. Cumming left London yesterday for Calcutta.

Animal magnetism—I send you a copy of Dr. Gregory's Book in an early case to the Great Eastern Hotel.

With kindness regards,

Your very truly,
Alex. Calder.

Mr. Williamson was here the other day and sends you kind regards.

A. C.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra, Calcutta.

*

*

*

*

Manicktola
Sept. 23rd. 1877.

My dear Babu Peary Chand,

I have read with great interest your note of the Psychology of the Buddhists. It is full of information and I feel deeply thankful to you for sending me a copy.

I take this opportunity to send you a note on Buddhism, but it is of a purely material cast.

Yours sincerely,
Rajendralala Mitra,

P.S.—I start for Buddha Gaya to-morrow evening.

*

*

*

*

Mills at Titaghur & Kankinara,

E. B. S. R.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

ALL KINDS OF
Printing, Foolscap, Car-
tridge, Blotting, and
Badami Papers.

Managing Agents:—

F. W. Heilgers & Co.,

Chartered Bank Buildings.

CALCUTTA.

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 4—APRIL, 1915.

THE THREE FISHES.

The first Lord Lawrence used to repeat the following parable, which he had heard from a Panjabi Sardar during the throes of the Indian Mutiny :—

Once upon a time three fishes dwelt in a beautifully clear tank, shaded by trees. A running stream entered it on one side, and left it on the other through a narrow opening crossed by a masonry dam. Its inhabitants differed widely in temperament. The first, yeleft Durandeshan, "The Far-Keeker," was extremely thoughtful and alert. Nothing escaped his ken : he tried to forecast the probable consequences of all that took place around him ; was not satisfied until its meaning became self-evident ; and then took precautions against the dangers which it might involve. The second fish, Untapunta Prittimár, "The Happy-go-lucky One" by name, was a bold, careless fellow, who never bothered his head about future contingencies. They might be met, he thought, as they occurred ; and if the worst came to the worst, he could always "muddle through somehow." The third fish was Dirág Sūthi, styled by his comrades, "The Oaf," who had not two ideas in his thick skull.

Despite their diverse characters, the trio lived together in perfect amity and quiet, until one fine morning Durandeshan espied a tiny stream of mud trickling into the tank from above. It increased slowly, and anon brought one or two pebbles down. He immediately summoned a council of war, and communicated his suspicions to the others. The influx of turbid water betokened

happenings, pregnant with disaster, in the stream above: would it not be wise to seek safety in flight? But Untapunta Prittimár laughed his forbodings to scorn. "Why," he asked, "should they be frightened by a little mud? It could do no harm whatever; and for his part he was not going to let anyone suppose that he was a coward." In vain did Durandeshan argue with so confirmed an opportunist; and as for Dirág Súthi, he swam stolidly to and fro, intent only on securing his breakfast. So Durandeshan, finding that his advice fell on deaf ears, bade them farewell, and leapt over the dam into the unpolluted waters. Scarcely had he done so ere a shadow fell across the tank. It was cast by a fisherman, who came wading down-stream and flung his net into the tank. Dirág Súthi, too slow and stupid to escape, was at once entangled in its meshes, and dragged ashore to serve for his captor's supper. Another cast very nearly secured Untapunta Prittimár: but he quickly rose to the situation. By dint of raising a mighty cloud of mud, dodging the net with marvellous dexterity, and burrowing beneath stones, he escaped the fate of his boorish comrade. After exertions such as no fish had ever previously made, he sprang over the dam and, all torn and bleeding, rejoined his provident friend. It is devoutly to be hoped that Untapunta Prittimár learnt wisdom from his awful experiences: for otherwise a time must come when the "muddling through" process will be of no avail.

The Sardar's moral was sufficiently obvious: "You, Sahobs," he said, "may be likened to Untapunta Prittimar: you scorn to take necessary precautions against impending calamity, and so, if you do manage to get out of many a fearful scrape, it is at the expense of suffering which might have been avoided by a little common sense." Lord Lawrence, too, used to quote the Horatian *mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur*, and declared that every soldier and civilian in India should learn this Panjabi parable by heart.

F. H. SKRINE.

THE TWO RINGS.

(An English translation of Rai Bunkim Chandra Chatterjee
Bahadur's Juglanguria.)

CHAPTER I.

(I)

One summer morning, long before the establishment of British rule in India, two young persons were standing under the leafy canopy of a bower in a garden, and the vast blue sea rolled on before them, the waves were lashing gently the base of the ancient town of Tomluk, in the District of Midnapur.

In a retired place on the sea-coast stood a beautiful mansion and close by was the above-mentioned garden, very tastefully laid out which belonged to a merchant of the name of Dhanadas. It was the merchant's daughter, Hiranmoyee, who was talking to her lover in the bower.

She passed the age at which girls are generally married. The young man had been the hero of her dreams. For five years from when she was a girl of eleven she had gone with offerings of fruits and flowers to implore in worship the goddess, Sagareswari, to give him to her for her husband, but hitherto her wish had remained unfulfilled. She was now sixteen and had grown into a beautiful girl, and the young man, a gallant youth of twenty, was very handsome too. From time to time they held conversation with each other, to which no one ever seemed to have any objection. The reason of this was that as children they had often played together, the young man's father, Sachisuta, and the father of the girl being neighbours who had always lived on friendly terms with each other.

On the young persons reaching their age of discretion the parents of both agreed and even promised that they should have them married. This of course made the young lovers feel very happy at heart. But one day they were cruelly disappointed. The father of the girl unexpectedly declared, for some reason not given, his unwillingness to bestow in marriage his daughter on his neighbour's

son. Hiranmoyee, therefore, was no longer allowed to see her lover, Purandar, till one day the latter sent to ask her earnestly to come and meet him the following morning in the garden, as he wished to say something to her.

How could Hiranmoyee refuse to comply with his request? Early in the morning she left her home and went to meet him in the garden.

She soon got there. "Why do you wish to see me?" she said, joining him quickly. "You see I am no longer a little girl, and people may not like our being alone in such a place. I mean no offence, but I will not come if you send for me again."

Purandar unconsciously plucked a flower which was growing within the reach of his arm. "I will not send for you again," he said as he pulled off its petals one after the other. "I am about to set out on a long journey, Hiran, and I have come to tell you so."

"Whither are you going?" she inquired, looking up to his face with some surprise.

"Ceylon."

"Ceylon! why do you want to go there?"

"We are merchants," said he. "I must go to trade, you know." A tear started to his eye as he said this.

Hiranmoyee seemed not to notice his emotion. Her gaze was fixed on the sea before her as the sunbeams danced beautifully upon it. It was the delightful time of morning. A cool gentle breeze was blowing, and in the garden many a flower was in bloom diffusing a sweet fragrance. Flocks of birds were on the wing, and a few vessels were sailing. Her eyes watched all this, and watched the foamy waves. "But your father always goes abroad to trade," she said again, fixing her eyes at last on a flower that was lying at her feet on the ground.

"My father is growing old, and I am now supposed to be quite able to earn money for myself. I have had his permission to go, you know."

Hiranmoyee leaned her head against a strip of timber at her side. Her brow became contracted a little, and there was a slight spasmodic working of the mouth and nostrils till at last she burst into tears.

Purandar turned about. He also looked toward the sea and about him and up to the sky, but this did not help him to conceal

his emotion, and there he stood weeping, the tears chasing one another in quick succession across his face.

"O Hiran," he said again as soon as he was somewhat collected, "I cannot tell you how miserable I felt when I knew that your father had withdrawn his engagement to give you in marriage to me. It was altogether a cruel blow, and I resolved then that I would go off to some distant country and try to forget you. That is why I begged my father to permit my going to Ceylon. I have no wish to return. If ever, however, I am able to forget you, I will. I do not know how to make a long speech, Hiran, neither do I think you would be able to understand me if I never lacked the art to make one. All that I can tell you is that to me the world is nothing without you."

Purandar's tears fell again, and he stepped out to wipe them, and to recover himself as well as he could. For a while he paced the ground in front of the bower, and when he had partially got over his feeling he carelessly walked up to a plant, broke off a leaf and returned to her. "I know you love me," he began again, "but you will be another's sooner or later. Try to forget me, Hiran, and I do sincerely wish that we might never meet in this world again. I bid you fare-well, and may God support you."

When he had spoken his last words he tore himself away, and he never for a moment stopped to look back. And Hiran, poor girl—she sat down to weep, and she wept bitterly until it seemed that her heart would break. Suddenly, however, she dried her tears. For a moment, springing to her feet, she looked about her, and, in her desperation, thought she would drown herself in the sea or strangle herself by tying a creeper round her neck. But the next moment she repudiated the idea. Something in her told her that if she killed herself God would judge her and punish her as she deserved. But how she wished he had never thought of going abroad. And what was it to her whether he went abroad or not since she was not destined to be his wife? This, however, far from consoling her, only increased her pain, and she sat down and sobbed and wept again.

CHAPTER II.

Why Dhanadas had suddenly retracted his word to give his daughter in marriage to Purandar no one knew. The reason he had

never told to any one, not even to his wife. He wanted to make a secret of it, and he kept it studiously from the knowledge of everyone. For all who wished to be inquisitive he had one answer, namely, he had a very grave reason. Offers, however, came from many places, but he was quite indifferent about them. His wife often took him to task for his apparently strange nonchalance about their daughter's marriage, but he would invariably say to her that he must first consult their priest about it.

For two years things went on in this way, and Purandar never returned from Ceylon. By the death of his father, which had occurred in the second year of his departure from home, he had inherited his large estate. Hiranmoyee was fast growing under the paternal roof, and she was now eighteen. Her father was still as indifferent about her marriage as ever, and her mother could hardly look upon her without feeling a sort of vague anxiety about the future of her daughter.

Since Purandar went from home the one thought, which Hiranmoyee had fondly carried in her mind, had been the thought of him. Towards him, like the needle of the compass, her heart had always pointed. Whenever there was any talk about her marriage she thought of her Purandar. His form how straight, how beautiful and imposing. His tapering fingers delicately shaped and adorned with valuable diamond rings, and his blue silk scarf, as it used to be worn by him—all she would recall to her mind. She was not at all sorry that her father did not think of marrying her. On the contrary she was glad of it, for if he had thought of finding a match for her she would be compelled to marry one whom she possibly could not love. Yet at times she wondered in her mind why her father could be indifferent about her marriage since no parent would allow his daughter to remain unmarried for long after she had attained a marriageable age. One day, however, she found a clue to it.

Dhanadas had gone to China to trade, from whence he had brought a curious and beautiful casket. His wife used to keep her jewels in it. One day, having had a present of a set of new jewels from her husband, she gave the old ones to her daughter to keep for her own use. Now it happened that Hiranmoyee one day found among the jewels in the casket a scrap of paper with some writing on it, which alarmed her a little.

She knew how to read. In the first lines she found her name, and grew very curious to know what the contents were. The writing was legible, but she could make neither head nor tail of it, for in fact, it was only the half part of a letter cut lengthwise, and it was very difficult to find out, from the words that were left, what the letter meant to say. Yet it seemed plain enough that it meant to say something about her. There was a word or two, which seemed to predict some evil, and Hiranmoyee could not help being somewhat alarmed. She replaced the scrap of paper in the casket, and of this she never told to any one.

CHAPTER III.

Another year was in and out, and there were no tidings of Purandar. Yet the memory of him, in Hiranmoyee's mind, was still as fresh as ever. Instead of diminishing, her love towards him only seemed to increase in ardour. She hoped she was still loved and remembered by him, or he would certainly return.

After Purandar's departure from home three years had passed, and Dhanadas said to his wife one day that they must soon start for Benares.

"Benares!" exclaimed his wife, for she had never had the least intimation about it.

"Yes," said Dhanadas.

"And why should we go up to Benares?"

"I have got a letter from our priest, and we are to have our daughter married up there."

"Why up at Benares and not here at our own house?"

"The fact is," said Dhanadas, "that he has found an eligible match for our daughter there. We must start soon, for he wishes us to have her married up at Benares."

The mother, who had for sometime been extremely anxious about the marriage of her daughter, made no objection, and the next day Dhanadas started for the place with his wife and daughter.

After their arrival there, Anandaswami (for that was the name of their priest) went to see them at their lodgings. He talked with them, and, after fixing a day for the marriage, left, bidding them be ready.

The preparations were made, and just such as were absolutely necessary. No one knew there was a match in the family, for there were no outward signs of it.

On the wedding night, guests were absent, as no invitations were sent out. Quietness prevailed as on other days. No one in the family, except Dhanadas, knew who the bridegroom was and from whence he was hailing. The mistress of the house took it for granted that the bridegroom must, in all respects, be worthy of her daughter. But why he had not told her who the young man was, not disclosed to her or why the marriage should take place in such an unusual way, she could not guess. She believed, however, that their priest knew best and did not trouble herself about it.

In a room a Brahmin of the priestly order waited to get the young persons to go through the prescribed ceremonies of marriage. In the outer part of the house Dhanadas was expecting every moment the arrival of the bridegroom while Hiranmoyee, in one of the inner apartments, waited in her bridal garments to be led to where she was to be given away in marriage. "What is this mystery?" she thought to herself. "But I am sure I cannot love the man they are going to marry me to, and he cannot be my husband in the true sense of the word."

While she was thus thinking, in came her father for her. He first blindfolded her. "What's this for, papa?" she said. "This is according to the dictate of our good priest, child," said her father. "and you must submit to it." Hiranmoyee said no more and quietly allowed herself to be led by her father.

On entering the room Hiranmoyee would see, if she could, that the eyes of the man she was about to be married to were also bandaged like hers. The usual ceremonies were gone through by the young people. In the room where the marriage took place there was no one except Dhanadas, Anandaswami and the priest who united the young persons' hands in marriage.

The marriage over, Anandaswami thus addressed the bride and the bridegroom:—"My children, you have become husband and wife. For some consideration, which should not be disclosed, you were married blindfolded: and the bandage has not been taken off your eyes, for you must depart with no more knowledge of each other than you had at the time of your marriage. It is time you parted, and whether, under the sun, you will meet again God alone knows. If ever you do, you cannot know each other as husband and wife. This I anticipated, and in order to put you in possession of the means by which you will be able to know your relation with each

other I thought out a plan. In my hand I hold two rings which I am about to give to you. They are as like as can be ; and the stones with which they are set which are one in form and quality, are very rare too. On the reverse of each of the rings there is a representation of a peacock. It is of my own engraving, and is such as cannot be imitated. Should, by the grace of God, you ever meet again, by your rings you will know each other, the husband his wife, and the wife her husband. Take care you do not lose them, or give them to any one, or sell them though you may fall into extreme want. I command you also that you should not wear them until the fifth year from this date is over. If you neglect to obey my command, evil will befall you."

With these words Anandaswami gave the rings to them, the one to the bridegroom, and the other to the bride. He then bade them farewell and left.

When the bandage was taken off Hiranmoyee's eyes the bridegroom was gone, and except her father and the priest who married them there was no one in the room.

D. ROY.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE GURPA HILL.

After leaving the Nimia Ghat Station at half-past twelve, we reached the Gurpa Railway Station at 3 A. M. and there found Professor Samaddar awaiting our arrival. No coolies could be had there and so we slung our small belongings on to our shoulders and followed our Professor who was leading us to a small bungalow, which he had arranged for our accommodation. Happily for us, the bungalow was near by. It had plenty of rooms, which were well-swept. Hastily we prepared our beds and, in a quarter of an hour, the whole house was hushed in silence.

Professors Jackson and Moore had also arrived by the same train and occupied a couple of tents which had been pitched for them in a clearing in a field.

All of us were up by five o'clock. Then we performed our morning ablutions and, by a quarter to six, were ready for starting. We actually started at seven and wended our way to the place, where our Professors' tents had been pitched. They were almost ready and, in another ten minutes, we had actually started.

There is a narrow path which leads to the hill. The path runs between fields; and every now and then we met with wild plum trees, which, with their outspreading thorny boughs, were retarding our progress with the result that many of us had our shirts torn by them. Before we arrived at the foot of the hill, we had to cross a ditch. It was dry at that time; and we were told that it remained so all the year round except during the rainy season when it became full of water.

The narrow path extends for about half-a-mile and terminates at the foot of the hill. There at the foot of the hill we found a woodman's track and Mr. Jackson told us that that was the path, which ran to the top. This path has been worn out by the constant tramp of the woodmen's feet and by that of the feet of the votaries, who go to worship at the shrines on the hill. The path is narrow and runs through a jungle of thorny trees and shrubs. After climbing a few feet, we came across an inclined stone, which was very polished. Though many of us had rope-soled shoes on,

still we slipped much. Our Principal slipped his feet here and fell upon the ground with the result that his knees were bruised. We had to take a lot of trouble in ascending this rock. The total absence of grass roundabout here made our ascent all the more difficult.

After ascending this stone slab, we again pursued our way. The way was very irregular and we had to leap from rock to rock. The dry leaves which had fallen on our path were very treacherous. Sometimes while trusting our full weight on to them, we fell knee-deep into holes. Here we found what we may call a natural stone table. On it we placed our shoes and our warm clothing for we were feeling hot by this time.

On our way further onwards, we came across two Ahir shrines dedicated to their godlings *Dvārapāla* and *Dulārbīra*. They consist of six small mounds of earth plastered over with cow-dung.

In this connection, I may state that these objects of Ahir worship, viz., the six small mounds of earth, plastered over with cow-dung, very clearly indicate that their cult is of non-Aryan or aboriginal origin. In the provinces situated to the east of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, this cult has undergone a considerable modification and, therefore, the shrines of the village godlings are more or less substantial in structure. A further development of this cult has taken place in the Gangetic Valley, the population of which has come fully within the pale of Hinduism. Here the village godlings assume the form of a pile of stones gathered together under some old and sacred tree; and their shrine is known as *Deohar*. Pieces of stone-carvings, recovered from some dilapidated temples, are usually pressed into service and occasionally besmeared with oil and vermilion. Little clay images of horses and elephants, which are believed by some to represent the equipage or *sawari* of these godlings, as also curiously shaped bowls with short legs known as *kalasi* are offered up as gifts to them. On the adjoining trees are often hung miniature cots, which commemorate the recovery of some patient from small-pox or other infectious diseases. Among the semi-Hinduised Dravidian races inhabiting the tracts of country situated at the foot of the Vindhyan Range, who worship *Gansīm Deva* and *Rājō Lākhān*, the shrine of the village-godling usually takes the shape of a rude clay-and-wattle hut, thatched over with straw, which is often allowed to

become dilapidated, until his deityship reminds his worshippers of his displeasure by causing some epidemic disease to break out in, or some other calamity to overtake, the village in question. Within the hut is a small platform of clay, which is known as "the seat of the godling" (*Devatā ki Baithak*), on which are usually kept some of those curiously-shaped earthen vessels described above, which are specially manufactured for this purpose and not used for the purposes of everyday worship. Last of all, the nearest approach to the type of the village-godling's shrine, which we came across on the Gurpa Hill, is found in the tracts of country situated lower south of the river Sonc, and consists of a few boulders near a stream where the votaries assemble and present their offerings. It will thus be seen that the boulders worshipped in the villages south of the river Sonc are represented by the six small mounds of earth adored by these Ahirs of the Gurpa Hill.

I am inclined to think that the deity named *Dvārāpāl* ("Warden of the House-Door"), worshipped by the Ahirs of the Gurpa Hill, is closely related to the *Dvāra Gusiin* ("Lord of the House-Door")—a village deity worshipped by the Malers of Chhota Nāgpur. "Whenever from some calamity falling on the household, it is considered necessary to propitiate him, the head of the family cleans a place in front of his door, and sets up a branch of the tree called *Mukmum*, which is held very sacred. An egg is placed near the branch; then a hog is killed and friends feasted; and when the ceremony is over, the egg is broken and the branch placed on the suppliant's house. *Dvāra Gusiin* is now called *Bārah-dvārī*, because he is supposed to live in a temple with twelve doors and worshipped by the whole village in the month of Māgh. The egg is apparently supposed to hold the deity and this is, it may be remarked, not an uncommon folklore incident."*

That the Ahirs inhabiting the Gurpa Hill are of Dravidian descent, is indicated by their godling *Dulār Vira*, which, I humbly think, is another name for *Dulha Deo* (the Bridegroom god), who is much worshipped by the Dravidian races. The cult of this village deity, perhaps, commemorates the memory of some great tragedy, which happened among these peoples in the far-off times and still exercises a deep influence on their minds. It is said that

* *Vide. An Introduction to the Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India.* By W. Crooke (Allahabad edition of 1894). Page 65.

some unfortunate bridegroom, whose name is now forgotten, was killed by a stroke of lightning in the midst of his marriage festivities ; and he and the horse he was riding were turned into stones. Here we have a faint echo of the Greek legend, which represents Gany-mede or Hylas having been carried off by the envy or cruel love of the merciless gods. On the last day of Phālgun, the Dravidian peoples offer flowers and, on the occasion of marriages, sacrifice a goat to him.

There is a similar legend of *Dulhā Deo* current in Bhopal, as will appear from the following extract from Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections*, Vol. I, page 131 :—

“ In descending into the valley of the Narbada over the Vindhyan range from Bhopal, one may see on the side of the road upon a spur of the hill a singular pillar of sandstone rising in two spires, one turning and rising above the other to the height of some twenty to thirty feet. On the spur of a hill, half a mile distant, is another sandstone pillar not quite so high. The tradition is that the smaller pillar was the affianced bride of the larger one, who was a youth of a family of great eminence in those parts. Coming with his uncle to pay his first visit to his bride in the marriage-procession, he grew more and more impatient as he approached nearer and nearer, and she shared the feeling. At last, unable to restrain himself, he jumped from his uncle's shoulders, and looked with all his might towards the place above, where his bride was said to be seated. Unhappily she felt no less impatient than he did, and they saw each other in the same moment. In that moment, the bride, bridegroom and uncle were, all three, converted into pillars, and there they stand to this day, a monument to warn mankind against an inclination to indulge in curiosity. It is a singular fact that, in one of the most extensive tribes of the Gond population, to which this couple is said to have belonged, the bride always, contrary to the usual Hindu custom, goes to the bridegroom in procession to prevent a recurrence of this calamity.”

Now I should resume the main thread of my narrative. We also had to pass through a tunnel. It is a fissure in a rock—just wide enough to allow a man to pass. It is about two feet in width and contains 13 stone steps hewn out of the rock. Hiuen Tshang mentions this tunnel in his account of India. He says that Kasyapa came here to practise penance on the top of this hill but found his

way blocked by this huge mass of stone. Finding no other way to the top, we struck the rock with his wand. The rock was immediately cloven open and thus afforded a passage for him to go to the summit. The tunnel has a hole at its top which allows sufficient light to pass through to illumine the darkness of the place beneath. Here we found a big bee-hive. According to the local tradition, anybody who comes up to visit the shrines with the intention of polluting them or of scoffing at the presiding deities, is attacked by these bees and stung to death. There is another tunnel, which branches off in a quite different direction and ends in a precipice. At the edge of the tunnel there is a rectangular tank measuring 8 ft. by 5 ft. A single step runs round all the four sides thereof. It is open to the sun and rain; and, during the rainy season, rain-water collects there. But when we went there, we found it dry.

In the Bengal Asiatic Society's *Journal* for April 1906, Babu Rakhai Das Banerjee of the Archaeological Survey says that he heard from one Babu Dayal Chandra Gupta that the tank was covered with a stone and that, when the stone was raised, a skeleton 6 ft. high was found therein. We, however, could not find any trace of that stone there. Then again, we have come to know that the story about the discovery of the skeleton is fictitious, as will appear from the correspondence which passed thereon between our Principal, Professor Jackson, President of our Archaeological Society, and the European gentleman, who, according to Mr. Gupta is said to have superintended the removal of the stone and to have discovered the skeleton.

Before we reached the top, we had to climb up another big slab of stone polished by Nature to the smoothness of marble. The climb was perilous, having nothing to secure a firm hold by. There was not even a single cranny therein and it was almost smooth like a slab of slate. A slip there would have meant sure disaster for us, for the distance therefrom to the bottom is a sheer drop of several hundreds of feet.

We did not go to the western peak for it contains nothing of archaeological interest. We concentrated all our attention to the eastern peak, which, according to some, contains the relics and ruins of an ancient Buddhist stupa.

This eastern peak is naturally divided into four distinct parts.

The whole peak has cracked into four heads, each head being separated from the other by gaps. We had to jump over these gaps in order to go from one head to another—the gaps being 3 ft. to 4 ft. wide. Of these heads, the one on the northern side is the principal. It contains two shrines or its top. The shrines are built of ancient bricks of a large size. These bricks are piled loosely one above the other but not fixed to one another by cement or mortar.

We next wended our way to the western shrine. Here we found numerous statues of Buddha, of which one seemed to be of a recent date. The walls of this shrine bear some inscriptions, which could not be deciphered by us.

Then we went to the southern pinnacle. It contains four votive stupas and statues of Buddha. "It is modern and clumsy."

The eastern stupa next attracted our attention. It contains a stone footprint, most likely, of Buddha. It measures a little less than one and a half foot from toe to heel. There are carved on it two inscriptions in *Kutila* character.

While about to descend, we were photographed by our Principal.

The descend began at about 12 noon. Everything went on all right till we reached the stone table referred to above. Five of us got separated from the rest of the party. But we thought that no harm would befall us as we were following the woodman's track.

For a time, we followed the track but, having taken a wrong turn, to our dismay we found that it ended in a precipice. We had to retrace our steps for a time. However, our band was soon increased for we were joined by another batch of our party, which was as unfortunate as ourselves. For a time, there was great disorder. As ill luck would have it, every path we followed ended in a precipice or in a jungle, too dense to be ventured into, for we were told that leopards had been seen prowling there shortly before and that goats and sheep had often been found killed by them. To crown all, we lost our directions; but at last, we caught a glimpse of the railway station. After some discussion, it was settled that we should keep the station in sight and then advance towards it. Here we had to undergo a good deal of trouble. First came the thorny trees, which, with their prickly branches, tore our shirts and, at times, even our skins. But the most troublesome thing on the hill was found by us to be a *Brobignagian* sparganum

(*chorkāntā*). Our *dhutis* were full of its prickles. Whenever this plant touched the bare body, it pricked our skins with its lance-shaped darts, which set up a smarting pain and caused irritation of the skin. We were much inconvenienced by these thorny plants. I, therefore, take the liberty to advise intending visitors to wear half-pants (for they give great freedom to the legs, so much required while hill-climbing) and to encase their legs in *putties* of medium thickness.

At last, we reached the foot of the hill, it having taken us just one and a half hour to descend. We thence wended our way to the bungalow, where we bathed and took our mid-day meal. From 2 P. M. we slept till 4 o'clock. About this time, Professor Samaddar asked us whether we were willing to take a stroll. Indeed, we were so. Thereupon we four Bengalis, accompanied by our Professor, paid a visit to a village close by. It consisted of clay-and wattle huts, the roofs of which were tiled with *khupra*. From two Bengali gentlemen, who were members of the railway station staff there and who came to see us, we came to learn that the staple food of the people of this part of the country was *ghāitth-i māthā*. It is made by boiling *makui* (Indian corn) and then mixing the boiled stuff with curd. We were very much astonished to find that a kind of fever prevailed here. Curious as is the presence of fever here, more curious is the medicine employed to drive it off. The Bengali gentlemen had a servant, who was attacked with fever. No amount of homeopathic and allopathic medicine did the man any good. At last, a native of the place advised the man to immerse himself in water (it was during the height of mid-winter) for a whole night. The man did as he was directed to do and the fever left him completely.

We were roused at half-past two from our sleep and were asked to get ready as soon as possible. After arranging our small belongings and slinging the same on to our shoulders (for, where could we get coolies at that unearthly hour?) we tramped on to the station, where we took our train to Gya. At Gya, a large number of us went to Bodh-Gya. This trip was not originally included in the programme. But, as Professor Jackson very generously consented to bear the expenses incurred in this additional trip, the students were enabled to go there under the leadership of Prof. Samaddar.

SATKARI MITRA.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALCUTTA.

(III)

We will produce some more letters written to Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

71, Broadway, New York.

September 14th, 1877.

My dear sir,

Your acceptance of the Diploma of our Society has afforded us all pleasure, for, as I remarked in my letter of 5th June, you are known in this country, and by many appreciated at your real value. Your essay on the Psychology of the Aryas had, prepared us to enjoy the one on the Psychology of the Buddhists which has just appeared in the London Spiritualist. I am somewhat anxious to see what will be said of the latter by the critics of Europe, who pretend to know so much about Buddhism, but only succeeded in proving that they do not know its alphabet. The time is auspicious, I think, for a thorough exposition of oriental philosophies. Christianity has nearly run its course. The Papist half is lapsing into Fetichism, the Protestant into Nihilism. In a Paris letter I saw, the other day, that France is rapidly becoming paganised. Each district, if not town, having set up its pagan god or goddess, to whom the most fervent aspirations of the faithful are directed. Sacerdotalism has eaten out the heart of faith, like a hidden cancer working within one's body. Its blight is upon all Christendom. Vice and crime increase daily under the fostering influence of the dogma of the atonement; the white races are becoming sensualised and brutalised. Society is honey-combed with drunkenness, hypocrisy, sexual sin, breach of trust, fraudulent commercial usage. Meanwhile, millions are lavished upon gorgeous churches, the pay of the clergy increases. While vast sums are spent to send missionaries to lie to the heathen about the practical benefits of Christianity, the court calendars are burdened with cases of seduction, rape, adultery by church members and often by pastors; there are poisonings, arsons, forgeries and every other crime of the Decalogue by the same classes of persons.

You may boldly say this to your countrymen and say it upon my individual and official authority : I guarantee to make good every assertion if it should be doubted. You will find upon reading Madame Blavatsky's book that one chief object of the Theosophical Society is to make these facts known to the heathen, the better to convince them that it is a thousand times better that they should hold to the pure faiths of their fathers, and exemplify as they always have, in their every day life the morality and spiritual mindedness they inculcate, than embrace a bastard creed, with a patchwork revelation which offers a premium for crime, and which does actually give the viaticum every day and hour to wretches whose violations of law deserve a terrible retribution. I am personally descended from one of the " Puritan Fathers " who, bigots and tyrants though they were, at least sacrificed home and all for their religious convictions. I should be recreant indeed were I not ready to do the same now. and so it comes that what is here written, has been publicly spoken and written by me in this country, and will be repeated until I die. But, as I said to you before, we are few in number and need help. To Indian scholars like yourself we stretch out our hands. We seek neither notoriety, profit nor advantage. We give our time, money, labour - all. You may imagine what it costs in a Christian community to proclaim myself a heathen - it means just what the conversion of a high caste to Christianity in Northern or Southern India would mean—the degree of social ostracism differing of course with the peoples. Now, Sir, will you and your friends co-operate with us ? We can do much for each other ; you can teach us about your religions, we can spread that knowledge here. We can give you facts that your countrymen ought to know about *practical Christianity*. You can disseminate them among the poor dupes of the missionaries. Give me the names of men whom you can enlist with you in organising a branch of our Society and I will send them diplomas. This need not burden your time, for you need not meet regularly. There are young men about you, full of zeal, who would doubtless be glad to take the labour upon themselves under your direction. Give me their names. Hainton Moses and C. C. Massey, and other reforming Spiritualists are organising a branch in London. The pledge enclosed has been taken by *every* Fellow, Active or Corresponding ; please sign one and return to me. What you write to me as President will be kept sacred, except as you give me

permission to use it with my associates or the public or either. I send you a copy of my official obligation (which so far as designating Fellows, to whom the pledge is given, is varied with the country to which they belong. Thus if I were addressing a French, English, German, Greek or other correspondent, I should say in France England, Germany, Greece etc., or elsewhere).

Last week I received a diploma of membership in the "Royal Oriental Order of Apes and of the Sat B'Lai," and have been given a responsible office in which I hope to do some good for the Truth and the good cause. One of the most influential editors of this country told me recently that if I could persuade some truly pious Hindoo scholar to come here, and discourse every Sunday upon the oriental religions, we could "sweep the country." He would have to be a man whose life would bear the closest scrutiny, and who would be competent to debate theological questions with our best divines. He thought the country was ripe for such teachings, for exact science is fast destroying the popular faith in immortality, and the people are falling with materialism for lack of some better refuge. I thoroughly concur in this opinion, but unless you friends in India can find the man and the means we can do nothing. I know the obstacle of caste, and I have to leave the whole subject to your wise discretion. Our Society is too poor to offer any pecuniary aid. One such preacher here would do more to rid India of the incubus of missionaries than any other agency. I can ensure him the widest publicity for his teachings, through the press, with the conductors of which I have very extensive acquaintance.

Have you seen anything in Indian journals about the cremation of Baron DePalm's body last year by our Society or the funeral rites in the *pagan* form that we celebrated? If so, will you not oblige us by sending me a copy or copies of the paper or papers?

Madam Blavatsky quotes extensively in her book from your essay on the Aryas, and would gladly have done so with your other essay if it had been received before her pages had been stereotyped. Let us have from time to time whatever you give to the public. The American journals have begun to notice the above named book already in advance of its publication and soon we shall be showered with the abuse of the Christian organs. But this we expected and do not dislike. better abuse and denunciation than silence.

Conveying to you the cordial regards of my associates, and the assurances of my personal high esteem. I am, dear sir,

Your respectfully,

H. S. Olcott.

To Babu Peary Chand Mittra,

Calcutta.

*

*

*

Hyde Park, Mass., U. S. A.

28th September, 1877.

Peary Chand Mittra, Calcutta.

Honored and Esteemed Friend,

Your valued letter of 7th August last reached my home while I was absent from there on a pleasure trip with our beloved friend, A. J. Davis, to the White Mountains. I had the great happiness of being his companion during that journey for about a month : and when we returned together to my home I found your letter and he enjoyed its contents as my wife read it aloud in our hearing. I sincerely thank you for the photograph of yourself which accompanied the letter ; and as I closely scrutinise it, I think, (is it mere fancy ?) that I can dimly discern the shadowy countenances of spirit friends of yours in the lights and shades of the upper part of the picture. Before your letter reached me, I had read with great pleasure your biography of David Hare, which Mr. Davis had kindly loaned to me. Its last chapter had so much interested me that I had read it twice, the second time aloud to my wife on one Sunday afternoon. Your two papers published in the *Spiritualist* entitled the *Psychology of the Buddhists* and specially *God in the Soul* (*Spiritualist*, 1877 September,) very much fed and strengthened me. I wish that you might find it in your way occasionally to contribute a short article to the *Banner of Light*. I doubt not that it would be gladly accepted. The draft for five dollars which your letter contained I handed over to Messrs. Colby and Rich, the Publishers of the *Banner*, and herewith enclose the receipt.

I am not connected with the Theosophical Society about which you inquire but I am acquainted with Mr. Olcott, its President, and Madame Blavatsky, its Corresponding Secretary, and esteem both of them. Madame Blavatsky has just published a large work, entitled "*Isis Unveiled*," a master key to the mysteries of ancient and modern science and theology. It is in two volumes of about

600 pages each. I shall be very much pleased to hear from you as you may feel inclined to write and gladly accept and reciprocate your love and good wishes. With much esteem.

I am, yours,

Alfred E. Giles.*

* * * * *

No. 302, West 47th Street,
New York, 1st October, 1877.

Dear Sir,

The noble work upon which our erudite Corresponding Secretary, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, has for two years been engaged, was published on Saturday last. I rejoice to say that it meets with instant favor; the entire first edition being already sold and orders coming in by every mail from libraries, societies, clergymen and other professionals, and, in fact, from the whole public, as it would seem.

Enclosed, I send you a clipping from yesterday's New York *Herald* which contains certainly a most appreciative criticism. Bernard Quaritch is the London publisher, and will, I am told, send circulars to every one of his hundreds of patrons throughout Europe and Asia. Thus, at last, an exhaustive presentation of the claims of oriental thought to the homage of Western nations, in conjunction with a merciless analysis of the pretended infallibility of their scientists and theologians, will be made. I esteem it the highest honor that could have been conferred upon me that I am permitted to occupy the Presidential chair of a Society to which so grand a work has been dedicated,

If you shall share our gratitude and enthusiasm, upon seeing the book, may I request you as an honored Corresponding Fellow of the Society, to cause the *Herald's* critique to be copied into one or more journals, that circulate among our brethern, the Hindus? I wish them to know that our little corps of allies is working for their interests and honor among the Christians. Who knows but that, in time, through our labours some palpable good may issue to the people of India; in the fable, you recollect, a very tiny mouse gnawed the net that held the lion captive.

* Appeared in the Hindu Patriot, 12th November, 1877.

We are about to commence immediately the preparation of another work specially aimed at the vices of the Christian clergy. With assurances of great personal esteem, I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

H. S. Olcott,

President, Theosophical Society.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

* * * * *

Albert Buildings,

51, Queen Victoria Street, E. C.

6th November, 1877.

My dear Sir,

I duly received your letter of the 11th September : and by the arrival yesterday of your ms. headed " Spirit Land " I am reminded that I have not replied to your said favor. Your previous papers, as you know, were inserted in the Spiritualist and much valued. After looking over that on Spirit Land I shall send it to the Editor. The copy of your work relating to Mr. Hare has not reached me. I hope you have received the book on Magnetism which I sent you in a case to the G. E. ? You ask how Wilson and Magor are : - the former has much improved and passes a good deal of time down at Brighton where the sea-air strengthens him.

Mr. Magor has returned from Germany and will be returning to Calcutta shortly. He is quite restored to health and has gained very much in weight. Peterson of the Calcutta Bar I meet occasionally at our Spiritualist Association rooms : and have some interesting conversation with, on the things which occupy our attention. He has become a very strong and outspoken Spiritualist. Our mutual friend Williamson comes here frequently and often speaks of you, and you will be glad to hear further that the Revd. Mr. Long (late Missionary) comes sometimes to my house. I gave him recently your papers to read and he was much pleased and spoke very kindly of you. All these friends send their good wishes and compliments to you : and with many fraternal greetings, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Alex. Calder.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

* * * * *

Albert Buildings,
Queen Victoria Street,
London, 28th November, 1877.

My dear Sir,

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of receiving your kind letter of 26th October, and by which I notice that there were some mistakes in the printing of one of your articles. I hope the subsequent one fared better. I have requested the Editor of the *Spiritualist* to send you several copies of his paper containing any of your articles and he has promised to do so. You will see before this reaches that your papers, "Spirit Land" and "Spiritual State" have duly been published, and they are full of interest to me generally, Mr. Harrison, the Editor of the *Spiritualist*, tells me that Mr. Giles and Doctor Peebles receive his paper, but not Mr. Davis. Further, to meet your questions, that the subscription to residents in India is 13 shillings per annum.

Wilson has received the copy of Hare's Life which you sent him and will no doubt write you. I am reading Blavatsky's work which has just appeared in England: two thick volumes, an immense amount of matter, some 1400 pages of small print! I dare say I shall find your name in it. Our friends Wilson, Williamson and Magor are all well and speak very affectionately of you. Trusting that these hasty lines will find you in sound health, physical, intellectual and spiritual. Believe me, my dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,
Alex. Calder.

Babu Peary Chand. Mitra,
Calcutta.

* * * * *

302 W. 47th Street,
New York, December 12th, 1877.

Peary Chand Mitra Esq.

Dear Sir,

I am instructed by the "Society" to inform you of the fact that a dispute has arisen for the settlement of which your aid as a Corres-

ponding Member of the Theosophical Society is desired. It involves the correctness of certain statements made by some of our unprejudiced scholars respecting the Brahminical calculations by the Zodiac. They seek to demonstrate that India is not alone the cradle of the human race, but also source of civilization and science. Some orthodox Christian writers aver that of the great astronomical cycle—the precession of the equinoxes which is completed in 25,868 years less than one-fourth has passed since the world was created and man appeared upon earth. In short, that not even the first cycle has yet accomplished its revolution. This is the old, ridiculous, and exploded notion based upon the pretended Biblical chronology.

To this, we Theosophists answer that not only one but many cycles have been passed through—so many that no man can calculate the number, except perhaps in India. For proof we point to the Zodiacs of the Brahminic pagodas, which we claim to be the nearest infallibility as to correctness: all Christians scorn and abuse to the contrary, notwithstanding. You are in a position to verify our assertions by being upon the spot; and since you have expressed a willingness to labour with us in our researches, the Society will be pleased to hear from you at your early convenience.

We wish to know, what Pagoda contains the most ancient calculations, and at what age its historical records begin. If the records of different pagodas vary in antiquity, we would know how far back the learned Brahmins respectively place the beginning of their infallible astronomical chronology. We do not ask what age they ascribe to the earth, for of course, they may be known by the four *yugas*, and the respective number of years of the four summed up very easily. But when does your *historical* period begin? In what pagodas are the records preserved? where are those temples situated and what are their names, and how old is each known to be?

The western world depends for its facts about the orient upon missionaries, and civilians of various grades interested in supporting Christianity—the gigantic fraud of so called *civilised* nations. In other words, garbled facts are presented to a prejudiced court, by interested witnesses. Our work is to show the truth, and to do it we count upon the help of our affiliated correspondents and the other native scholars whom they can enlist in the good cause. Hoping

for a favourable answer. I am, dear sir, with respect and esteem for yourself (and devoted love for your country),

Yours very truly,

H. P. Blavatsky.

Corresponding Secretary of
the Theosophical Society.

* * * * *

Hyde Park, Mass., U. S. A.

December 24th, 1877.

Dear Mr. Mitra,

Perhaps by the time you receive this note, the Banner of Light of the 8th inst. may have reached you : and therein you will see by a letter of mine to the Editor that though you are not in my sight, you are in my memory ; and right glad was I, about a week after the publication of that letter, to know by the receipt of your Biographical Sketch of David Hare that you had also retained a kind remembrance of me. You know it is a saying with us, occidentals, that coming events cast their shadows before, and when I took your volume from the Post Office and saw what it was, it seemed to me, that my brief notice of it in the Banner, followed as it was, in the next week, by the book itself, was as it were an illustration of the verity of the saying.

Since my last note to you, Madame Blavatsky has published her "Isis Unveiled." It is in two large volumes of between 600 and 700 pages each, and is an enduring monument of her industry and erudition. I am very glad such a work has appeared in our country for it will tend to awaken some of our American scholars, by its vast sweep of learning on occult topics, to a consciousness of their ignorance of which many of them have been unawares. In England too, spiritual culture is extending. if I may so infer from "The Soul and how it found me &c." (by Edward Maitland, evidently a practised writer), which I have just finished reading. It is quite interesting. On its 104th. page, it quotes apparently from the Vedas how to acquire or rather develope a capacity for conquering spirits, viz., by holding the breath and repeating inwardly A. U. M. (*om*). I saw a paragraph not long since that a plan had been outlined in Madras to send some Buddhist Missionaries to Europe and the United States. If Christians had a better acquaintance with Buddhist religion and morality there would be less animosity and

more charity. I should be much pleased if enlightened men of the East should come this way and share with us in their knowledge.

To-morrow is Christmas, a Christian festival, supposed to be the anniversary of the birth day of Jesus. Many gifts are given on that day. I observe it (in anticipation) so far as to send you my loving regard and a *recent* photo (taken a week ago) of myself. Pleased with your friendship and respect,

I am, truly yours,
A. E. Giles.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

* * * * *

New York,
25th December, 1877.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

Dear Sir and Brother,

By this mail I send you copies of five American papers which contain notices of our Secretary Madame Blavatsky's work, *Isis Unveiled*, and which speak of our Society in particular. I will be glad to have you put them in circulation among natives who take, or are likely to take some interest in the development of religious philosophy among western people. I want to find, when I come to India, as my present purpose is to do before many months,—a number of true souls prepared to extend the hand of fraternal welcome to one who loves their land and race. Among your acquaintances, either in Calcutta or elsewhere, in or outside the Pagodas, there must be some who would find opportunity and the will to correspond with us. Think, my Reverend Brother, how isolated is our little cluster of Theosophists, among all these millions of materialists and bigots, and judge how we must long to be in frequent communication with those who think, work and pray as we do.

We are doing what we can to bring Spiritualists here to realise how little their "guides" and "controls" have taught them in thirty years of the nature powers and destiny of man, and how much they may learn by studying the records of Indian metaphysics and psychology. The columns of both the *Banner of Light*, and the *Religious Philosophical Journal* now stand wide open for our contributions—a most surprising change of the status of affairs. So, too, the *London Spiritualist* offers us its hospitality. I hope you saw the number of December 14th of the latter journal, with Miss Kings-

bury's Report of her American observations. Madame Blavatsky and I will soon go to London, whence we will *not* return, but probably continue on towards India. Just now, at the request of the Government Commissioner General I am assisting him in organising our National Exhibits at the Paris Exposition ; but this will not occupy me very long. With fraternal salutations. I am, Dear Sir and Brother,

Yours respectfully,

H. S. Olcott.

Please tell us what you know of the psychological phenomena of fakirs and gurus. We wish to correspond with others who have had like experiences, and believe and *know* their possibility.

* * * * *

Hyde Park, Mass., U. S. A.,

January 10th, 1878.

Dear Mr. Mitra,

Your favour of November 23rd together with your " Progression of the Soul " for the Banner of Light reached me about two weeks ago. The essay is published in the Banner of January 12th and is to me quite an interesting article. I think it was the reading of Indian sacred literature (through translations) that helped very much to disclose to me (in the way of contrast) the essential idolatry of Christianity. Your articles, though they may not *startle* the public mind, will I surmise gradually tend to raise doubt in the minds of many friends of Christian Missions whether that enterprise is as useful as they have fondly believed it to be, and yet further, whether it may not be better for themselves to be humble learners of the sages of the East rather than to attempt to be teachers and proselyters. Messrs. Colby and Rich, (publishers of the Banner,) say they will forward to you copies of the Banner of Light containing your essay. Doubtless Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky will see the article.

As the best way of communicating your requests to our dear friend, Mr. Davis, I forwarded your letter to him to read it. On returning it to me, he wrote as follows, in respect to your topic :—

"Thank you for Mr. Mitra's letter, say to him that he need not reply to my letter. My impression of him taken from his letter is that he has more intelligence, culture in spirituality, and more wisdom than any twenty clergymen you may meet with College

diplomas in their pockets. He is very likely *the man* through whom a white light is to stream abroad among the temple-worshippers of India. Christian Missionaries will as usual come in at the "last day" about 11 o'clock or about meal times—all meaning the same." There my dear Mr. Mittra,—you have in the above just what Mr. Davis wrote in answer to my enquiries relative to yourself. Perhaps if he had thought that it was to be transmitted to you in *ipsis verbis* he might have expressed it less fluently. I am now making preparation and expect soon to leave my home which is in about 42° N. Latitude and now is snowy and rainy, to pass one or two months in St. Augustine in Florida on the Atlantic Coast in about 32° N. Latitude where there is said to be perpetual summer and where it is very pleasant in the winter months. But Calcutta is about 23° N. Latitude!!! Oh, ! How hot it must be. But any letters etc., may be addressed to me as heretofore.

Yours with esteem,

A. E. Giles.

* * * * *

38, Great Russell Street, London,
January, 18th. 1878.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Calder has handed me your excellent articles, with a request for publication. He says I should open an agency in Calcutta, I cannot open a speculative one, but if you, or any of your friends, will take not less than 100 copies of Gregory's Animal Magnetism, or not less than 100 of Rifts in the Veil, I will supply them at three shillings each for cash. The wholesale price in England is 3*s.* 10*d.* and the retail price here five shillings. My forthcoming books can be had on the same terms, which do not include freight or packing cases. My work in Spiritualism is at present "Uphill." Financially so anything that may be done in India to facilitate the circulation of standard psychological books, would be a great help. I think the books should be sent in zinc lined cases, consequently many should be ordered at a time. I have no spiritualistic news to tell you, because you get all that in the news paper. Enclosed is your account for papers.

Very truly yours,

WM. H. Harrison.

When I am able to bring out another book of the same kind as "Rifts in the Veil," I mean to put "God in the Soul" and perhaps another of your articles in it.

* * * * *

London, 12th February, 1878.

My dear Sir,

You would have seen by the Spiritualist last week that one of your articles was inserted in it, and I have this week to own receipt of your kind note of the 7th January covering another article on the "Soul." This I at once sent off to the Spiritualist Editor; and I hope he will give it a place very soon in that journal. I like your articles very much; for I think they very truly represent the facts as relates to the soul. I have to thank you for the copy of D. Hare's Life which you wish to send through Gregory for me and for Mr. Long. I have read Peterson's articles in the Medium. They are communications from spirits through a trance medium, the spirits being now Napoleon Buonaparte, then some other grand personage. Cesar Borgia was the last of these distinguished visitors, communicating with Peterson. The chief events of their lives are given by them at great length and in excellent language so that, according to Peterson, it is impossible to conceive the medium to be palming off anything from his own mind. It is certainly very curious; and is one of many various evidences of spiritualism which must be taken into account in forming our views of the whole.

I notice you are busy with the translation of a spiritual novel and that you have an article in the Calcutta Review on "Ancient Commerce in India," Trusting that all your efforts will be well supported. Believe me, with fraternal love.

Yours very truly,
Alex. Calder.

Peary Chand Mittra Esq., Calcutta.

* * * * *

New York,
April 10th, 1878.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

My dear Sir,

I cannot thank you enough for the various publications you have been kind enough to send me. They have all been attentively read and appreciated. Of them all the one which treats upon the condi-

tion of women in India, has perhaps, pleased me most, though the Biography of David Hare has nearly reconciled me with European races, which I most cordially hate, by showing me that they are not altogether contemptible and that there are truly good, *godly* people among my western countrymen. The disabilities under which the female sex labors among western peoples spring mainly from the fact that men regard them for the most part as instruments of lust than as equals and companions. Despising them when gratified in this direction, they, of course, cannot respect them. And women in their turn accept their degrading position, and busy themselves principally in making their physical charms more alluring. Speak of the Ceylonese and Travancore women going naked with but a short skirt! An English woman would turn in disgust from her, but at same time attend the Queen's "Drawing Room" in a costume so provokingly immodest—wearing but a sash instead of a bodice—as to make men themselves blush to their ears for shame! Even the London Court papers have recently protested against such a *naked* exhibition,—the new fashion. In my eyes, your poorest woman, who goes about as God created her, is thousand times more respectable than these European prostitutes of the Courts—the aristocracy of the various kingdoms. The more I see of Christianity and Christendom, the more disgusted am I with both, and the warmer grows my love and respect for the dark skinned races. I was myself brought up with the Buddhist Kalmucks in the steppes of Astrachan (Caspian sea) till the age of ten.

I am sorry that you have not given me the information I wanted about the Brahminical calculations of the zodiac. I hope you do not place too great a value upon European science; in my opinion, the greatest of the Tindalls is but a puling babe beside some of your Brahmans, who scorn to disabuse Europeans who take them for ignoramuses. What I want is their legends, what they maintain in *their* teachings about the age of the world and *man*. From European science, the public gets nothing but misrepresentation and crude guesses. Generally, slaves of public opinion, they care but for their official positions and wages, and so, stick to the old exploded notions of the Jewish Bible with its 6,000 of the world.

Do please tell me, *theosophically* and "on the square" as Masons say, whether you believe with Peebles and other Spiritualists, in the

so-called materialization of spirits of pure disembodied men. I infer from your writings that you *do not*. But Peebles would have us all understand, that not only you but all other Hindoo gentlemen who justly believe in the soul's immortality and a subjective communication between the two worlds are *Spiritualists* like himself. I presume you have seen the controversy between us (Theosophists) and the orthodox Spiritualists that has been going on for some months past, in the London Spiritual papers. Some of the best men have come around to our side, and we are constantly growing stronger. While the Spiritualist and the Banner of Light in days past have classed me as a *non-spiritualist*, the Indian Daily News of Calcutta and various secular papers in other countries abuse me and my book for its author being a Spiritualist.!! This is comical and preplexing. *I am a Spiritualist*, but of another sort, and I flatter myself of a little more philosophical sort. I will never believe that a *pure* spirit can recloth itself in gross matter (which smells like a corpse) nor that all mediumistic communications are of necessity from a "spirit" source or individuality. And on this question, some of your Brahmans are more than other men competent to discriminate. Will you kindly tell us whether we err or not. Will you help us to be enlightened? People (foolish Spiritualists) call and believe me an *Adept*. They verily suspect that *I was initiated in the Pagodas!* I, a woman, and a European!! The absurdity of such a notion is really calculated to make one stare in amazement. *I* at least never pretended such a flagrant lie. I know too much of India and its customs not to be well aware that no European man let alone a woman could ever penetrate into the inner recesses of the pagodas. But I have had many friends among Buddhists and knew well two Brahmans at Travancore and learned a good deal from them. I belong to the secret sect of the Drugas of the Mount Lebanon and passed a long life among Dervishes, Persian Mullahs, and mystics of all sort. Therefore, I am well acquainted with the phenomena—loosely called spiritual in every case,—and come to the conviction that most of the phenomena can be produced without their being either jugglery and fraud or spiritual manifestations. I have, in short, too great a veneration for the spirit of disembodied man, to believe that he who was a good and pure man on earth instead of pursuing progress toward "nirvana" or moksha" will degrade his

spirit by returning on earth to throw guitars and bells at the peoples' heads for 50 cents the seance! But in *subjective* communication I believe thoroughly, for I *know* it to be true. I believe in the *possession* and *obsession* by spirits etc.

Hoping you will excuse this uncalled for "Profession of Faith" which I wanted you to know in case you should read my book, I will now close. I am very sorry to have to deny myself the pleasure of sending you a copy of *Isis Unveiled* for the present, but the fact is, that not a *single* copy of the 3rd edition remains in the publisher's hands, and of a Bombay order for 100 copies he could send but 34 until he gets out the fourth edition.

Hoping for a reply at your early convenience.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Very gratefully and sincerely yours,
H. P. Blavatsky.

Please excuse the horrid writing.

*

*

*

38, Great Russell Street.
London, June 28th, 1878.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Your remittance of one pound, eleven shillings, and six pence for papers to January 18th last was duly received. It also clears the cost of your single weekly copy of the paper to the end of this year.

Since the account was sent in, you had a dozen Spiritualists on May 30th. In reply to your remark about a regular bookseller no such man is likely to make any attempt to import Spiritualistic books into India. Unless Spiritualists do it themselves, it is not likely to be done at all. I offered you books on terms which would give you high profits retail, and moreover which would almost enable you to sell them to retail dealers at the same price at which I sell them to retail dealers in London. You are entitled to charge them a little more as they would be saved supplying and agents' expenses.

About printing and publishing a book of your writings, and advertising the same, I would get out one the same style and quantity of printing as in *Psychography* if you would buy forty pounds worth on the wholesale terms on which I offered you *Psychography*; the retail price to be five shillings. Also, if you put in it

several articles about psychological phenomena in India, this will prevent sameness. Interesting as your articles are, I do not think the book would sell much in England if confined only to the highest aspects of spiritualism you have dealt with. Half the book ought to contain unique information about the nature of Indian psychical objective phenomena. If you forget to write Hindoo names and words distinctly, you must have mistakes in the printing. Unless you import psychological books into India it is not likely to be done at all. Perhaps Mr. James Mylne, of Beheea, East Indian Railway Bengal, would join you in so doing. Please write to him on the subject. I have done so.

Truly yours,
W. H. Harrison.

*

*

*

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

The manuscript of the story, Avedi, translated by you for the Banner of Light, has just passed through my hands, preparatory to its publication, and it will soon appear in print. I write this to say to you how much I was interested in it. I read it to my wife and she was also very much pleased with it. Its publication will do good. It will show to the American public, and especially to the class that calls itself "Christian" and thinks that it has all that is of goodness and purity, that, centuries before their plan of salvation was thought of, there existed a code of morals and a method of soul culture that was, at least equal if not beyond, that in which they so much pride themselves. And what will all these scientists and religionists, who have looked upon Spiritualism as a passing shadow on their path, say when they find that centuries before their creed was thought of, it existed and was known as a truth. I hope we may have more of these translation, from your pen.

I shall be pleased to hear from you, and enclose my card, trusting you will favour me with one of your own.

Very respectfully,
John S. Adams.

30, Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass. U. S. A.

August, 29, 1878.

"Spiritual Notes,"

53, Sigdon Road, London, E.,

20th August, 1878.

My dear Sir,

I write to enlist your kindly support in connection with this new monthly journal, the first number of which was issued on 1st July last. My name may probably not be unfamiliar to you even though residing at such a distance from here, as I have held the office of Honorary Secretary to the Dalston Association of Enquiries into Spiritualism ever since its formation in 1870, and in various ways taken an active interest in the cause of Spiritualism in this country for many years passed. I would be glad if you will occasionally contribute literary talent in the form of short pithy articles bearing on the Spiritualism of your country or other equally interesting and instructive matter. I would also be glad if any subscription or donation can be raised towards the expenses of the undertaking in its early career, so as to help me in sustaining the work. Perhaps you may know other friends in India who would also give a helping hand, in which case I will esteem it a kindness if you would use your influence with them on behalf of this journal.

Referring to the Dalston Association which meets at my residence here, may I propose your election as a life member? if so, it will not involve you in any pecuniary liability whatsoever beyond a *minimum* donation of £2-2-0 which is the qualification. The funds of the Association are at the present time very low, and I am very anxious to improve them and obtain additions to the Library, such as, for instance, a complete set of the works of A. J. Davis. Mr. J. Bruce Gillon is one of our latest ordinary members, and has spoken to me of his knowledge of you while in India. Mr. Gillon is deeply interested and is at the present time engaged with me and a few friends in practically investigating the phenomena in our own private circles. Mrs. Conner is sitting with us and some very remarkable and satisfactory results are being obtained. I look forward to reporting some most instructive matter in this connection ere long. Hoping to hear from you by an early mail and trusting to meet with your generous aid.

Very truly yours,
Thomas Blyton.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

Hamminton, Atlantic Co.,
New Jersey, U. S. A.
September, 15th, 1878.

My dear Sir,

It is nearly a year since I received a letter from you in Madras. As you are aware by English and American Journals I shipped from Madras for Mauritius, Madagascar and South Africa for England. I remained in South Africa for two months, studying the manners, customs and cases of the people. Reaching England I remained three months in London, speaking the Sundays upon matters connected principally with psychology. Richly did I enjoy my stay in London. Upon my arrival in America after a two years absence I was received with open arms not only by my family and friends, but by the great body of Spiritualists. I am at present delivering lectures in America upon the South Sea Isles, Ceylon, India and South Africa and am also writing a good deal for the American press.

I send you to day the pamphlet entitled:—"Buddhism and Christianity face to face, or the Ceylon discussions." It is bitter and yet interesting. One thing I wish to know from you in particular is about the death of Krishna. Some Americans (ignorantly I think) spell this word *Chrishna*. And some Americans too have said that Krishna (who in something may have resembled Jesus Christ) was crucified, and that proofs of this exist in the Hindoo sacred books and in carvings upon the rocks. I don't believe. My reading of Hindoo books informs me that he died from an arrow shot.

Questions.

1. How do you spell the name of the God Krishna.
2. Is there any proof that he was crucified.
3. Do the Hindoos believe in the salvation of the soul through the atoning blood of any crucified God?

I am satisfied upon these matters, but some American writers are inclined to doubt my position upon these matters. It seems to me that there is very little parallelism between *Krishna* and *Christ*—perhaps there is none.

Your paper, the *Psychology of the Aryas*, was excellent. Remember me most cordially to the spiritualists of Calcutta, and

please reply as early as possible. May God and good angels bless and keep you.

Most sincerely thine,

J. M. Peebles.*

P.S.—My regards to Babu Keshub Chunder Sen.

*

*

*

Boston, October 1st, 1878.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra, Calcutta, India.

Dear sir,

Your favour dated August 24th duly received and noted. We thank you kindly for the exertions you have made to spread our beautiful philosophy, by obtaining subscriptions to the Banner of Light and endeavouring to secure for us a book agent.

We find on reference to our subscription book the reason that you have not received the Banner by the last three mails is that your name was removed from our mailing machine.

The time for which your subscription was paid expired June 15th last, as you will see by referring to the little yellow slip on your wrapper each week. Our rule is to discontinue all subscriptions at the expiration of the time for which they are paid, and the young man who attends to our mailing machine, not knowing that you desired to be a continuous subscriber removed your name when the time was out.

We very much regret the delay it will cause you in receiving the Banner but have now mailed you all missing back numbers and fixed it so that your name will not be again taken from our list except at your request. Therefore, at your convenience, you can send us a remittance to apply to your subscription.

Very truly yours,

Colby & Rich.

*

*

*

*

National House.

Haymarket Square, Boston.

October 14th, 1878.

Dear brother,

I would pain send word of greeting to you, although an entire stranger to me, and I take this occasion to thank you in the most cor-

dial manner possible for the able narrative (*Abhadi*) you penned for the columns of the Banner of Light. You doubtless thought it strange that it did not make its appearance until recently. In explanation I have only to say that, as I am myself in constant *rapport* with the spirit world, I am obliged to do the bidding of wiser persons than myself. They bid me delay its publication until this time for solely spiritual reasons, and I obeyed. What the reasons were I know not, but perhaps *you* may ascertain from your spirit friends. Try and do so, if you please.

Spiritualism, in all its phases, is making rapid headway all over the world, notwithstanding selfish men and women in our ranks, in order to exalt themselves, are endeavouring to cast obloquy upon the phenomenal phase of mediumship. Andrew J. Davis and Hudson Tuttle, authors, I am grieved to inform you, are ranked among this class. I am 64 years of age, and have been at the editorial head of the Banner since its advent, nearly 22 years. I have been martyred in many and divers ways, but having placed firm reliance upon my spirit friends, they have never failed to protect me from foes in front and foes in rear. But I am becoming weary in the work, for the worst enemies I have to encounter are those who *profess* to be Spiritualists. This is a sad admission, but it is true. Yet I forgive all enemies knowing that the *All Seeing Eye* will right all wrong. Hoping to hear from you often.

I remain, cordially yours,
Luther Colby.

Boston, October 14th, 1878.

P. C. Mittra Esq.

My dear friend,

Our mutual friend Mr. Colby, Editor of the Banner of Light, kindly permits me to enclose a line or so to you, I wrote you only a few weeks since asking you several questions about Krishna and other things. Spiritualism is making rapid in America. It is true. Our mediums are being persecuted, however. Will you now and then do me the favour of sending me a Calcutta newspaper that I may know what is going on. I have never ceased to remember your kindnesses to me when in India. God bless you.

Most truly yours,
J. M. Peebles.

London, December 3rd, 1878.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

Dear Sir,

You may think it strange that the photograph of Countess Blavatsky's drawing, that I presumed should be sent to you from Rhode Island, has not arrived. I supposed it had been duly forwarded to you until a few days ago, when I received a letter from my niece at Peacedale, Rhode Island, United States, stating that herself and husband having been absent in Europe, until now lately, were not aware of my request to them to forward it, but informing me that it had just then been packed by her,—and, I presume, has been forwarded to you by mail, ere this date.

I hope it will get to you in good order and that you will find it as pleasing as you may have hoped or expected.

The original, is much admired as an excellent presentation of fine art, although it was drawn by Countess Blavatsky, as she assured me, in a few minutes. But as such things are usually done while the medium is in trance, I presume she knows, or at least remembers very little about that point. I satisfied myself, by personal observation, that that the jugglers of Japan, China, and India, are spiritual mediums, same as ours in America and Europe and these peculiarities of proofs and results are simply consequent to difference in surrounding conditions. I find that music and darkness are alike essential for the more difficult manifestations, in all these countries—and also that the plants "mangoe trees," produced by them, were wet as if a shower of rain had just fallen upon them,—same as is the case with our flowers as produced by our Flower Mediums in America. I was last night at the office of the Spiritualist here—38 Great Russel Street—where a lecture was delivered by the renowned Captain Britton, and which was discussed at some time. Messrs. Crookes, Wallace, Massey, Mrs. Halluck &c. took part—a most interesting occasion. Should you feel like writing to me at any time I should be most happy to hear from you. Hoping you are in enjoyment of good health.

I remain, respectfully yours,

Jos. P. Hazard.

38, Great Russell Street.
London, January 29th, 1879.

Dear Sir,

The enclosed has reached me via Mr. Calder. It is too close to theological disputation. An attack of the kind on the lack of faith of Jesus, would only serve to irritate those who believe in him, and the matter is not directly connected with spiritualism.

With kind regards yours very truly,

W. H. Harrison.

From this time to the end of July the Spiritualist will be full of original matter, that there is no certainty of my being able to quote articles from other journals.

* * * *

London, 5th February, 1879.

My dear Sir,

Many hearty thanks for your kind lines of 3rd January enclosing an article for the Spiritualist and which I at once sent on to Mr. Harrison. But I fear he will not insert it. Your remarks regarding Jesus' cowardice make him shrink from giving place to your paper, as he says it would offend many people. Editors study their pecuniary interest much more than their love of truth. They like gold better than verities—much more than morals—the body is in greater value than the soul, and hence all the corruption of the world, and how can it be otherwise, for if the animal is to be exalted what but meanness will follow.

I have also brought Harrison's attention to your article in the Banner of Light, but I do not think he has seen it yet. Every thing is very quiet here. Our weather the past eight weeks has been remarkably cold. It is the coldest winter for some twenty years—every day frost snow and ice. But now our days are lengthening we shall see the sun again! The fogs and thick clouds have kept him quite out of sight all this time.

Wilson sends you many compliments, receive same from me.

Yours very truly and fraternally,

Alex. Calder.

P. O. Mittra, Esq.,
Calcutta

* * *

Marazion, February 22nd, 1879.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

I wrote to you from London on the 3rd December notifying you that the photograph had been sent to you from Peacedale, Rhode Island and explaining to you why it had been so long delayed, Sir, my nephew at Peacedale having gone to Europe before he got my letter asking him to send it to you, he know nothing about it until his return thereto last September. I trust you have, ere this, received it.

When I was in the East, I had several interviews with the "jugglers" and became satisfied that they were same as our mediums in America, modified somewhat by surrounding and different conditions. I feel quite sure also, that the Mous and Aaron who are mentioned in the Jewish Annals, called by the Christians the New Testament, (one of our sacred books) were also the same sort of jugglers as we now find in China, India and Japan. I saw the mangoe tree produced by the Indian jugglers twice, once in Calcutta at a private house and the other at Bombay, and under circumstances in both cases that led me to feel quite sure that the juggler played no trick, in fact in one of the cases he could not possibly have done so, for the tree was produced under circumstances that forbade his approach to the covered flowerpot that contained the seed and which was uncovered at least ten times (by a servant of the household) before the tree appeared more easily than could be a common walking stick. I noticed also, that in both of these cases the leaves of the tree thus produced were wet as with rain—the same as are the flowers and foliage that are produced by the *bushel* by our "Flower Medium" in America, where the plants fall in showers as it were upon the table at which we sit for these manifestations. The juggler very cheerfully gave me leaves of the mangoe tree they produced in my presence, but they entirely refused to give me the plant itself. I dare say that these jugglers may sometimes produce plants with roots to them, but I think that in the cases in which I saw them, they were only branches cut from mangoe trees and stuck into the flowerpots—but by *spirits*, whom we well know can transfer articles in a manner or condition that we cannot see them though they may pass before our eyes and in broad daylight. I think the juggler refused to let me have the *plants* I asked for, not

because they were disoblighing, but only because they know that they had no roots, and that therefore I would suspect it was all a trick, and they know they could not explain to me that it was not such.

Would it not be a great service to the cause of Spiritualism in America if some one in India would institute a close enquiry, by actual experiments, as to the real character of some of the more striking performances of oriental jugglers, and especially as to the growth of their mangoes and orange trees. If you could supervise such an enquiry (that should be by actual experiments, of course,) and publish out of the proofs, and results, I think you would confer an inestimable benefit upon the great cause we are engaged in.

Here, of the trees I saw grown, was custard several times—and on each of these exposition, an additional growth was manifested, but the tree grew broader very fast, while its height was increased in far less proportion than its breadth. I think there can be very little doubt that this difference arose from the fact that the additions of size were simply produced by additional cuttings, and that these could be more easily supplied of lengths sufficient to widen the tree, that of such as were long enough to heighten it in proportion.

Hoping I may hear from you when you have leasure I remain,

Your friend,

Jos. P. Hazard,

c/o. Baring Bros. & Co.,

London.

I saw a person play on two trumpets neither of which had an orifice at the mouthpiece. He placed them against throat and fine music came from them. The above named music was at the house of a distinguished gentleman in Calcutta.

*

*

*

Bombay,

March 24th, 1879.

My dear sir,

I have received with gratitude and pleasure the pamphlet on the Aryas, which you were good enough to send me. It proves to me that you have not forgotten my existence and that you heartily welcome us to your native land.

As I told you before we come here to live and die with the

Hindoos. And I hope that sooner or later we may enjoy the satisfaction of personally visiting you.

This will be taken to you by an intelligent young gentleman from Calcutta who has been passing some days here and has been in much interested in the work of our Theosophical Society. He will tell you about the magnificent success which we had yesterday on the occasion of the President's (Col. Olcott's) address to the native public of Bombay. Though we are not inspired prophets, especially deligated by God, Jesus, John and Paul, yet we do hope to do in our own humble way as much good for India as the heaven sent Ligatus of Brahmo church—especially as we have no daughters to marry the Rajas.

Hoping this will find you in good health. I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely and truly,

H. P. Blavatsky.

Girgaum, Back Road, 108,

Bombay.

Peary Chand Mittra Esq.

Calcutta.

*

*

*

ESSEM.

*BIRTH OF THE DIVINE KRISHNA**(IV).*

The conversation of Krishna and Rukmni, struck the Brahmin dumb with wonder. Falling at the feet of Krishna, he asked permission to go back home. The desired leave was graciously accorded to him. He left Dwarka and reached his destination, and the changes he found at his native place were like the handiwork of a magician. He rolled in wealth and lived in peace and comfort with his faithful spouse.

It so happened, that Satyabhama and Krishna were seated together one day beneath the cool shade of the Parijat tree. They were talking with each other. The fresh perfume of flowers in the garden, the soothing ripple of an adjacent cascade, the chirping of birds, and the cool and soft breeze wafted incessantly, made the enchanting place a veritable bower of bliss. Narad sauntered up to the spot where the couple were seated. The old Rishi was always bent upon mischief, and bowing reverentially to Krishna he approached Satyabhama, and meekly said.—"You are the beloved of Krishna and have him at your beck and call. Devotees after years of worship and supplication, fail to get a glimpse of his lotus feet, much less his divine effulgent face, you are thrice blessed. Your open-handed charity is the theme of conversation all over the world, and in the heaven above. Have recourse to a *Brata* (sacrifice) and you will have the lively satisfaction of having Krishna by your side without the remotest chance of a separation."

She eagerly enquired Narad about the nature of the ceremonial? The Rishi replied:—"Carry on the necessary worship and when it is finished you will gain your end.

Narad directed her to fasten Krishna with a cord to the trunk of the Parijat tree, and then give him away, along with the tree as a gift to him. In accordance to his wishes she commenced the ceremonial rites in an auspicious hour. Ladies of the royal household on coming to know the news, became disconsolate with grief. No sooner the rituals were over, than Narad taking hold of Krishna's

hand, led him out of her quarters. The foolish lady rushed out of her apartment and beat her breast in agony, shedding at the same time, a torrent of tears. Rukmni Devi with dishevelled hair and tearful eyes, supplicated Narad and implored him to leave her husband alone. She said vehemently—"If you don't meet our demand, we will die of grief."

Narad replied—"It seems you blow hot and cold at the same breath. You can't claim, what you have bartered away just now. You could have prevented Satyabhama from performing the sacrifice, so do not detain me unnecessarily.

Rukmni indignantly said—"I know you are a mischievous, bad-tempered man and powerful enough to reduce me to ashes by a curse, still I defy you. I shall not, so long as I have a breath left in me allow you to take away my dear husband. The Rishi, however was inexorable. The poor woman was so much agitated that she dropped down in a swoon. Srikrishna was moved with pity and requested Narad not to molest her any longer.

Narad said—"Mother Satyabhama you have already relinquished your claim upon Krishna. I am afraid you are committing a sin by not relinquishing him freely. Looking at your anguish, I am prepared to compromise the matter on condition that you weigh him with gold, and bestow the precious metal to me.

She readily consented to the proposal, and directed her sons to bring gold from the treasury. Heaps of gold were piled up in the courtyard. Narad placed Krishna on one of the scales and Satyabhama put down on the other the gold she had collected. The balance of the weighing machine did not swerve by an inch. Finding the gold inadequate, Krishna's co-queens came to her aid, and put down their ornaments on the scale, but still it did not move. Satyabhama in sheer despair sobbed and cried. The spectators too were struck dumb with amazement, when Uddhab one of the on-lookers, remembered Srikrishna telling him in the course of conversation, that his name was heavier than his physical weight. He at once went to Satyabhama and said—"I have hit upon a plan which will serve our purpose, remove the gold from the scale and in its place, I will put this basil leaf with Krishna's name on it. He did what he told to Satyabhama, when wonder of wonders, the scale in which Krishna was seated went up, amidst the rejoicings of the spectators.

Jadav ladies clapped their hands with elation, and Uddhab was greeted and thanked by all.

Narad picked up the basil leaf from the scale with great veneration, and placing it on the crown of his head, began to sing in praise of Srikrishna. He then left the place.

Srikrishna contemplated at this time to bring small principalities of India under one suzerain power and he tried to give his idea a proper shape.

Two branches of the same family reigned at Hastinapore better known as the lunar dynasty. Maharaja Kuru was a scion of this illustrious family. Santanu was a descendant of this Raja. He had a son named Bheesma, who had the reputation of being the most virtuous and generous prince amongst his contemporaries.

Santanu became enamoured of a girl of prepossessing appearance. The maiden's father objected to the proposed union on the ground that his daughter's son will have no chance to the throne, as long as Bheesma stood in the way. He was the eldest son of his father and as such, will ascend the throne, by the rules of primogeniture. Large-hearted, as he was, Bheesma voluntarily relinquished his claims to the guddi to enable his father to marry. The girl's parents were not satisfied with his arrangement. They stipulated that Bheesma shall remain unmarried for life, so that their grandchildren may not suffer from any hitch in their right of succession to the throne.

Bheesma became famous for his self-sacrifice. Literally Bheesma means (one who has taken a dreadful oath.)

She, in due course presented her husband with a son, and the following year she was delivered of another male child. The two Rajakumars were respectively called Choetrangad, and Rechitrabirja. The former shuffled off his mortal coils during infancy. The latter survived his brother, and in the course of time, married two daughters of the Raja of Benares. He led a voluptuous life and contracted phthisis shortly after his marriage, and his life was cut short in full bloom. Under the circumstances the lunar dynasty had no male member excepting Bheesma. The dowager Maharani Satyabati was stricken with excessive grief owing to the sad and premature deaths of her sons. For fear of total extinction of the illustrious clan, she sent for Dattapraya Vyasa Rishi; and asked him to beget sons by her widowed daughters-in-law. During the virgin state of

the dowager Maharani, Parasur had an unlawful love for her and Vyasa was the offspring of their unlawful union. Consequently Vyasa, as a dutiful son could not refuse the request of his mother according to the ancient custom in vogue. Satyabati thus got two grandsons begotten by Vyasa. They were named Dhritarastra and Pandu respectively. Pandu in the course of time became the sovereign of Hastinapore. He had five sons, two of them were twins. Dhritarastra was blind and had one hundred sons. Death carried off Maharaja Pandu in the prime of life. His Rani Kunti Devi took the protection of her husband's step-brother. During this time Durjodhan the eldest son of Dhritarastra conspired against his cousins with a view to put them to death. He constructed a building of inflammable materials at Barnabat, with a view to burn them alive with their mother. He induced his aunt and his cousins to visit Barnabat. Bidur called on Kunti Devi secretly and warned her about the machinations of Durjodhan, and the impending danger that awaited them. She along with her sons quietly left the place under cover of darkness, and went to a jungle. They lived there for some time. Durjodhan ordered a man to set fire to the *Jatu* building at night. The conflagration took place and the house was reduced to ashes within a short time. Durjodhan was under the impression that his cousins must have perished by the conflagration. He usurped the dominions of the Pandavs. A few years elapsed without anything of importance happening. Marriage *ala sayambar* of the daughter of Drupad Raja was announced at Panchal. All the princes and nobles were invited to attend the ceremony. The unsurpassable beauty of the princess induced many Rajas to go over to the place with a view to win her hand. Durjodhan was one of them. The five Pandavs also went there in disguise. Out of curiosity Srikrishna accompanied by his elder brother also went there.

The condition of the sayambar was, that the man who would be able to pierce the target blindfolded by an arrow would win the girl.

Amongst the assembled Rajas none could hit the target. Balaram asked the permission of his brother to try his luck. Krishna dissuaded him from joining the archery. He said the Pandavs have come here in disguise and Arjun is the man who would come out successful. His surmise was correct. Arjun triumphantly

carried away the fair prize to his forest home, and called his mother to see the precious treasure he has brought. She was cooking food for her sons and instead of knowing the nature of the prize directed her sons to divide the spoil amongst themselves in equal shares, Obeying the mandate of their mother the five brothers married Draupadi.

Krishna followed by his brother set out for the jungle, to see their aunt Kunti Devi. She expressed her great delight in meeting her dear nephews after an age. She related to Krishna the hardships she had undergone lately. Krishna explained her that according to the transmigration of souls, one must suffer for his or her misdeeds in previous lives, and then after the trial had passed away, was to attain happiness. He asked the Pandavs to accompany him to Hastinapore, with a view to induce Maharaja Dhritarastra and his sons to divide the kingdom with them in equitable shares. In case of refusal, he will be under the necessity of having recourse to drastic measures to gain his object. Accordingly the Pandavs started for Hastinapore, and claimed their share of the territory from Dhritarastra. The king ordered his eldest son to restore the share of the Pandavs. Maharaja Yudhistir ruled his dominions with equity and justice, and became very popular amongst his subjects. He despatched a man to Srikrishna asking him to grant permission to perform Rajsua sacrifice. Krishna started for Indraprastha on the back of Garur. Yudhistir accorded him a cordial reception. After the customary greetings were over, Yudhistir said I have a favour to beg of you, Krishna said, tell me what do you want? Yudhistir said I have a great mind to perform Rajsua Yajna. Krishna replied you are the most deserving person to perform it. But there is a hitch in the way of your wish being fulfilled. Jarasanda will thwart your wishes, so long he is alive. He is a powerful potentate. One lakh of princes must bow down to your bidding, and then you will be entitled to the Yajna.

Many Rajas have acknowledged their allegiance to Jarasandha. Those who refused to bow down to him, were captured and kept in confinement. Unless you put him to death, he will stand on your way. To quarrel with him openly is out of the question. Tell Arjun and Bheema to accompany me, I undertake to remove him from this earth. Yudhistir complied with his request then and there. The next day the party started for Magadha, and after

traversing many countries reached their destination. Without taking any rest the trio repaired to the palace in the garb of Brahmins. They were taken before the king, who made enquiries about them.

Krishna introduced the princes to him, and then disclosed the purpose of their visit. No sooner he had heard this than he flew into a rage, and raising his eyebrows contemptuously cried out :— "I am the emperor of India, who dares to challenge my position ? I have kept those Rajas in prison, who did not acknowledge me as the paramount power in India. Bheema fumed with rage, and catching hold of his neck firmly tried to throttle him. After a good deal of grappling and tussling, Bheema overpowered his opponent, and put him to death. Srikrishna himself liberated all the princes from captivity and proclaimed to them the ensuing Rajasua jagma to be held at Hastinapore, and invited them to join the ceremony without fail, they then left Magadha. Yudhistir again humbly asked the permission of Avatar Krishna for the second time. He gladly approved of the laudable object. The Jagma commenced with great pomp and magnificence. Rajas and Maharajas acknowledged Yudhistir as their suzerain power. Krishna himself looked after the arrangements of the great function. Bheesma addressed the following words to Yudhistir :— "Oh virtuous Maharaja it is high time for you to bid your guests good-bye. You should acknowledge the rank of the foremost prince first, and honour him with costly presents according to our custom." Yudhistir begged Bheesma to point out the deserving Maharaja. Bheesma said—"Intellectually, morally and in chivalry none can be compared with Srikrishna." Yudhistir ordered Sahadev to carry out the instructions of Bheesma. Accordingly Krishna was duly honoured, and costly presents were given to him by Sahadev.

Sishupal the Raja of Chhodi was offended at this and, rising from his seat cried out : — " Krishna is unworthy of the honour. Is this the way that you offer gratuitous insult to us whilst we are your guests ? But we will not tamely submit to this sort of treatment. Moreover Krishna should have refused the honour, knowing fully that we are superior to him. I know the Pandavs are mean, and cowardly fellows, otherwise they would not have dared to lower us in the estimation of our caste men."

Sishupa! without rhyme and reason rebuked Krishna out of malice, and he was on the point of leaving the place in a huff with his suite.

Judhistir said to Sishupal—"Do not be angry with Krishna. You blame him unjustly and I did not expect such bad treatment from you. You see there are other Rajas, and Maharajas present here, who are in rank greater than you. They are all quiescent. Therefore you ought not to raise frivolous objections."

Bheesma addressed to Judhistir the following words—"you should not interfere in this matter. A man who feels heart-burning for Krishna being honoured, ought to be turned out at once. Srikrishna is being adored universally not only here but in the three kingdoms by Gods and Goddesses."

Sishupal challenged Krishna to fight with him. Krishna accepted the invitation to fight. He said "you are a mean despicable fellow, although you are my cousin still you richly deserve to be punished. You set fire to my Dwarka palace, but I refrained from punishing you, and put up with indignities, affronts which you lavishly bestowed on me, for the sake of my aunt; to whom I promised to excuse you hundred times. But now I will not spare you. Saying this he hurled his fiery disc called *Sudarsan* at Sishupal and his head was instantly severed from the trunk! The spectators were thunderstruck with wonder by the miracle performed by Krishna. The ceremonial rites were over without any further hitch.

SIVA NATH ROY.

TITAGHUR PAPER MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Titaghur & Kankinara,

E. B. S. R.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

ALL KINDS OF

**Printing, Foolscap, Car-
tridge, Blotting, and
Badami Papers.**

Managing Agents:—

F. W. Heilgers & Co.,

Chartered Bank Buildings,

CALCUTTA.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 5—MAY 1915.

REMORSE.

Rain beat drearily against the windows of the club-room where three retired Anglo-Indians had foregathered for an afternoon chat. Their topic was, of course, the War, which has quite superseded weather, golf and shop. After the latest "shaves" had been duly dissected, silence fell upon the little group, which was broken by

THE BARRISTER:—Germany is still a water-tight compartment of Europe; but the truth is slowly trickling in. When it reaches the masses, what remorse they will feel for the atrocities perpetrated by their soldiers and sailors!

THE DOCTOR:—Don't be too sure of that: Is not remorse un-availing sorrow for some irrevocable deed or omission which has caused deep injury to others? The Man in the Street calls its source his "conscience;" but Psychologists label it a "manifestation of the Social Instinct," which likens every deed to a stone cast into stagnant water, and forming a series of concentric rings. True civilisation is a cosmic force, its sympathies embrace all mankind. Now Germany is still in the Tribal Era: her social structure has been solidified by external pressure, and her domestic organization was superior to our own. But your German's sympathy begins and ends at home. In his narrow range of vision other races are as Kipling's "lesser tribes without the law" that binds all Teutondom in tie of mutual help. A people so astoundingly immature is incapable of feeling remorse for injuries inflicted on non-Germans. But are we more cosmopolitan? Fifty years ago, Stuart Blackie told Sir William Hunter that an Englishman's conscience was "compound of Carthaginian greed and Roman toughness."

THE BARRISTER :—There spoke the perfervid Celt's contempt for Sassenach materialism. But Blackie was too hard on our fathers. They lavished untold millions on charity and foreign missions: it is true that nine-tenths of the amount was wasted through British lack of organisation.

THE DOCTOR :—That's just where the Germans were beating us all along the line until the limelight shed by war revealed our national shortcomings. They made the best of inferior human material, while the magnificent potentialities of our race never got fair play. We are now making up the leeway caused by a century of *laissez-faire*. Quite lately a very sad errand took me to Boulogne, which, you know, is one vast Base Hospital for our own wounded. The perfection of every appliance for relieving pain filled me with amazement. From all accounts the Kaiser's maimed *Kanon-futter* does not fare half as well. But we're wandering far from our muttuns; let's get back to Remorse. I maintain that you over-value the strength of conscience in unregenerate human nature. An American physician has tabulated the experience of five hundred deathbeds and finds that only one patient among them all showed remorse *in extremis*. What a book might be written on the "Psychology of Deathbeds! Do you feel inclined to collaborate with me in writing one?

THE BARRISTER.—B-r-r-r! the very thought of it makes me shudder! But we are off the rails again. I can prove that every human being is capable of remorse. Here is a case in point:—Many years ago I defended a European soldier in India who had deliberately shot a comrade sleeping in the barrack-room. He tried to make out that it was a case of suicide; unfortunately for my client a punkah-cooly had watched his proceedings through the *jhimills*. I did my best to get him off, but the jury found him guilty without leaving the box, and he was sentenced to death. About a fortnight afterwards I got a *chit* from the Jail Superintendent telling me that the murderer was to be hanged next day, and particularly wished to see me. So I was ushered into the condemned cell that evening. The poor wretch overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude for "the splendid fight I had put up" as he said. I gave him a cheroot, lit one myself, and encouraged him to talk of his past. For two mortal hours he reeled out a confession of misdeeds which proved that he had studied "Murder as a fine

Art" without Do Quincey's aid. One of his remarks gave me furiously to think. "There ain't many chaps as is scragged for their first kill. The cops are that stupid that one gets careless, and does something that gives the whole show away. Of course I ought to have seen that the coast was clear,—never thought of that—punkah-cooly in the verandah." On bidding him a last farewell I asked whether he had ever felt remorse. After pondering awhile he replied :—" Yes, Sir, I did feel a bit sorry once when I stood outside Maidstone Gaol and see'd the black flag hoisted for a pore chap who was dying for a murder that I had done !" This case bears out my theory that the most degraded human being has a conscience tucked away in some corner of his soul.

THE DOCTOR :—I believe you're right, after all. It seems a shame to mention the great Duke of Wellington in the same breath as a vulgar murderer ; but you know he was generally credited with owning Talleyrand's two essentials to success in life, namely a good digestion and a hard heart. Let me repeat an anecdote of him told me by, the Duke of Buckingham, on whose staff I served at Madras in '78. At the fag-end of the Peninsular War, the Madras Governor's father, then Marquis of Buckingham, took his own yeomanry regiment to the front, and joined our invading army after the Battle of Toulouse. On reporting himself, he was invited to dine at the Head Quarters Mess. Just as the " Roast Beef of old England " struck up, the Provost-marshal was announced. He handed a letter to the Iron Duke, who glanced through it with an ominous frown, and said, " Bring them in." Forthwith a sergeant's guard with fixed bayonets introduced three trembling soldiers. " Did you hear the General Orders read out at parade yesterday, warning my troops that looting in France would be punished with death ?" The culprits hung their heads ; Rhadamanthus went on :—" Now you have been caught red-handed looting a farm, and actually drew your bayonets against the owner. Have you anything to urge ?" (Silence) " Very well : Provost, hang them up !" They were marched off, not daring to sue for mercy ; and when the Marquis stammered out an appeal on their behalf, he was silenced by a stern, " Mind your own business, my Lord !" A chill fell on the guests, they were haunted by a vision of three poor wretches struggling in death-agony which the copious libations of port and champagne usual at *baru khana*s entirely failed to banish. Sure

enough, next morning they saw three dead men suspended from a tree near the Provost-marshal's quarters. But a week afterwards Lord Buckingham, riding in the rear of an Irish regiment on the route from Paris, saw a straggler whose features seemed familiar. "Hullo, my man," he asked, "weren't you one of the looters condemned to death the other day?" "Begorra I was, Sorr," replied the fellow, "Me and Tim Driscoll and Michael Rooney had the ropes round our necks, when the Provo' spied three corpses that had died of typhus in hospital being carried out for burial. Sez he—now I'm going to string those poor chaps up instead of you; but don't do it again!" With that he lets us go with a hearty kick apiece into the bargain." Sometime afterwards Lord Buckingham met the Duke at an official dinner in Paris, and told him the whole story. The great man frowned, but said after a moment's thought, "Egad, Marquis, I'm damned glad to hear that." Don't you think, General, that he must have felt remorse for his excessive severity?

THE SOLDIER.—(Had taken no part in the symposium beyond glancing from one speaker to the other between whiffs of a rather rank Dindigul cheroot):—Well, you fellows have been talking a bit above my head with all this psychology of yours: but I can cap that last yarn. In the cold weather of '57-'58, I was attached as interpreter to a Queen's cavalry regiment which was helping Sir Hugh Rose to cut up Tantia Topee's rabble in Central India. One evening, just as we were sitting down to dinner, some troopers brought in five sepoy's clad in tattered uniforms, and a civilian non-descript, who had been caught hiding in a mosque. For the pandies there was no hope of mercy, they belonged to a regiment that had murdered its officers; but the only proof that the other fellow had been mixed up in the mutiny was a pair of European earrings found tied up in his filthy *dhuti*. I glanced at him: our eyes met and his flashed immediate recognition. "Saheb, Saheb," he whispered, "don't you remember me? I am Mohammad Ali, Bokus Saheb's Khidmutgar." Then it all came back to me:—Masuri; my hot weather leave in '56; the Wallace family; father, something in timber on the Nepal timber frontier; mother, an obese *nullité*, and two daughters; more than a suspicion of the tarbrush; just within the borders of society. But those girls: they *were* pretty, especially Laura, the younger one. I danced with her, cheated her at croquet,

rode assiduously beside her tonga. If I hadn't been engaged to my poor dear wife at home, by Jove I'd have made a fool of myself with that girl. However, I did the only thing an honourable man can do under such circumstances, made a bolt of it before it was too late. Just a year afterwards I read in the *Hurkara* that the whole Wallace family had been murdered by a band of roving sepoys. Their Khidmutgar, Mohammad Ali, was a real treasure. I never saw such a fellow at laying a *bara khana* table, and picnic *bandobust*. The deuce of a lady-killer, too. I often met him in the bazar, with a gaudy *musalman topi* perched on his handsome head, and casting Don Juanesque glances at the latticed windows on either side. "Can this piteous object be Mohammad Ali?" I asked myself, as the poor wretch flung himself on the ground, and embraced my feet. "Saheb, Saheb," he whispered hoarsely, "for Allah's sake and our Lord Isavis's, only say you know me: say I was your faithful Khidmutgar! Don't let them kill me." "That would be a lie, Mohammad Ali," I rejoined, "but tell me the whole truth, and I'll see what can be done for you." His story, punctuated by sobs, seemed plausible enough. He had warned the Wallaces of a coming storm; urged them again and again to take refuge in the hills, when the mutineers' approach was signalled by a host of frightened ryots; he had run off to arrange a retreat for them with his *Gusti*; on returning to the bungalow, he found it a heap of ashes and the *Mem Sahibs* murdered. In considerable doubt I examined the earrings found in his possession. They were the identical pair I had sent Laura from Hamilton's shop as a solatium for having very nearly "loved" and certainly "ridden away." "Where did you get the *Chhoti Missi Baba's* earrings?" I asked in stern accents; and the reply came quite pat—he had found them in the ruins of the bungalow, and taken charge of them, hoping to restore them to the family.

At this stage of our colloquy my bullet-headed Colonel growled out:—"What are you jabbering about with that black rascal, do you know him?" "Yes, Colonel," I answered, "and I can vouch for the fact that he was a first-rate table servant before the mutiny broke out." "That's not enough: have you seen him since May, and can you vouch for his loyalty?" I was forced to shake my head, whereon the Colonel pointed to his throat significantly, saying:—"All right, Sergeant, take them away." Forthwith two stalwart

troopers laid hands on Mohammad Ali. As they were dragging him off, he looked back at me with such agony and reproach, that by Jove, his eyes have haunted me ever since. On striking camp next morning, I beheld six corpses dangling from a huge tamarind tree to leeward and a flock of obscene vultures perched on its upper branches awaiting our departure before beginning their meal. Time and again I have asked myself whether I ought not to have stretched a point to save the poor devil. Many of our native servants proved staunch during the mutiny, and Mahammad Ali's story may have been a true bill. Yes, I know what remorse is, I can tell you.

THE BARRISTER.—My dear General, you are worrying yourself unnecessarily; it is at least as likely that he guided the mutineers to the Wallaces' bungalow. The question is one of fact as well as casuistry, I could hold a brief on either side.

F. H. SKRINE.

THE TWO RINGS.

CHAPTER IV.

II.

After the marriage Dhanadas returned home with his wife and daughter. The mother, who had been extremely solicitous about her daughter's marriage, now talked and looked as though a load of anxiety had been completely taken off her mind. Time flew on, and four years more passed away and still nothing was heard of Purandar. But Hiranmoyee was married, and to her it was now nothing whether he returned or not. Nevertheless she felt a pang whenever she thought that he had been absent from home for seven long years. Was it possible that he kept away because he had not hitherto been able to forget her? She could hardly think of this. To her it rather seemed doubtful that he was yet in life. She should certainly not desire his company now that she was married, but why as one who had been her playmate in childhood should she not send a thought after him, and pray God to keep him from harm?

Something was the matter with Dhanadas. For months he had been brooding over something, and he was always found in very low spirits. His wife inquired the cause of his anxiety, but he shook his head and sullenly refused to tell her anything.

Day and night he indulged in his sad anxiety: and it continued to prey upon his mind till at last it threw him into a fever which carried him off in a short time. His wife so much felt the loss of her husband that she refused to survive him, and resolved to follow the *suttee*. After the death of her father Hiranmoyee had no one, except her mother, to take care of her, and she begged her hard not to die and leave her only child for ever, but in vain. Hiranmoyee soon found herself alone in the world.

When her mother was about to quit the world she said to her, "Do not weep, my child. When I am gone, God will take care of you. By His grace you will, in good time, meet your husband with whom you will surely be very happy. Besides your father has left you an immense fortune which will enable you to live like a

princess. Grieve not that I am about to follow him to a better country. So adieu, dear, and may God bless you !”

Soon after the death of her mother, however, Hiranmoyee discovered that instead of a large fortune her father had left her almost nothing in the world. For, except the paternal house in which she lived, and some valuable pieces of furniture and her mother's jewellery, she had scarcely left more than a few thousand rupees. She knew on enquiry that for some years her father had sustained heavy losses in his business, which had left him deeply involved in debt. This had weighed heavily upon his mind till at last he fell ill and died.

Hiranmoyee was not able to satisfy her father's importunate creditors, yet she sold the paternal house and the furniture and the jewels to meet their claims as far as it was possible for her to do so. This left her penniless in the world. Driven from her hearth and home she went to live in a very humble cottage in a remote corner of the town. Her only kind friend was Anandaswami, her late father's staunch friend and advisor, but he was then living far away, and Hiranmoyee had no one whom she could send to inform him of the pitiable condition to which she had been reduced.

CHAPTER V.

Hiranmoyee was young and beautiful, and it seemed neither wise nor proper for her to sleep at night by herself. She might not feel very safe and secure to sleep alone in her room, but she feared more the tongue of scandal-bearers. Her next-door neighbour was a widow whose father was a milkman. Her name was Amala, and she was about thirty-five. She had a son who was grown up, and a little daughter. Hiranmoyee proposed one day that she would sleep in her room at night, to which she readily consented.

Hiranmoyee slept in the widow's room; and one day as she went to sleep in her room as usual, Amala said, “Have you heard the news?”

“What news?” asked Hiranmoyee.

“Why, every one knows it. The late merchant's son, Purandor, has returned at last after many years. They say that he had been away for good eight years.”

The tears came into Hiranmoyee's eyes, and she turned about in order that Amala might not notice her weakness. She felt as if her

last tie of affection had broken—the only one that seemed to bind her to earth after the death of her father and mother. Purandar had certainly forgotten her, or he would not have returned. Again she thought that now that she had become the wife of another it did not matter whether he still remembered her or not. Yet was it not rather hard to be forgotten by him whose memory she had fondly cherished these many years in her bosom? At times it seemed to her that he had not forgotten her and had come because he had been very eager to see her. At other times she thought that for thinking of Purandar she was guilty of infidelity to her husband.

"You do not remember Purandar, the son of the late merchant, Sachisuta?" said Amala again.

"Yes, I do," said Hiranmoyee.

"Well, he has brought a shipful of gold and silver. No one in this town had ever got so much wealth."

The blood flowed faster in Hiranmoyee's veins. He whom she loved was the richest man in the town, and she—a penniless girl. His wealth would have been hers, but it was the ordering of fate that she should not be married to him. These thoughts crossed her mind for a moment. "Has he taken a wife, Amala?" she said again.

"No," she said.

Hiranmoyee's head was giddy. There was no more talk that night.

CHAPTER VI.

Days went by, and Hiranmoyee had grown to be familiar with Amala. She talked with her often and seemed happy in her company.

One afternoon Amala went to Hiranmoyee. "It is very unkind of you, my dear lady, it is, indeed," she said with a laugh, and casting sly looks at her.

"What do you mean, Amala? What have I done?"

"Nothing particular, perhaps, but you might safely have confided your secret to me, I suppose."

●What secret?"

●Why, you love. And—and Purandar is such a nice young gentleman."

A change passed over her face.

"Yes," she said, trying to look easy, "I once cared for him.

And he for me. We were neighbours; and we played together when we were small children."

"You do not care now?" said Amala with a smile. "But he does still and hasn't forgotten you. Here is the proof."

With this Amala produced from the folds of her cloth a very beautiful necklace richly set with gems.

"I am wellknown to Purandar," she said again. "Hearing that you are my neighbour he sent for me and asked me to take this to you as a present from him."

Hiranmoyee knew at a glance that it was a precious jewel. She knew too that if she took it she would be lifted from her abject poverty. But she was not like an ordinary girl, and, however welcome it might have been to other people in her circumstances, she could not find it in her heart to take it. "Amala," she said after a while, "I cannot accept the present."

Amala stared at her in utter surprise. "Not accept it?" she cried. "Don't talk nonsense, my dear lady."

"No, I will not," said Hiranmoyee; "I had rather dwell in necessity."

"Are you out of your senses, madam? But you are joking, I know you are."

"No, I am serious," said Hiranmoyee. "My sense of propriety does not permit my taking it."

Amala, however, endeavoured to argue her out of her opinion, but in vain.

At the time of which we are speaking Tomluk was ruled over by a noble and generous king, whose name was Madan Deva. Amala was well-known at the palace. She went and presented the necklace to the king, who took it with a smile and gave her a certain sum of money.

A few days afterwards one of Purandar's maidservants went to Hiranmoyee. "Please, madam," she said, "my master bids me tell you that he cannot bear your living in a mean and humble dwelling. He dare not ask you to come and live in his house where you will be most welcome, but his earnest request is that you will come and live in your paternal house, which he has bought back from your late father's creditors to present to you. He hopes that as the request comes from one who really feels for you, you will be pleased to oblige him by accepting his offer."

The one thing which pained Hiranmoyee most was the loss of her paternal house. She could endure poverty, but she thought it was exceedingly hard that she should be sent away from her home. Here she was born, and as a child had played. Here she had lived and grown under the fostering care of her parents. The memory of a hundred and one things connected her with it. What should she not give to live in it again? And it was so very kind of him to say that he wished to make a present of it to her. "Go," said Hiranmoyee, "and tell your master that I most thankfully accept his offer, and that I will come in a day or two."

When the maidservant had gone, she turned to Amala who was by, and said, "I cannot live there alone. Will you not go and live with me, Amala?"

Amala consented, and the next day Hiranmoyee went with her to live in her father's big dwelling house.

"I do not like your going there, Amala," said Hiranmoyee to her one day when, on being questioned, she told her that she had been to Purandar's.

Amala defrayed all household expenses, and she seemed very liberal in the spending of her money, which excited some suspicion in Hiranmoyee's mind. She, however, told her that she had got some job at the palace, and Hiranmoyee never afterwards cared to ask any questions about it.

CHAPTER VII.

The fifth year counting from the date of Hiranmoyee's marriage with the unknown man was over at last, and she was now free to wear the ring. Should she wear it? Though she had grave doubts about ever meeting her husband again, her conscience told her that she sinned against him and God to carry the thought of Purandar in her mind. "This unruly heart of mine—I must put a brake upon it, I must try to forget Purandar," she said to herself. And as she said this she went and took out her wedding ring and wore it on her finger.

Just at this point Amala came running into the room, and she had such a frightened look.

"What's the matter, Amala?" inquired Hiranmoyee, wondering in her mind what it might be.

"Oh, my lady, the king wants you, and he has sent a palanquin and bearers and some of his men to escort you to the palace."

"Nonsense," said Hiranmoyee calmly. "The king can possibly have no business with me, and you are a stupid girl to be in such a flurry about nothing."

When she had said that, a woman presented herself before her. "Madam," said she, bowing respectfully, "His majesty commands you to appear before him without delay, and you must make ready this instant to go with us."

Hiranmoyee was astonished. What in the world could the king want with her? It was very difficult for her to guess. Yet to disobey his command was out of the question. However, though it was dark already, she was nothing afraid, for the king bore an exemplary character, and was so much feared that no one dared to outrage any woman.

Hiranmoyee was soon ready to start, and Amala, being asked, went with her.

As soon as she arrived, word was brought to the king, and by his order she was ushered into his presence.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hiranmoyee made a profound bow as she stood before the king. His majesty was tall and well-proportioned; and he had a noble and graceful appearance, and Hiranmoyee admired him when she saw him for the first time. The prince too was struck by Hiranmoyee's charms, for she was exquisitely beautiful.

"Your name is Hiranmoyee?" said the king, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Please, my lord, I am your most humble and obedient servant."

"You will know," said the king, "why I sent for you. You remember your marriage of course?"

Hiranmoyee answered in the affirmative.

"You have with you the ring which Anandaswami gave to you on the wedding night?"

"Yes, my lord, I am wearing it on my finger, for I took it out and wore it according to Anandaswami's direction. But it is a great secret, and I cannot understand how your majesty could know it."

"Well," said the king, "you need not trouble your head about that. Tell me first whether you will be able to know the ring which Anandaswami gave to your husband."

"Yes, my lord, for both rings are as like as can be."

The king commanded one of the men, who attended on him, to bring it, and in a little time he returned with a golden casket.

"Take this ring," said the king as he took it out of the casket, "and tell me, by comparing it with yours, if it is your husband's."

At the lamp-light Hiranmoyee examined the ring minutely and side by side with hers, and declared that it was undoubtedly her husband's. After a while she spoke again and said, "My lord, since you hold my husband's ring in your possession, I am persuaded to believe that I have become a widow; for if he were living he would never like to part with it."

The king laughed. "Believe me," said he, "your husband lives, and you are not a widow."

"If so, I should think that my husband is poorer than myself. He may have been tempted to sell it to you in the expectation of getting a considerable sum of money."

"On the contrary," said the king, "your husband is a very rich man."

"In that case I should incline to think that you robbed him of it either by force or by some stratagem."

"You are very daring to talk like this."

"I beg your Highness's pardon, but how you came by it, I think I ought to know."

"Well, you may know," said the king with a faint smile on his lips, "that on the wedding night Anandaswami had put the ring on my finger."

Hiranmoyee blushed and hung down her head. "I am very sorry," said she, "that I should have said anything that could only be spoken by a foolish and thoughtless girl, and I hope that my generous consort will forgive me."

D. ROY.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALCUTTA

(IV)

We will produce some more letters written to Baby Peary Chand Mittra.

Fairmount Avenue,
Hyde Park, Mass. U. S. A.,

April 27th, 1879.

Dear Mr. Mittra,

Your favour of February 28th reached me on the 5th of this month. It gave me pleasure to learn thereby that I had a friend, and one whose friendship is dear to me, in the mystic land of the Indies. By the same mail also came to me your valuable and interesting pamphlet on the Social Life of the Aryas, I value it highly. The Banner folks are now so overwhelmed with articles for publication that I doubt whether it would be worth while to write an article on it at present. You perhaps saw in the Banner of April 19th that your little leaflet about Socrates and J. C. became the heart of my notice entitled "Soul Power." In the same paper also, I see that the Editor printed my allusion to your possible reprint of your articles in book forms. Last September I received a touching and advisable letter from Mr. Gangadhar Acharjya (please don't laugh if I misspell his name) of Midnapur College. I answered (though I could not respond definitely to his enquiries) and enclosed my photograph and solicited his in return. But no word since from him has reached me, so that I am in doubt whether it ever reached him or whether my letter displeased him,—which if it did, I certainly did not intend to do. If you have occasion to write him I should regard it as a favor if you would allude to what I have here stated.

Immediately after receipt of your last. I took pleasure in communicating with A. J. Davis your kind salutations in choice words. He has become a contributor to the R. P. Journal. Perhaps you may have seen in that Journal of March 15th 1879 that he has applied the principle of Natural Selection, in distributing Spiritualists (who by their writings have become somewhat public) into classes. He places you and me among *Educational Spiritual-*

ists. Among *magical* Spiritualists he assigns prominent position to Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott. If you should perchance meet with these celebrated personages please express to them my kind regards.

I should be pleased if my spiritual vision were to open so distinctly that it might pierce through the space that separates us and that I could see you eye to eye. With much esteem, I am,

Yours fraternally,

A. E. Giles.

*

*

*

Spiritual Notes.

London, May 26th, 1879.

My dear sir,

Our friend, Mr. J. G. Mengens, has desired us to forward you a specimen copy of our current month issue, and to mention his name as one who kindly recommends the journal to your favourable notice. Although only commenced in July last year, the journal has already secured a most encouraging reception not only in our own country but also abroad, and the number of our subscribers steadily increases from month to month so that ere long we hope with the friendly support of friends, to greatly increase the usefulness of the journal as an independent organ of the cause of spirit communion. Should the work we have undertaken meet, as it is hoped it may, with your friendly approval, we would solicit your fraternal assistance in extending our field of usefulness in the world. Any suggestion from you will always receive our careful consideration and trusting to meet with a cordial response by return mail.

Yours very truly,

Thomas Blyton,
Manager.

Babu Peary Chand, Mittra.

*

London, June 7th 1879.

Peary Chand Mittra Esq.

Dear sir,

I duly received your of 27th March, but being on the move at the time had scarcely time to acknowledge it as I should have done. I am glad to hear that you had received the photo. I believe I told you that it was at the house of Rajah Tagore that I

saw and heard the trumpets that produced sweet music though they were placed only against the neck and the mouthpieces were solid,—not perforated. I was at the South Kensington Musuem (in the city) a short time ago when I saw a pair of these trumpets that had been presented by Prince of Wales. A note was appended to them stating these instruments produced music (in the manner I saw at Calcutta) and that it was supposed, the performer produced the effect by blowing with his mouth against the outside of them!!! A most absurd idea, to be sure, and how unnecessary when we know that in spiritual manifestations music is often produced with no visible instrument at all. The production of a few branches of the orange or mangoe trees by the Indian and Chinese jugglers is a most interesting spectacle, but you are aware that Mrs. Thayer and other of our Flower Mediums in America, produce buckets of plants and flowers in a few minutes that come in showers upon the table together with cats, rabbits, pigeons, canary birds etc.

I have no doubt that the accounts of these things so common in all countries and ages of time are in the main current, and that they are all produced by spirits, the difference of character being a mere result of difference of *conditions* surrounding the mediums or jugglers. I have no doubt you would confer a great benefit on mankind if you could have time to investigate the jugglery of Calcutta and vicinity. As I have received none of the Banner for long time, I have not yet seen your "Soul Revelation in India," but I shall enquire for it when I get to America, and this will be soon, I hope.

I will also get your book on spiritualism to read and if I should find myself in possession of facts that might qualify me to advise, I will write to you as to how many volumes of your work it might be safe to send to Boston for sale. But of such things I am quite incompetent to judge for myself. I should be glad to see the article on the Social Condition of the Aryas of which you speak.

May be you will be coming to take a look at America before long. It might be worth your while, I think, and that you would find kind friends these I have no doubt.

With thanks for your kind wishes etc. I remain.

Your friend,

Jos. P. Hazard,

Peacedale,

Rhode Island, U. S.

Peacedale is a small manufacturing village, that is about 70 miles south-west (by rail) from Boston, and about 10 miles west from New Port, R. I., that is the great sea-coast waiting place of America.

*

*

*

Boston, November 6th, 1879.

Dear Sir,

The 150 copies of your book *Spiritual Stray Leaves* have at length come to hand, but in a sadly damaged condition. Notwithstanding they were packed in a tin case, by some means or other, water leaked into such an extent that the books were very badly damaged and in the condition in which they reached us would be perfectly unsaleable. We paid for duties and Custom charges on the books \$ 19.60 cash and with a view to getting our money back without necessitating your sending that amount we have used our discretion in regard to the matter and concluded to have a paper cover put on the books and advertise them as damaged books and sell them if possible for 30 cents per copy. The expense of having new covers put on is \$ 5.50 as you will see by the memorandum bill which we enclose so that the entire amount of cash outlay for which we have got to be reimbursed if possible from the sales of the book is \$ 25.10.

We will send a copy of the book to each of the parties mentioned in your letter and if we succeed in disposing of the entire number of remaining copies our profit would not average 5 cents per copy, allowing for discounting on copies which we should sell at wholesale and for advertising them.

We very much regret that the books were so damaged that it will be impossible for you to receive any benefit from their sales and trust that we shall be able to dispose of the entire number within a reasonable time in their damaged condition at the reduced prices so that you will not be obliged to send us any remittance to reimburse us to the cost outlay we have made for duties, covers etc.

We send you a copy of the book so that you may see the condition in which they reached us, also a copy with the new cover on.

Very truly yours,

Colby & Rich.

Albert Buildings,
57, Queen Victoria Street,
London, E. C. 19th November, 1879.

My dear Sir,

I duly received your kind lines of 26th September and have delayed replying in the hope of receiving your "Stray Leaves" which you inform me you had asked Mr. Harrison to send me. But as he has not yet done so, I fear he does not mean to, and therefore shall write no longer. Why do I say this? Mr. Harrison for some time past has shown great opposition to our Association and wishes to destroy it. I send you a letter which our Council issued recently which explains the matter. His attitude has been so hostile that the leading Spiritualists in our Association have little or nothing to do with him. Though he is a member yet he does not attend to any of its proceedings. His power of mischief is much reduced and our Association will I trust stand firm in spite of his ill will.

Our friends Wilson, Williamson and Long are all hearty and well. Mr. Long has been absent for nearly the past twelve months in Egypt and elsewhere. I do not think he has read the Coming Era yet. I am glad you approve of it. With fraternal regard.

Your very sincerely,
Alex. Calder

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.,
Calcutta.

The Hague, Holland.
November, 20th, 1879.

My dear Sir and Brother,

Thanks for the kindness with which you answered my questions by your friendly postal card of August 25th last. I experience it now by this token that difference of race, colour, language or customs is no hindrance for friendly and brotherly feelings among creatures of the same heavenly Father. On the contrary it shows how strong a link our great cause Spiritualism forms between brethren of the same creed believing in the homogeneity of the human race and the immortality of the soul or better spirit. I will try to promote the sale of your work in my country, however,

there are comparatively few who speak English. I pity you don't read French or German, otherwise I would have send you some newspapers or books. Write me which you have in English and if I have some you don't possess, I will feel glad to send you some of them as a token of friendship and esteem. I enclose you my photo and will feel *exceedingly happy* to have yours in return for my album of the best friends of our cause. If it possible to send me the proof number of the Theosophist which I hear is published just now, you will oblige me and I will be glad to send you something in return. Also if there exist a small pamphlet or advertisement or newspaper article referring to spiritualism or theosophy, it will make me happy to get it with short translation. May God protect you and be with you, and be your life peaceful and blessed under the beautiful palms of your splendid land of the sun.

I saw a short time ago a few of your countrymen at Amsterdam splendid types of oriental dignity indeed.

Adieu, let me hear from you soon.

Truly yours,

A. J. Reko.

*

*

*

33, Museum Street,
London, December, 11th 1879.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

Dear Sir,

You are doubtless surprised at not having heard from me before. I have had all my time exceptionally taken up with other matters, overworked.

Moreover, before publishing anything, I usually have a contract made, examine the books, charge publishers and advertising fees, and go through various business formalities. However, as you had sent the books on without a previous arrangement, and our countrymen have in some ways treated your people badly in India, I resolved to carry out your wishes in regard to the books, and do the best I could with them.

But when they arrived, I was away, taking an autumn holiday at Folkstone, and they were lying warehoused some weeks in dock, before I arranged to have them delivered.

Then my shipping agents, Messrs. Royle and Willan, Cannon Street, London, wrote me that when the Custom House officers opened the box and tin lining, they found all the covers of the books mildewed. They said they must have been packed *damp* before the paper was dry. They seem to have been thus thoroughly steamed in the tropics, for they all look the same, one neither worse nor better than another.

So I wait to hear from you what I am to do. Shall I hand the books over to any theosophical or other friend of yours in London? or shall I have them put into fresh covers and end leaves, or what?

Very truly yours,

W. H. Harrison. . .

The Dock, delivery, and Agents expenses came to some where at about ten shillings. I have not the bills before me at the present moment.

*

*

*

Peacedale, Rhode Island,
January 22nd, 1880.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I presume you received a letter from me concerning enquiry you desired me as to make at the Office of the Banner of Light, Boston, and result of which I reported to you, soon after my arrival in the United States last August. I have not yet had time to read your work, but have been greatly gratified at complementary criticisms concerning it, and I doubt not it is a valuable contribution, and, I hope, will be a means of increasing communication between two remote regions of our little globe with salutary liberalising influence upon both. You may remember an enquiry I made of you about the performances upon two small silver trumpets, that I witnessed at Rajah Tagore's house when I was at Calcutta in April 1878. These trumpets were unperforated at the mouth-piece, and were placed by the performer against his neck—one on each side of the "Urna pipe," when they discoursed very sweet music indeed. I recollect that you thought that the music may have been effected by muscular action on part of the performer, but I am fully convinced the performance is simply spiritual, as is the case with many and probably a chief portion of the oriental jugglers—when vocation afford so easy method of solution of spiritual manifestations on part of these Emmes here,

by cry of jugglery, but a fair reply is "what is jugglery"? It has occurred to me that it might be well to ascertain if during the performance upon these solid mouthpiece trumpets, there is any current of air inside the instrument, either issuing from or entering into its larger end, as holding a hand thereat, or presenting a "pith ball" or the like, would easily determine. Perhaps you have a friend or know of some intelligent party who may feel enough interest in the subject to make the experiment, or some other that may be more satisfactory.

The Christian world here has been suddenly aroused from its slumber, spiritual torpor, death in fact by sudden appearance of Arnold's translation of a book on Buddha, at least of his principles—entitled the Light of Asia, a most wonderful production, and is far in spiritual advance of the Christian doctrines, as light is of darkness. I regard this book as the greatest boon to the benighted church of Christianity that has been known in modern times, the redawn of Spiritualism here in 1848 excepted.

There is no doubt at all in my mind, that intelligent Christians as a body compose the darkest portion of all humanity, from a spiritual point of view—and with the foulest of conceivable demon for a God—an exemplar—it is no wonder that Christian nations are the most unscrupulous, unprincipled domnable set of liars, cheats, scoundrels, robbers and murderous plunderers and conquerors upon false and often "holy" pretexts that ever scourged the world or disgraced the name of humanity.

I think the Light of Asia will produce a great change in the religious sentiment of the country.

Your fraternally,

Jos. P. Hazard.

*

*

*

London, 6th February, 1880.

My dear Sir,

I have been favoured with both your letters of 3rd and 17th December with copy of "Stray Leaves" for which I am much obliged. I have not quite gone through the Leaves, but I like them very well. There is no bitterness in them; but much sweet and pleasant reading to Spiritualists. With regard to the case of 150 of this work (which you sent Mr. Harrison) I wrote him to learn whether he had received them and his reply is before me. He says that when

the case was opened at Customs House they found "all the covers of the books mildewed"—and that "they must have been packed while the paper was still damp." He sent me a copy to show their state, which is bad enough. He says he wrote all this to you and asked for instructions, and adds that it is "an even chance whether the sales will clear the cost of the necessary rebinding" although he would give you advertisement gratuitously. With this opinion you should be guided as to any further printing. My own experience is against any such adventures. Lending Libraries are now largely used and serious books find small circulation. Trusting this will find you in good health. Our winter has been remarkably severe.

Yours fraternally,

Alex. Calder.

P. C. Mittra, Esq.,
Calcutta.

*

*

*

Union Club, Boston,
8, Park Street,
May 1st, 1880.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I duly received your interesting letter of March 1st and awaited reply until had opportunity to see Messrs. Colby and Rich in regard to the feasibility of publishing another edition of your late work. I find that they do not think it would be advisable to do so at present. The complaint among publishers here is, that the demand for spiritual books is not large. It would appear that the spiritual media and the spiritual journals afford almost sufficient supply of such literature as is most generally desired or, at least required, upon this topic.

I was gratified to learn that you expected to soon look into the unperforated trumpet matter. I saw two of these instruments in the South Kensington Museum (in London) that were presented by the Prince of Wales on his return from India, a few years ago. I am unable to conceive of any one being able to move matter by mere

power of will. If a juggler could do so, would he not rather will a bag of gold at once, than devote himself to his profession for six pence a day, or even a pound sterling. Give himself abundance, instead of giving all as his hours, days, years for a miserable daily pittance.

Thos. R. Hazard is a brother of mine, in his 84th year, ten years older than I am; but he is about as active as ever he was, and bids face to live to be one hundred years old. He is at present at his house "Nancluse, Rhode Island."

"Materialization" is occupying far more attention here in America, than any other phase of spiritual mediumship. But I presume the "Banner of Light" affords you evidence of this. This class of mediums is increasing, as also the slate writers, I shall be glad to hear from you when you have time to conveniently write to me, and I shall be happy to serve you in any way I can.

Respectfully yours,

Jos. P. Hazard.

*

*

*

London, 22nd June, 1880.

My dear sir,

I had this pleasure last on the 6th February when I informed you as to your Spiritual Stray Leaves and Mr. Harrison &c. I hope you received that letter for it would show you I had not neglected your wishes in regard to your "Leaves." I have now before me yours of the 25th May mentioning the despatch of two of your publications which I shall welcome on their arrival, and endeavour to get noticed. I am glad to hear that you often meet our mutual friend Mr. Mengens and discourse on the great subject. We have a pleasant memory or remembrance of his visit to England, and are not without hope that he will shortly return. Mr. Harrison as you say must be short tempered - he must also have a short memory, if he has not written you about your box of Stray Leaves! Since receiving your letter (under reply) I have written him a line to inform him that you had not heard from him a line up to the 25th May. Some months ago he sent me a copy of the Stray Leaves to show me how they were damaged. But he seems to take no interest whatever with them. He has never mentioned them in the Spiritualist.

Wilson is as well as can be expected and sends his kind regards

Long dined with me some weeks ago but I seldom see him. I gave him then a copy of your Stray Leaves. With kind regards.

Yours fraternally,
Alex. Calder.

P. C. Mittra Esq.

Boston, July 8th, 1880.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra,

Calcutta.

Dear sir,

Your favor of the 30th of May containing draft for dollars 3.00 duly received and we have placed that amount to the credit of Mohesh Chandra Dutt Esq. on subscription to the Banner of Light, we have also sent him a copy of the engraving, "Ever my God to Thee."

In remitting subscriptions to the Banner please bear in mind that we have to prepay the postage at the rate of 2 cents copy, therefore to cover for a full years subscription, including the postage the remittance should be dollars 4. Please accept our thanks for your kind endeavours to extend our subscription list.

We are pleased to learn of the rapid sale of your Spiritual Stray Leaves in India and trust the seed thus sown will return an abundant harvest. We have disposed of the entire lot which you sent us at the low price we were obliged to place them owing to their badly damaged condition, but we do not think the sales would be sufficient at the price we should have to charge for it to warrant us in going to the expense of republishing it.

Very truly yours,
Colby and Rich.

Sea Side,
Rhode Island,
September 17th, 1880.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Please accept my thanks for your pamphlet "Stray Thoughts on Spiritualism" lately received and read with interest.

In Judge Edmonds you had a correspondent presenting in high degree the virtues that make a real true noble man. I presume no

other individual in America worked more patiently, faithfully or successfully in the great cause to which he devoted many years of his life. I suppose you have seen the great poem of the day by an Englishman, Editor of London Telegraph, concerning Buddha. It has created in America not only a most profound sensation but impression also. That Hindoo is a higher order of man than was the Christian Buddha—Jesus, pure and excellent as the latter was no doubt, but there have millions of men equally so, I presume.

I hope you may yet have time to devote to a careful investigation of Indian jugglery. That your jugglers are the same in kind as were Moses and Aaron whom Christians regard as miraculous. I have no doubt whatever and all such, the same as the Mediums that have broken out in all Christian countries of the world within the last thirty years. I believe I mentioned to you the unperforated trumpets that I saw at Raja Tagore's and upon which one of his musical band performed sweet music. I shall never forget that gentleman's kindness to me that invited me to one of his musical entertainments when I was at Calcutta in 1878. He seemed feeble in health but I hope he is in at least his usual good condition.

With best wishes for your welfare, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

Jos. P. Hazard.

Please to present my kind remembrance to Genl. Litchfield, our American Consul at Calcutta when you see him.

J. P. H.

65, Bury New Road,
Higher Broughton,
Manchester, February 5th, 1881.

My dear Sir.

I take the liberty of writing you as I have frequently seen your name, and probably you have frequently seen mine, in our spiritual literature, and I think there is a good deal of fellow feeling between us. I read your article in the Medium and Daybreak of February 4th with interest.

I formerly sent my manuscript to the same paper, but for certain reasons I withdrew and sent them to the newspaper, "The Harold of Progress," three numbers of which I forward to you

per same post. You will see a chapter (17) of the Bhagbat Gita with my comments thereon in next paper and you will see part of the last (18th) chapter in last number of the Harold. You are aware only the English translations of the Bhagbat have been published by Wilkins and Thompson and a Latin one by Schlegel. I was led to undertake this work as I was satisfied that neither of the English translations have done justice to that ancient magnificent work. Unfortunately I don't understand Sanskrit so have had to fall back on Schlegel's Latin and compare with the two English. The poetical form is entirely my own (though not mine in reality but the work of unseen ones) and I should feel obliged if you will favour me with your opinion, as to whether my version does not give a truer conception of the philosophy unfolded in that magnificent ancient poem. The other translators are mere literalists and have done them with a bias and unfavourable to the Indian school of thought. I have had the work stereotyped and shall shortly publish it at a low price—merely to cover the cost of publishing and I thought of dedicating the work to the “new and awaking life of the descendants of the ancient Aryan nation.” Trusting that it may be useful in drawing more attention from the Anglo-Indian and others to the writings of that great nation, containing (as I believe) the source from which all religious systems have sprung.

I was thinking of introducing the work to India through the Theosophical Society in Bombay. Do you know much of the Society? And is their work recognised and appreciated in India? I am not *quite sure* that the occultism which plays such a prominent part in their programme is *all* genuine as proclaimed. Are there actual “adepts” in India or Tibet who possess these occult powers and have they ‘a brotherhood’ or secret order with branches in other parts of the world?

I hardly agree with the Theosophists in their opposition to spiritualists and spiritualism, they both seem to me to be two sides of the same thing. I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
W. Oxley.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra,
Calcutta.

Boston, February 12th, 1881.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra,
Calcutta.

Dear Sir.

Your favour of January 5th containing draft for dollars 300 is at hand and we have given Babu Narendra Nath credit for that amount on subscription to the Banner. In reference to your proposed new work, *On the Soul its Nature and Development*, we would say that we will call attention to it in the Banner. You can send us 100 or 200 copies on sale as you may deem best. Please have them carefully sealed up in a tin lined case, so as to be waterproof, that there may be no danger for their being damaged as the *Stray Leaves* were.

Please send us by mail, when you send the books, an invoice also a duplicate of the same for use at the Custom-House and a Bill of Lading.

Truly yours,
Colby and Rich.

Calcutta 10, Dacre Lane,
February 20th, 1881.

My dear Peary Chand Mittra,

It is wonderful how great a sympathy was established between the moment we became cognizant in the belief of the occult science of spiritualism. I have for the past forty years been a firm believer and have had to fight a constant battle with the sceptical world. With regard to the disposition of the machine I will most willingly give you 5 per cent. on the sale. I cannot hesitate to do so because you have acted with a degree of urbanity I did not deserve.

I leave positively on the 4th of March next, therefore urge your friends in Bombay to come to immediate decision—as I have put off others, as Mr. Littlewood was the first to treat with me. I pledge you my honor, that the machine is all right in every respect and you run no kind of risk in recommending it.

Yours very truly,
Robt. H. Collyer M. D.

Mansion House Chambers,
11, Queen Victoria Street,
London, 24th February, 1881.

My dear friend,

Your lines of the 25th January are to hand, as well as copy of the life of Ram Comul Sen for which attention please receive my thanks. Anything from your pen will I am sure be pleasant and profitable reading. I notice you are busy "on the Soul and its Development," a pretty delicate study well worth the best exertions of your incomparable race. The Hindoo in serenity superb is fit to handle any subject; passionless he may ascend the skies, while we Westerns, have so much turbulence and passion that we are doomed to walk the earth. I wish you abundant success. With regard to the question whether any book-seller here will be willing to sell your books I can say that the first thing they require is an advance for advertising say £10 and a fee of some £10 for undertaking the sale. This they do because many works are weekly published and many do not sell to pay;—book-sellers have many assistants and warehouse costs high rent, so that they will not move a step without payment first. Hence Harrison's conduct.

There will be no change as to the London Agency in consequence of the death of friend Wilson. With best wishes,

Yours fraternally.

Alex. Calder.

P. C. Mittra, Esq.,

Calcutta.

* .

*

*

The Theosophist,
Bombay, 28th, February 1881.

Dear Mr. Peary Chand,

I am always glad to hear from you and to second your intelligent efforts to counteract the deplorable dispiritedness of our people. Your new work will of course be noticed in our journal but allow me to suggest that the very best way to introduce it to the notice and secure the interest of our readers is to publish a chapter or half chapter if too long—in our columns and have it accompanied with an editorial para. from us as to the price, publishers etc. This plan has proved most successful in America. This of course, is to be done in advance of publication and from advanced

sheets. If you want to do this send me the matter at once and I will make room for it in our April number.

Please read my lecture on India in the forthcoming March number and tell me whether I take the right view of the situation. I try my best to get at the truth and rely always more upon my personal observations among the natives than upon any possibly prejudiced foreign authorities.

Yesterday, I gave my annual public address in Bombay to a large audience which included the leaders of native society. From my reception I infer that my remarks were liked and that the shameful falsehoods circulated about us and our views have not seriously injured our standing. It is a hard thing to have to bear such slanderous attacks as we have had from the people we have so identified ourselves with.

Wishing you health and every happiness. I am, as ever
Faithfully yours,
H. S. Olcott.

Babu P' C. Mittra.

*

*

*

3, Church Lane,
Calcutta, 25th May, 1881.

My dear friend,

I have twelve copies of *Stray Leaves* left. I will bring the other book, *Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, to-morrow. The fourth book "*Ghostland*" you have already read. I have still to receive Rupees 8 each from Jotindra Mohun Tagore and Indro Chandra Singh. I endorse receipts will you *kindly* try and realise the amounts for me. I hope to be able to join you next Sunday.

Yours ever,
J. C. Meugens.

*

*

*

19th August, 1881.

My respected brother,

I am sending off to the *Theosophist* a notice of your excellent pamphlet "*On the Soul*" which I hope may not be satisfactory. I plead the urgent engagements of my present work as an excuse for not making it longer. With the management of so great a campaign as this upon one's hands, it may be well conceded that one can scarcely do much outside literary work. Your pamphlet.

like all its predecessors, testifies to your wide reading, accurate thinking, and high motives. I regret, however, to find your accepting so unreservedly the alleged utterances of departed worthies through mediums. Years ago, I lost all my faith in such, and undertook to judge the matters entirely apart from the assumed revelator. As to the pretended outgivings of Professor Masses (whom Cora Hatch so loves to quote), I can speak by the book. I was a pupil of his and co-editor of his *Agricultural Journal*, I also intimately know his family. They and I agree in saying that every discourse ascribed to him by Mr. Hatch, 'Tappan is here not his. I hope your brochure will have a wide circulation and that you may live long to publish others.

Ever your attached,

H. S. Olcott.

To

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

*

*

*

Calcutta, 4th September, 1881.

My dear Friend,

I am sorry to leave India without seeing you once again, but I shall often be with you in spirit and to Spiritualists this is much. I shall be looking out with great interest for your new work.

Believe me, with every good wish for your happiness.

Your very sincerely,

Alex. Calder.

P. C. Mittra Esq.

*

*

*

Bombay, 13th September, 1881.

My dear Friend,

I am presently going on board the "Australia" for London, but I cannot quit India without briefly answering your kind lines of the 6th instant. I have received the 25 copies of your recent work "On the Soul" and have pleasure in enclosing a cheque on the Oriental Bank for Rs. 25-10 which I shall be glad to hear has reached you.

Your long acquaintance with spiritualism should enable you to treat the Yoga philosophy successfully. I note all you say as to Stray Leaves and shall speak to Mr. Rogers about it. I have been enquiring for Col. Olcott here but he is absent at Simla and so I have not had the pleasure of meeting him. He is thought a very

genial person here and they say he is very successful among the Hindus but gets no converts among the English, the latter are too fond of beef and mutton I suppose.

With every good wish for your welfare and success. Believe me.

Yours fraternally,

Alex. Calder.

* * *

Bonanza Junia Co.

Mechigan, U. S. A.

September, 30th, 1881.

Mr. Peary Chand Mittra.

Dear Sir,

I am about to start a publishing house scientific and liberal, and will publish a paper, and if can secure the necessary support I will publish a magazine devoted to Buddhism. To do this I wish to engage some of the best writers in Asia. It will not be sectarian, I wish to make it a medium through which the great truths that underlay the grand old philosophies and religions of Asia may reach the thinking minds of America. I would like to engage you as a regular contributor of original matter or suitable translations as you may prefer. Please let me know your terms. Would you favour me with the address of a few good writers of your country whom you think would suit me. I have read your Spiritual Stray Leaves, you will please receive my thanks for the pleasure I have derived from them. "God in the Soul" and the "Spiritual State" interested me greatly. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain.

Respectfully yours,

Chas A Green.

* * *

Banner of Light,

Boston, October, 2nd, 1881.

Dear Sir,

Your under date of July 29th before us and contents duly noted. In reference to the matter of the price of subscriptions to India, we would say that we have to stamp each paper one cent., which for the 52 copies in a year amounts to 52 cents. Hence on the papers we send to foreign countries in the Postal Union we have to charge 50 cents extra as you will see by the announcement we publish in every issue of the Banner. The copy of the Life of Colsworthy

Grant which you sent us came duly to hand as did also the second copy, and you will find a notice of the same in the copy of the Banner which we send you to-day marked.

We have called on the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this city in reference to their purchasing a supply of the book, but we did not receive much encouragement that they would take any considerable number. They informed us that some months since they published quite an extended biographical sketch of Mr. Grant together with his portrait in their paper 'Our Dumb Animals.' They consider that this sketch which undoubtedly contained many of the principal points given in your "Life" would to a great extent satisfy their readers, so that there would be but a small demand for your work here.

We judge from your letter that you contemplate sending us 200 copies of your work "On the Soul its Nature and Development." We trust they will reach us in better condition than your Spiritual Stray Leaves.

Truly yours,
Colby & Rich.

*

*

*

London 14th October, 1881.

My dear Friend,

I have your kind letter of 17th September informing me of the progress of spiritualism in your part of the world. Your experiences are both interesting and afford ground for hopefulness and encouragement. But we in this country have reason greatly to rejoice, for you will learn by this and the past mail to India, of the amazing interest taken in spiritualism by the clergy of the Church of England (the established church of the country). You will read in the pages of the "Light" the addresses made at the Church Congress. Who can tell where the movement may not now reach? The materialism and atheism of the people and of society have to be stemmed in some way and the hearts of the clergy turn to spiritualism as the only effective means—may they seriously keep the object in sight—and gather a rich harvest.

I notice you will send Mr. Rogers 200 copies of the "Soul" and you wish him to attend to the "Stray Leaves" also, I presume he gets these from Mr. Harrison. I note also your determination

to write* on "Yoge and Spiritualism" and show that the Theosophists are in error. Well done—may you nobly succeed!

I arrived here on the 3rd after a voyage from Bombay of 19 days and a half—quite well. Trusting this will find you quite hearty. Believed me.

Kind regards to friend Meugens.

Yours fraternally,

Alex Calder.

London, 18th November, 1881.

My dear friend,

I last had the pleasure on the 14th October and since then your lines of the 13th of that month have come to hand respecting two cases of your works per S. S. Phiades, one of which you wished Mr. Rogers to have for sale on your account and the other to be forwarded to Colby and Rich, Boston. As Mr. Rogers does not occupy himself selling books, he has thought it advisable to hand the invoice to Mr. Morse who is Colby & Rich's agent here for sale of Spiritual literature and he will have better opportunity of doing justice to your desire. I hope you will approve of this arrangement. You will see Mr. Morse's address if you refer to "Light" for he is also publisher of that journal, and I would recommend your writing him direct for all information as to your books etc. Mr. Morse writes me that he is attending to your wishes. The Phiades has not yet arrived.

Your seances appear to me increasing in interest. It is not at all unlikely that after Mr. Eglington's visit your mediums will obtain greater power. Trusting you are quite well and with best wishes.

Yours fraternally,

Alex Calder.

84 Russell Street,

Melbourne, November 28th, 1881.

Dear friend & Brother,

I have yours of October 10th also book and pamphlet which I have read with interest, but as I am much crowded with matter for present number of the Harbinger and I cannot get any of the books

for sale for at least two months, I shall defer notice of the book till next issue. I am pleased to hear of the progress of Spiritualism in India, to me it is a beautiful truth and I cannot help regretting that the occultists (proper) condemn it as baneful. I send you herewith a Draft on London for the sum of five pounds sterling for which you can send me value of the book *On the Soul and Stray Thoughts*. I should also like to have a copy of the *Biography of David Hare*. Please forward these by first mail and oblige.

I send you *Harbinger of Light* for December.

Yours very truly,

W. H. Terry.

*

*

*

1, Commercial Buildings,
Strand, Calcutta,
November 30th, 1881.

Dear Peary Chand Mittra,

I have read your works with much pleasure and satisfaction and with much advantage to myself. I perceive you have been a keen student to the *true* spiritual philosophy and have dived very much below the surface.

I want to ask a favor of you. If there is such a thing as a Bible or a Prayer Book printed in Hindustanee may I trouble you to get them per bearer. They will assist me in my studies and from my ignorance of the language. I am unable to get about to find these things for myself. I shall have much pleasure in seeing you to-morrow. Believe me.

Yours fraternally,

W. Eglington.

*

*

*

"Light."

4, New Bridge Street.
Ludgate Circus, E. C.
December 15th, 1881.

Dear Sir,

The books from Harrison I received a long time before I could and had to pay him 10 shillings for his Custom House costs. I had to pay 10 shillings for rebinding them. The cost of Custom House dues etc., for parcel of *Nature of the Soul* consigned to *Light* was 9-6 and for the parcel for Colby and Rich including re-

soldering the metal case 11s. These items make a total £2-0-6 for which kindly send remittance. Mr. Morse will do what he can to sell the books, but business in that line is very slack, Kindly give my best regards to Mr. Meugens when you see him and say I will write soon.

Yours very truly,
E. D. Rogers.

11, Queen Victoria Street,
London, 28th December, 1881.

My dear Friend,

Since writing you on the 18th November I have had the pleasure receiving your letter of the 28th of that month. You ask that Mr. Rogers would send you 25 or 50 copies of a work of yours—but as he has two works of yours (I believe) I do not know which you mean. The two boxes books (On the Soul) have arrived and one of them is with Mr. Morse and the other he has sent to Messrs. Colby and Rich. I enclose his note of 13th December to show this. To Mr. Rogers, I wrote recently on your affairs (re-books) and he replies that he has written you. I may be wrong but I fear you will derive no benefit (pecuniary) from these books sales here—the advertisements eat up preceeds—at least that is my experience. As Mr. Rogers has your books I would suggest if you want any returned, you had better write him *direct* for however willing I may be to attend to your wish it is irregular for me to dispose of your property. Hereafter it will create confusion in the account. Trusting that this will find you in good health and with best wishes for the new year. I remain.

Yours fraternally,
Alexander Calder.

Many thanks for copy of your work, Agriculture in Bengal.

Boston,
January 12th, 1882.

Babu Peary Chandra Mittra.

Dear Sir,

Your letter under date of October 12th containing invoice for the 200 copies Nature and Development of the Soul and 25 copies Life of C. Grant came to hand in due time but the case

containing the books was received by us from the Custom House only a few days since. Owing to the fact that the books were billed to us at the price at which they retail in your country and that they were not billed to us at the net price (commission off) at which we are to account to you for those we sell, we had to pay a duty on the gross amount of your bill. The duties and custom charges amounted to \$33.21 which sum we have charged to your account. Please inform us by return mail at what price in our money we shall retail the books in this country, also how much discount or commission from the retail price you will allow us on those we will sell, for advertising and handling the books. We think 50 cent. retail would be enough to charge for the Nature of the Soul.

Truly yours,
Colby and Rich.

4, New Bridge Street,
London E. C., 8th May, 1882.

Peary Chand Mittra.

My dear Sir,

I have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your favor of March 14th and also in informing you that agreeable to your desires I have now sent all the copies of Spiritual Stray Leaves I have.

We have just received advice of a Post Office order for £2 payable to Editor of the Light from India and as Mr. Rogers does not expect any cash from your side of the world, save the account of £2 he sent you we fancy it is your remittance, but as no correspondence has yet reached us either from you or the sender of the order we are in the dark. Can you enlighten us? With much esteem, I am,

My dear Sir,

Fraternally thine,

J. J. Morse.

3, Church Lane, Calcutta
27th November, 1882.

My dear Friend,

I was very sorry to hear such a poor account of your health, but am glad to learn that you are again better. I hope to be able to come to see you soon but as usual at this season of the year, I am

dreadfully busy. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Meugens is still in very bad health and there does not seem much chance of any permanent improvement. I return Mr. Morse's list. I paid your subscription with my own before leaving England. I think you had better fix exchange 1 shilling 7½d, this would be Rs. 9-4-0 about for 15s. 2d.

Yours truly,

J. G. Meugens.

4, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus,
London, January, 4th, 1883.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

As we are needing to up our account for 1883 we shall be obliged if you will kindly remit us on the list of subscriptions sent you by us on July 17th last year amounting to £6-18-3 and upon which matter you wrote us asking rate in rupees per £ you should remit us in—to which we advised you but have not heard from you since.

Will you be so good also to advise if we are to continue sending *Light* to the various addresses still—the price has been reduced this year, and is now 15-2 per year.

Awaiting the favour of your early advice, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. J. Morse.

84, Russell Street,
Melbourne, July 12th, 1883.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

My dear Sir,

Mr. William Denton, the celebrated geologist, author and lecturer whom you doubtless know by repute will be in your city sometime towards the end of this year and in all probability lecture there on scientific and if necessary spiritualistic subject. He left two large boxes of books with me which he desired me to forward to Calcutta and I have taken the liberty to address them to your care. I enclose the ship's receipt, freight paid to Calcutta. Will you kindly send to ship for them and store them debiting Mr. Denton with carriage and storage. You will find my friend Denton a most

learned and scientific spiritualist and I think will derive both pleasure and profit from his society. I trust the philosophy of spiritualism has a good hold in Calcutta and is making progress. There are considerable divergences between it and the occult philosophy of our theosophical friends which I cannot at present bring into argument.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours fraternally,

W. H. Terry.

84, Russell Street,

Melbourne, August 29th, 1883.

Peary Chand Mittra, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I wrote you last month advices of two cases sent to your care for Mr. William Denton, ex "Bark Rollo," my assistant subsequently found a third case which should have been sent, and has forwarded it by the steamer ship "Newcomer" for Calcutta freight paid. Will you kindly receive and store the same with the others, I enclose the ship's receipt, and am,

Yours truly,

W. H. Terry.

ESSEM.

BIRTH OF THE DIVINE KRISHNA.

(V).

With the customary leave taking from the host the guests dispersed. Krishna left Hastinapore for Dwarka. Durjodhan returned home with his suite. His heart was burning with the flame of the green-eyed monster—jealousy. During his stay at Hastinapore, he mistook a brook made of crystal for land, and had fallen into the water. Bhim jeered him for the awkward blunder he committed. It was the handiwork of the celebrated Titan of Heaven named Maidanab. Durjodhan had no peace of mind, and was pining away day by day under the influence of the evil passions that swayed him. His uncle called Sakuni asked him with great concern the cause of his melancholia ? " Durjodhan, heaving a sigh, said—" My dear uncle, I was insulted at Indraprasta, by Bhim and I am burning to have my revenge. My life is wasting away and I am determined to sacrifice, my existence through the ordeal of fire.

Sakuni replied—" Have patience, my boy, you think the Pandavs are on the zenith of prosperity. I can turn the tide, by a stratagem. You know the fondness of Judhistir for chess. As he is still a novice in the art, I can easily win the games, if you invite him to come here. I will explain the way by which you will gain your object. A courier was accordingly despatched to Indraprasta with a letter of invitation. The Pandavs along with Draupadi went to Hastinapore as guests of Durjodhan. Bidur-minister to the Maharaja of Hastinapore was a wise and virtuous man. With the foresight of an enlightened man and a true seer, he scented danger, and persuaded Judhistir not to indulge in gambling. Judhistir did not pay any heed to the sage-like counsel of the sainted Bidur, but plunged headlong into the vortex of gambling. As ill luck would have it, he lost his kingdom at the first stake. By the second bet, he lost his brothers and the virtuous and faithful Draupadi. He staked his personal liberty at the next venture and lost it, likewise. Karna jeered and taunted Judhistir and said " that

people who are not blessed with a straw, which they could call their own, should not be allowed to sit with their betters." He forced the Pandavs to sit on a lower platform, allotted to retainers and people of that ilk.

The conspirators did not scruple to send for Draupadi from the inner apartments and Dushasan at once went to her quarters. He went up to Draupadi and insulted her by stating "you are no longer a Rani, but a common hand-maiden, attached to the seraglio of the Royal Durjodhan. Come along with me to court. If you do not carry out my mandate, I will use force to drag you there."

The galling words of Dushasan pierced her heart, and she in sheer consternation, ran to the apartments of the Dowager Maharani for safety and protection. Dushasan chased her and catching her, dishevelled hair which fell down in masses on her back, dragged her along with him. The poor lady was alarmed beyond measure and supplicated Dushasan to leave her alone and not to take her into court; as she was not in a fit condition to appear before the public. She filled the air with her lamentations and finding no sympathetic response from anybody, fervently offered the following prayer to Sri Krishna. "Oh Thou all-merciful and potential Krishna have pity on my deplorable condition. Beyond Thee, I have nobody in this wide world to look up to. Do come to my aid, I beseech Thee." She was bathed in tears and looked towards the Pandavs imploringly. The fiend in human shape—Dushasan, was not satisfied with insulting and torturing her in this way, but tried to outrage her modesty by tugging her Sari roughly. Bhim was gnashing his teeth with ire, and looked askance towards Yudhistir, as if asking permission from him to tear Dushasan to pieces, but his brother signed him to keep quiet. Bhim muttered an oath, by which he bound himself to suck the life-blood of Dushasan, as soon as an opportunity will offer itself. Bhim kept his vow in the battlefield of Kurukshetra.

Omnipotent Krishna could not remain inactive and indifferent, to Draupadi's ardent supplication, but flew to Hastinapore from Dwarka and appeared before Draupadi, although invisible to other spectators.

She meekly enquired him the cause of his delay? Krishna replied—"you were calling me as the lord of Dwarka, and not as the lord of your heart so, I have only taken the time necessary"

to come from distant Dwarka, had you invoked me as the lord of your heart, I would have appeared before you instantaneously." He simply touched Draupadi's Sari and the more Dushasan tugged it out, the more it came out in folds, till at last her Sari became unlimited in length and a perfect heap of clothing was gathered and piled up, to the astonishment of the on-lookers who openly admired her virtue and chastity. The blind king could not refrain from saying that she was a jewel of a woman and ranked first amongst the ladies of the Kuru branch. He was proud of her, and requested her to ask a boon from him.

She said—"May it please your Majesty to direct that henceforth my children may not be called the sons of slaves and I also crave the unconditional restoration of my husband's kingdom. Dhitrarashtra granted her prayer, and Yudhistir was allowed to return home with his family.

Some time elapsed after this occurrence and nothing of importance happened. Duryodhan was again willing to play his old trick with Yudhistir, and sent him a challenge to play chess with him.

It was customary with Kshatriyas to accept a challenge to fight or play chess, with any one who chose to send the challenge and one who holds back is considered a fool, without any sense of honour or chivalry.

Yudhistir accepted the invitation to play and Dame Fortune, like a capricious old lady again turned against him. He lost everything. The stipulated condition of the play was, that the loser would renounce his kingdom, and retire to a forest for twelve years and remain one year incognito. If the whereabouts and identity of the man are traced during the incognito period, he shall have again to pass another year unknown. Acting up to the terms of the agreement Yudhistir and his four brothers with Draupadi went to a jungle. Kunti Devi their mother begged to accompany them, but her wishes were not complied with. Yudhistir placed her under the care of Bedur.

● The scions of Bhoj, Andhak, and Jadu expressed their sorrow and sympathy with the Pandavs in their distress. A short time after their departure, the Rajkumars paid a visit to the forest home of the Pandavs. They met Srikrishna there. He described to them the barbarous and inhuman atrocities committed upon the innocent

Pandavs by the adherents of Durjodhan. In the course of his speech Krishna became excited with indignation, his eyes flashed forth fire and sparks of light began to come out of his body.

Arjun thought that the wrath of Krishna will turn the world topsy-turvy, and he tried to pacify him by chanting a sloka (stanza) in his praise.

Draupadi said to Krishna—"You are God incarnate and a benefactor of our family, and yet the vile Dushasan dared to humiliate me, in the way, he did. In the presence of the Pandavs, I was like a poor helpless creature asking for succour but no one helped me. I should like to know the cause of their indifference in the critical moment. Draupadi could not restrain her tears and her utterance was choked with sobs.

Krishna said :—"Dear madam, do not shed tears, your days of adversity are almost over. Fortune will smile on you again, so be cheerful. Vice cannot dominate over virtue. Those who insulted you, shall be crushed and perish like insects on fire, and their wives shall have to shed bitter tears, to mourn their loss in the battle-field. I shall leave no stone unturned to help Yudhishter. You shall become the queen of India. Rest assured that my promise never fails. Krishna then took leave of her. The Pandavs visited many places of pilgrimage and passed the stipulated period in the jungle, and then went to the court of Raja Birat to pass the remaining period of one year in disguise. For fear of being discovered by the Kurus, the Pandavs decided to present themselves one by one to the Raja. Yudhishter became one of the courtiers of Birat, playing chess with him. Bhim was appointed Chef looking after the culinary preparations. Arjun was engaged in the capacity of dancing master to princess Uttara. Nakul became the superintendent of the Royal stud and Sahadev looked after the cattle. Just before the stipulated time had expired, Kichuck the brother-in-law and commandant of the forces of the King, happened to see Draupadi, who was employed as a handmaiden under the queen. The superb beauty of Draupadi, inflamed the desire of the man and he was maddened to possess the girl. Draupadi went to Bhim, during this crisis and he told her to ask Kichuck to come and see her, after candle-light in the room, where the young princess Uttara was taught dancing.

Draupadi, on meeting Kichuck, acted her part so very nicely

that the brute in an ecstasy of delight, promised to come to the rendezvous, after candle-light. He kept his word and found a muffled figure, standing in one corner of the room. As he approached to embrace her, he got a shower of kicks and blows, but such was the infatuation of the man, that the blows from the iron hand of Bhim, appeared to him to be the caress of a lady. He found out his mistake ere long. Bhim did not give him time to attack him, but killed Kichuck outright, and battered him into a mass of flesh and bones. The career of Kichuck was cut short in this way, his death caused much consternation amongst the people of the locality. The year of banishment, being out. Yudhistir disclosed his identity to the Maharaja. Just about this time Yudhister asked Durjodhan to divide the Raj. Durjodhan declined to yield an inch of ground, and the Pandavs were forced to declare war. Both parties began to mobilise their respective armies, and were on the quiver to gain over various Rajas to their respective sides.

Sri Krishna remained neutral and an attempt was made by Durjodhan to gain him over to his side. For that purpose, he sent a messenger to Dwarka. Karna on coming to know about this, superciliously said—"What is the good of having Krishna? We are strong enough to drive the enemy out of the country without Krishna's help. He is not a brave man or else why he should go away to Dwarka, instead of fighting with Jarasanda. Durjodhan replied, I have invited Krishna, to be my charioteer, and not as a leader of my army. Overhearing this conversation, Bidur, was awfully annoyed and indignantly cried out—"Oh Durjodhan banish the idea, that Srikrishna will become your charioteer. The gods consider themselves fortunate, if they are permitted to worship his lotus feet, with flowers. These celestial deities pay homage to him daily. He incarnates himself for the good of humanity from time to time, whenever vice prevails and virtue become stagnant.

SIVA NATH ROY.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

By KALI KUMAR GHOSE, B.L.

PART I.**CHAPTER I.***The Siege.*

It was still night though twilight was creeping. Not a star twinkled in the vault of heaven, not a planet gleamed, nor even an afterglow of the vanished moon relieved the eye from the dark massy vapour that hung like a funeral-pall over the silent metropolis of Cashmere.

Ah ! a dead hush, the hush of alarm, hung over the imperial city, for beneath her walls rolled the kettle-drum of a moslem host and within her shadow waved the standard of the crescent. It was Sultan Mahmud down with his fierce hordes. Oh, the terror of his name and arms. Before him had everything given way. With an impetuosity which nothing could withstand he had crossed the frontier, secured the passes and swept up to her gate. The surprise was complete. His mighty armament was compassing her round with a deadly sureness and to set the seal to her fate all succour from without was fairly cut off. Shut in by the fierce cordon, siege rearing its gory head on every side, she was forced to choose between sack and surrender.

The imperial capital was ill-prepared to sustain a siege. The fortifications were strong enough but there was shortage of ammunition. The garrison though full of life was numerically weak and, worse than all, the provender was falling short. To hold out long was a downright impossibility and yet a desperate sally meant only utter ruin to the besieged. After seven days of regular operations the crown sent forward a flag of truce to hold a parley with the invader under its sacred protection.

But elaborate precautions were adopted to prevent a raid. Round the city were run extensive works in the shape of an exterior fortification. Palisades were planted in great number. Towers were raised on all parts of the rampart. Turrets rose at advantageous points, strengthened with parapet and battlements. Mounts were cast up and other bulwarks for offence or defence. The ditch was rendered unfordable by damming up the water. On its either brink forked stakes were fixed in rows. Beyond was raised

a double wall on whose summit were piled huge stones and pointed beams. Under its lee the ground was filled with pits and scattered with iron caltrops or hooked spikes. As a further security trenches were run ahead, rounded by a system of earthworks and the intervening space was sown with spurs.

Under the walls were disposed in close lines strong bodies of cavalry and light foot. Archers manned the towers, slingers and javelin-men filled the turrets. Thousands crowded the palisading to pour forth a hail of steel from every point of vantage. The city-gates were barricaded with the exception of two and at each there was stationed a large body of troops. The fort which was of great strength was doubly strengthened. To aid in the defence of the city men were disposed in dense columns at different points on the broad road that skirted it. The river across the city was closely guarded. Troops of military patrols marshalled the strand road on its either side. The volunteers were called out. The town militia was ordered to get under arms. Every citizen capable of bearing arms was impressed into the service. The police were kept astir. Picked men as a body of reserve were kept ready for emergency. All the big buildings near the gates were turned into soldiers' barracks and the officers were quartered in the nearest public houses.

Dreadful was the panic within. All hearts throbbed with the pulsations of dismay. A vast mob of incapables swarmed the defences. The private buildings were barricaded and loopholed. Many sent their womenfolk and children away and took their places at the different loopholes. To stave off a sudden attack many surrounded their houses with stockades. In the fort was formed a sort of royal establishment, her imperial majesty with all her train and many of the principal ladies of the palace were ensconced there. The stores were closed. The public offices were nailed up. Over the streets brooded a deep silence broken only by bugle blasts and the sickening cries of constables cautioning people to stay within door. Alarm bells clashed and clanged from every tower, alarm signals were flying from post to post. The business centre of the city and the working parts wore a solitary look. The shops were closed, the stalls cleared and the deserted alleys were as black as night. The markets ceased to be scenes of busy excitement. The manufactories were no longer alive with activity. No hustle.

no throng enlivened their surroundings. Silence prevailed in the temples. From their domed galleries no music thrilled or resounded. The show places, the other resorts of the holiday folks and the promenade seemed destitute of life. The great city looked as if sunk into a melancholy picture of wretchedness. All her joyfulness was gone, her trade and commerce were at a standstill, her stock of provision was falling short, even her lighting and scavenging were not attended to.

A week had passed in skirmishes. Three days more in negotiations. Then the invader announced as the positive ultimatum the payment of a ransom for the capital and the delivery of hostages. The ransom demanded was a crore gold mohurs, fifty elephants and five hundred horses. To these conditions the garrison was constrained to submit. Seven youths of the first rank, sons of the principal nobility, were sent as hostages. An armistice was obtained. The crown and the cabinet were next busy arranging the terms on which a final accommodation might be effected. Meanwhile the amount was collected, partly from the treasury and partly from the people. A treaty was speedily drawn up, signed and sealed and a deputation was appointed of five principal men of the city to wait upon the invader for its ratification and for payment of the ransom.

Twelve days had gone by and our story opens with the thirteenth night of the investment.

It still wanted an hour to day-break. A general blackness enveloped the city. Only here and there a flickering light from some broken casement or a flare of the watchman's lantern was all the feeble substitute for the illumination which the street-lamps were wont to shed. A deep, dead silence, an absolute hush surcharged with brooding danger, hung in the atmosphere. Not a step sounded on the stony street save that of the patrol. Not a wheel crunched it. Not a door creaked or a window rattled.

Suddenly from the end of a lonely street a clatter of horse's hoofs rolled in deep echoes. An alarm broke from the nearest watch and his lamp shot a red, glowing reflection in the direction of the sound.

The beat of hoof-strokes drummed and drummed upon the road and ere another cry rose to his lips, there emerged from amidst the dark shade of gloom the figure of an equestrian advancing at a sharp trot.

"Halt there and say who you are" challenged the watchman, as

the light of his lamp fell with a strong ray on the approaching form.

Not a word broke from the cavalier. With a dignified silence he cut on at a spanking pace.

"In the name of his imperial majesty I stop you" pealed forth the sentry as he bounded forward to seize the horse by the bridle. The horseman reined in and turning sharply round darted at him a stern look.

The sentry staggered back as his light fell full on the equestrian's face. With a low obeisance and words of apology he stepped back to his beat.

With a pounding rush the cavalier trotted away and challenged by each sentry as he passed his beat he sped from street to street till he reached a gate of the palace.

CHAPTER II.

The Parting.

It was a spacious chamber of the palace, fitted up in the most exquisite style. The walls were hung with silk tapestries embellished with floral and foliage designs curiously wrought out. Their golden fringes swept on a carpet of excellent workmanship which overspread the floor. The windows were drawn over with curtains of the richest stuff, sparkling with gold asterisks and finished with knotted fringes of golden lace. Over them were cornices of massive silver, each representing the figure of two dragons clutching with their extended talons a silver pole. Hooked to the wall between every two windows was a golden fairy holding with each outstretched hand a cluster of crystal lamps elaborately gilded. The doors were painted in frescoes of the richest colouring. The ceiling was so richly ornamented with figures in carved work and gilt that nothing was to be seen but gold and imagery. From it hung chandeliers of colored crystal whose silver branches were enriched with cornelian and cat's eye. At each corner of the room was a costly candelabrum in whose arms under rose-tinted glassshades lights twinkled from tapers smelling aloes and ambergris. There were pictures large and small whose golden frames were studded with a variety of resplendent gems. On shelves inlaid with ivory, gold cups stood proudly among silver vases. Side tables blazed with little statues in burnished gold whose glint was reflected in the polish of the wood. Arranged in a series of tiers, giving an effect that was pretty and pleasing, were Joypur brass-

wares and Multan art-pottery, Mysore sandalwood boxes and carved ivory works from Hyderabad. There was also a display of all that was beautiful and magnificent in glass and porcelain, all that was novel in design and of beautiful finish. Mirrors large and brilliant were so artistically arranged as to represent by their glorious reflection an endless vista of fairy halls. Neatly disposed were divans lined with stuff of gold. The cloths that covered them were embossed with pearls and the rich brocaded cushions with which they were strewn were so many singularities. In the middle of the room were set round a dozen sofas of polished amber, heavily gilt and draped in shawls from the richest looms of the country. Within this circle stood an ivory couch with quilted velvet—a perfect marvel for beauty of workmanship. In fine the room was a blaze of all that fancy could fashion and riches be wasted on. The lamps lent a soft glow and the air was heavy with a subtle perfume.

Reclining upon the couch was a youthful beauty, a rare and brilliant beauty. Her complexion had the glow of molten gold, seasoned with a sweet blend of the rich, soft hues of lily and rose. This delicate colour deepening into a crimson flush on the sweet cheeks and into a carmine tint on the lovely lips presented the highest conception of carnation glory. Her face, a blaze of beauty, whose every line and lineament was clothed with a non-chalant grace, stood out splendidly from a wealth of dark curls which surmounted it. A rounded chin admirably shaped finished its soft oval. The large, blue eyes—the perfection of eyes—were beautifully drawn out. They were full of langour and lustre and in their every glance there lurked an alluring charm. Over them the lids were gracefully carved and frilled with black lashes. A sylphid grace sat on the eye-brows which were superbly arched and pencilled faultlessly even in the eye of art. A profusion of raven hair in whose rippling meshes were caught and tangled all the light in the room started from above the Madonna forehead and woven into a beautiful braid was plaited neatly at the back of her head. Its delicate tendrils confined round the brow by a circlet of gems threw out in brilliant contrast the rich tint of the face. The nose which had the gentlest approach to the aquiline was beautifully chiselled and Nature with her same chisel had carved a pair of vermilion lips. Her neck and rounded arms glistening

like the fine inner texture of lily contributed to the sculptural elegance of the bust which from the slope of her shoulders down to the slender waist exhibited a perfect model of symmetry. Her figure though slightly tall was exquisitely modelled, invested with that combination of regularity and proportion which the master artist conjures up to build an image of some denizen of the fairy land. Surrounding that figure there was a halo of purity, of angelic serenity. Her features mounted with a grace of a transcendental type had an uncommon charm, onthralling and bewitching and yet inspiring a sublime notion of feminine dignity. Blended with it there was an air of majesty which proceeding although from a consciousness of high birth and noble lineage was perfectly unsullied by an element of pride. It was expressive of candour and sincerity, innocence and placidity, gentleness and simplicity. In fine, there were combined in her a beauty supreme yet blooming, an air commanding yet tranquil, features stately yet lovely, and charms dazzling yet delicious. It seems that in moulding this embodiment of feminine beauty the Divine mind must have called up images of perfect shapes and by a judicious selection made out of them an assemblage of abstract beauties.

A *surcoat* of crimson silk gathered about the waist fitted her figure to perfection. Its rich embroidery had been the triumph of a Beneras artist. A Salooka of blue-black crape, gold embroidered and richly fringed, clung sweetly about her bosom, half revealing its proud swell. The gleam and grandeur of the bust showed through its transparent frill. Round the body, half-covering the head, was negligently thrown an *Orna* of the finest texture—a vision of pink roses and glinting green.

A profusion of jewellery adorned her person. On her arms shone bangles set with topaz and bracelets studded with jasper. Their brilliancy was set off by the flame of her diamond choorees. The lily fingers glowed with rings of ruby. Round her neck she wore a necklace of sapphire and upon the bosom hung a string of magnificent pearls. A tiara of precious stones glimmered upon the brow, the light playing on it produced a thousand kaleidoscopic effects. Among the braids of her hair gleamed opals forming a luminous halo round the head. Two gems flashed and twinkled in her ears. Two pendants glittered with the soft green of emerald and the changing blue of turquoise. From under the folds of the

Saree glistened a Jhanjaree of the costliest type and *Noopours* of brilliant silver sparkled on her pretty feet. A vermilion tint just where the hair parted, a dainty suggestion of betel-red upon the lips and the paint of *alakta* about the soles of the feet added to the vision of glory.

She sat reclining upon the couch in the full glow of her beauty, set off by all the accessories of dress and jewels. Her feet rested on a nice footstool, her upturned right arm supported her head and the left hand was laid loosely on her side. Thus sat the princess of Cashmere, the princess-royal, with all the charms of a Hebe, a Hymen, a Helen.

Near her sat on a sofa a blue-eyed maiden of her age, another beauty, with a face fair and fresh as a spring blossom; ravishing no doubt though not so dazzling; with charms resplendent but having a milder effulgence, deliciously sweet but not so seraphic; a model of loveliness but not in her presence. Not her chambermaid, for her air was too noble and her apparel too exquisite to be mistaken for a lady's maid. Not a Cashmere girl, for hers were the features of a Rajput maiden. She was her companion, her confidante.

But chambermaids there were. Half a dozen young women pretty and well-dressed sat dozing hereabouts.

No sleep weighed the eye-lids of the princess though the night was wearing on. Sad and silent sat she. There was anxiety in her eyes and on her face was depicted an air of impatience. Even the very stillness of the room seemed oppressive.

Suddenly a clangour of iron-hoofs broke in upon the distant air.

"Hark, hark, Chitrolekha, a beat of horse's hoofs approaches the gate" her sweet voice trilled out upon the night-hush.

"He comes, it is he, depend on it" broke out her companion in soft fluid accents.

Into the moment of expectant silence not another voice broke.

In a few minutes steps echoed through the curved and pillared archways below, up wooden stairs, along corridors and galleries and then crunched the marbled pavement outside.

"He comes" repeated Chitrolekha. A crimson wave washed over the princess's cheek and chin. Every pulse of her frame beat an answer to the foot-fall. He drew down her veil and seizing an end of the *orna* flung it across her body to mantle the swelling splendour of the half-revealed bosom. The sound drew nearer. The

door flew open and a female usher entering in announced 'the prince.'

In haste rose Chitrolekha and the Chamber-maids and withdrew into a side-room. Blush roses crept to the princess's brow as the name was announced. In obedience to modesty's mighty impulse the sapphire eyes were bent downward.

Ere a moment elapsed a fair young man arrayed in full military costume softly entered in. Exceedingly handsome, of four and twenty, he had a stately bearing, a classic face, an air of rank and high lineage. The bloom of youth and buoyant health lent a lustre to his complexion of milk and rose and threw around him an air which was commanding and imposing. His stature was elegantly lofty, with faultless proportions, his figure was graced with symmetry and his features were exquisitely charming. A pair of large and lustrous eyes, an aquiline nose, rosy lips and rounded chin perfected the loveliness of his countenance. His dark hair parted above his expansive brow and curling beautifully broke into glossy rings over the head. A slight line of moustache graced his upper lip and no whiskers, no beard marred his facial beauty.

He wore a costly military uniform. A garment of blue-black velvet, embellished with armorial ensigns, covered his body, descending down the waist. Trousers of the same stuff lined with lace-cords were buttoned up below the knee-joint. Hose of some gold-coloured fabric covered his legs. He wore military boots piped with lace-cords. A leather-strap embellished with golden designs crossed his breast and round his waist passed a belt of gold-plated woven wares. On his head sat a turban, inclined a little to the left. It was streaked with golden lace and its skirt which was edged with a knotted fringe hung gracefully. Thus arrayed in a gorgeous costume, with no heavy panoply weighing upon him looked the fair youth like the sculptural representation of some Olympian hero.

He was an heir-apparent to the throne of Bahawalpur. To contract an alliance with this royal house His Majesty, the Lord of Cashmere, gave him his eldest daughter, the princess-royal, in marriage. Since the marriage, which had taken place only a few months ago, he was staying in his court, His Majesty having in appreciation of his military talent given him the command of a section of his army. For the defence of the city he was stationed at its main gate at the head of a large body of cavalry.

TITAGHUR PAPER MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Titaghur & Kankinara,

E. B. S. R.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

ALL KINDS OF

**Printing, Foolscap, Car-
tridge, Blotting, and
Badami Papers.**

Managing Agents:—

F. W. Heilgers & Co.,

Chartered Bank Buildings.

CALCUTTA.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES.

No. 6—JUNE 1915.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.—(II)

A side glance darted from the princess's sapphire eyes as the noble youth entered the room. A smile flashed on her vermilion lips. The crimson blush descending suffused her neck with a carmine tint. The youth smiled a sweet smile—a smile eloquent with the fervour of love, a smile symbolic of love's delicious language, a smile with which a fond husband greets his newly-wed wife.

Straightway the fair youth glided to her couch. Softly he sat down at her side and took her hand in his. The warm touch sent a thrill of rapture to the very centre of his being and made every drop of blood in his veins leap and reel with the mad intoxication of it. In that blissful moment he seemed to be drunk with ecstasy, forgot all else of earth, the danger brooding over the city, the dreadful exigencies of the situation, he forgot all else but his worshipped idol.

"Forgive me, my darling" he broke forth apologetically when their kisses allowed speech. "You know too well what keeps me away. These two weeks have been much the hardest for our troops. Even during the night we would take no rest."

"Do the Barbarians press on to force our lines" asked she, there was a suggestion of fear in her tone.

"Now they do not, there has been an armistice, but several times they attempted to storm our lines and were thrust back" he replied exultingly.

"What means have we taken to defend the city?" The music of her voice floated out again.

"We have completed a series of works about it. The rampart we have strengthened with parapet. The—"

"Should they get over it?" interrupted she with an impulse of eagerness.

"They can't" replied he with an emphasis. "We have run a frieze along its foot made of long stakes. In all parts of the rampart we have raised towers. The moat has been filled with water."

"No piles, no palisades?" she questioned anxiously.

"Oh! plenty of these." Replied he, "Further off we have raised a double wall on which blocks of granite have been piled and pointed beams. We have also raised huge artificial mounds—"

"What more?"

"Further on ditches have been run and pits dug in several rows.

"Can the pits be seen from the enemy's lines?"

The sweet voice rang again with all its rush of silvery sound.

"No, they have been covered over with brushes to deceive them" replied the prince smiling.

"But how are our troops disposed." There was genuine interest in her eyes.

"Under the exterior walls, within the rampart, behind the entrenchments we have placed the flower of our cavalry and our best foot. The towers and turrets are filled with archers. There are reserves and platoons of picked men. We stand vigorously on our defence.

The face of the princess lighted with a brighter gleam.

"Are the barbarians encamped within view of our walls" enquired she with timid interest, flustering what dreadful truth might lie in the answer.

"Their camps are at different points" replied he "some in view of our walls, others far away but they were continually drawing out before our lines."

"Can it be that the barbarian chief is ranging his troops for the greater show", asked she as though by some instinct the reality of the situation flashed on her.

"I believe he means to frighten us by an appearance of vast

army. First he disposed his forces all around the city to know what resolution we might take. When we showed fight he sent a squadron of cavalry to judge of our valour but we gave him a taste of it." His cheeks became flushed with a glow of pride. Her cheeks glowed too, fiery spirit flashed up under the lashes.

"The brute expected to carry the town by assault" muttered she in a tone of scorn.

"He thought we won't be able to stand it" replied the prince derisively "but we showed him how a single weapon of ours was not discharged in vain."

Exultant pride laughed in her cherry-ripe lips. "Oh! what influence fortune has over war" observed she philosophically.

"But all things run very much in his favour. He has the advantage of the ground. His troops are numerous and resources vast."

"Why, we have also the advantage of extensive works round the city. Our advantage lies also in the fighting quality of our troops. Do these count for nothing" cried she in a tone of bitterness.

"Our troops are the finest" said the prince with a touch of pride. "Thrice the brutes rushed up to our lines and under cover of their buckles tried to make breaches in the walls, but our men sent them grovelling like moles."

A glow of ecstasy replaced the gloom which had momentarily settled on her face.

"Oh! how were they beaten" the musical voice thrilled in ecstasy. "Surely many tumbled into the pits heels over head." The flush of joy gave radiance to her beauty.

"Many, many," echoed the prince joining in the laughter. "Many were wounded by the stakes, many entangled themselves among the calthrops."

"I think the barbarian chief began to despair of success."

"Oh, dear, one failure does n't damp the spirits" replied the prince. "We were having daily skirmishes with his cavalry. Now they kept within the lines, next sallied out troop by troop, in this way were they worrying us. Our nights were employed in repairing the breaches made by day. Whatever might be of use to resist the next day's attack had to be prepared during the night."

"The brutes mean to worry the garrison to surrender" observed she, the same note of bitterness which she had struck before sounded again. The colour came and went on her cheeks in fitful flushes.

"So they do. Several times they made furious sallies, charged our works. Our men from the ramparts plied them with stone and steel. The cavalry from the entrenchments cut a way clean through their lines and wiped out sometimes whole companies. But our loss was not small."

The princess flushed and paled alternately in emotion.

"On which side was the loss greater" inquired she feverishly.

"On their side" replied the prince with a stress. Whenever they came within reach of our dart their lines were pierced through and through, the officers were killed right ahead of the men and the masses were hurled back."

"Victory is on our side" observed she delightedly."

"Once they advanced in close formation under cover of their shield. Some began to apply scaling ladders to the rampart, some to fill up the ditch, others to cut down the breast works with hook. Our slings and arrows broke them completely, our infantry mowed down thousands. The rest cast themselves into a phalanx, rallied and charged again but our cavalry leapt on the phalanx, tore up the buckles and made a massacre. A few that survived fled away tossing their targets to and fro."

"Sure they can't take the city by storm" said she looking a bit sanguine.

"But if the siege be protracted we shall be reduced to extremity" said he bitterly." They have the advantage that when fatigued with the length of a fight one battalion retires, fresh men fill their place. On our side no such resource is left, for our force is small, so that not only such as are wearied with fighting are obliged to continue at their post but we can't even permit the wounded to quit the works."

"The odds are very much against us" muttered she, a wave of fear rippled to her lips. Sadness rose in her eyes.

"What troubles us is that the provision has begun to be scarce and ammunition too."

"Why don't we send parties to forage in the country."

"Oh, dear!" replied the prince." We are cut off from the country. No succour can reach us from abroad. They mean to starve us out."

The colour died down on her cheeks and the glow on her eyes flickered as the full sense of the peril flashed on her.

"Is the city to yield under stress of famine." Her notes trembled, her eyes sought his with timid interest.

"We are constrained to surrender. It is no good defending ourselves to death."

"Is it come to this that the proud sons of Cashmere should throw themselves at the feet of a barbarian and with many tears pray for mercy" said she, tears swimming full in her eyes.

"Such is the Will of Heaven" the prince sighed out.

"But if by our submission we are not able to obtain peace" her voice faltered.

"The barbarian-chief has declared that he would depart provided we lay down a ransom for the city of a crore gold mohurs, fifty elephants and five hundred horses. He demands also hostages for our fidelity."

"Have we agreed to this?"

"We can't help it. We have sent seven noble youths as hostages."

"Ah," cried she, tears starting into her eyes, "who are those unfortunates whose children have been torn from them under the name of hostages."

"Why" said he "they were delivered under a promise of protection."

"Hang his promise," muttered she, "we have heard much of the barbarians, much of the wiles of their policy."

"We have wiles enough to counterwork his" boasted he.

"When is the ransom going to be paid." She asked.

"The amount has been raised. A treaty of amity and alliance was drafted and transmitted to the invader. It has been returned approved. What remains is its formal execution. His majesty has to sign it in the name of the state and it has to be presented to the barbarian-chief for ratification. To-morrow will pass in the necessary preliminaries. A deputation of the principal men of the city starts with the ransom the day after. My darling! I have been appointed to head it."

"Oh God? what is it I hear." She gasped out in alarm. Her lips became parched with terror.

"Be not alarmed my love. My——"

"You shall not go" she cut him short agitatedly. A hint of appeal showed in her eyes.

"You need have no apprehension about me" consoled he, hugging her tenderly "my business is simple. I have only to see that the treaty is ratified."

"Is n't it too great a venture to expose yourself to the perfidy of the barbarians" argued she, her eyes were fixed on his with an expression of alarm. Her voice with its dim suggestion of tears shook and trembled.

"It would not avail them to use any treachery towards me," said he with a soothing balm in his voice.

"No, you shall not go, the barbarians are capable of any villainy," persisted she, her eyes were more appealing than she knew.

"There can be no cause for alarm," repeated the prince in a voice trembling with emotion.

"No, you shall not go." Again the gasping words floated into the air. She searched his eye for the effect of her pleading. The eloquence of her own eye seemed to thrill to the very depth of his soul.

"It is his majesty's wish that I should go," said he, his voice growing more unsteady over the words. The look of his speaking eyes was pathetic. Now the cry of her heart found utterance in a flow of tears. His eyes moistened too and down, down his cheeks tear-drops trickled unconsciously.

Silence prevailed again. Both were locked in each other's arms, he clasping her in soothing caress, she holding him in a piteous appeal. It was now their eyes not their lips that spoke. Her ambrosial breath played upon his face and in her heavenly eyes were gathered all the light from his. It seemed an eternity to them as they stood there, an eternity which was theirs and theirs only.

Time went heedlessly by. The east blushed. The birds chirped out. The morning breeze whirled in with all the sounds and suggestions of spring.

"Dawn is breaking. I must go" stammered the prince. Cold came the words but beneath them her ear caught a surge of emotions. Their lips met and parted once, twice, thrice, then again, yet again, again and again.

"Give me leave to go, my darling!" begged he, his voice sank and with a gasp of farewell he retired.

CHAPTER III.

The Intrigue.

The imperial city of Srinagar is pyriform in shape, base upward and apex downward, with wings from the topside spread out laterally to the east and west. It is divided into two parts by the river Jhelum, along the banks of which it stretches for nearly two miles. Entering in at the apex the mighty stream runs up to the middle and then with a sharp curve bounds away through the western wing. Its off-shoots traverse the different parts of the city, those most easterly discharge themselves by many mouths into the city lake, the rest flow to the south or west. The city lake called Lake Dal lies to the east and another called Lake Waler away to the north. They practically cut off the eastern and northern suburbs from the country beyond.

The city at the time we are speaking was distributed into blocks. The extreme southern block bore the name of Sher Gheri. Within it, surrounded by massive walls was the city fort, a citadel of great strength considered impregnable owing to its advantageous situation. The river as it enters the city washes its base. Higher up where the river takes a bend westward stood the imperial palace—a neat group of magnificent edifices in the midst of a vast pleasure ground. The wall which enclosed it was flanked with turrets and copulas and each gate-way was defended by a barbican. The central edifice, a vision of grandeur, was the court of the imperial couple, their majesties the king and the queen. Separated from it by the intervention of a beautiful orchard was the residence of the princess-royal, equal in architectural beauty. Adjacent was the superb establishment of the prince imperial. In the remaining buildings were housed other personages of royal blood.

Around the city, at equal distances, the invader disposed his troops. Large bodies were stationed among the heights bounded by the two lakes. Double ranges of horse and foot overspread the region to the south, guarding all the streams and high-roads that intersect them. The main body of the army was lodged under the hills that swarmed the tract westward of the city. Through this tract the river Jhelum, after leaving the city, takes a north-westerly course up to the neighbourhood of Lake Waler and then curves and shoots away westward. On a hill rising with an easy ascent from the river

just where it curves stood Sultan Mahmud's camp. On the right hand and on the left hand the descent is steep. At the back the hill swells and gradually abating its declivity comes at last to a plain. Of sufficient breadth to receive the several lines of tent its crest gave a very advantageous position to the encampment. Directly opposite, on the other side of the river, was another eminence of like acclivity, open round the bottom but covered on the top with woods. Among these woods the invader kept his reserve, only a few squadrons of horse appeared on the open ground.

Round his camp he ran a wall with ditch, raised redoubts from point to point and manned them with his best troops. Along each side of the hill he dug a trench and built forts at the extremities. Along the banks of the river at proper distances he placed detachments to guard all the accesses to the city and sent cavalry to scour the country and cut off convoys. Having thus disposed his army he threw up round each post a rampart strengthened by breast work and secured by pits. With these preparations he advanced his lines towards all sides of the city.

The encampment consisted of rows of tents ranged round a central pavilion. Their northern facade formed the rear of the encampment. Along their southern or frontal face ran a broad avenue overlooking the river. From this avenue started passages intersecting the rows with intricate windings and tortuous turns.

In the centre of the encampment the grand pavilion was composed of six spacious compartments. Its pillars were turned round with brass wires, its flap was beautifully painted and the corals spreading out its sides were adorned with festoons. On its canopy were floral and foliage designs of excellent workmanship. Golden crescents upon its peaks contrasted sharply with the silver ones on the tops of the surrounding tents.

On the outskirts of the encampment the space was filled with columns of the best infantry from the heights of Hindukush and with platoons of Tartars and Turkomans.

Outlined against the clear sky stretched the white lines of canvas in a long perspective. Far as the eye could reach the plains were covered with a rolling mass of glittering steel. A vast panorama swept away; gleam, glint and glimmer it was a riot of blaze. Banners red, blue and scarlet flapped and flaunted upon the

wind. The view from the height embraced the grandest prospect the eye could take in, a vast armament swelling in all its mightiness, war's deadly pageantry spread out on all sides.

Day broke bright and blue. The beams of the rising sun threw the proud city of canvas into sharp contrasts of white and black. Hoarse calls, trumpets blaring, men pouring out—the camp was in the throes of waking.

In the central compartment of the pavilion on a richly-embroidered divan lounged Sultan Mahmud. Of average height, thick-chested, muscles bulging across his shoulders, his broad figure suggested great strength. His face was large and flat, pitted with marks of smallpox and in it were set a pair of large eyes of a peculiar shade of steely grey. On his bulky head a length of coloured silk wound in a multiplicity of folds formed a turban. It was surmounted with a plume of heron's features. Tufts of black hair hung from under it and flew gracefully over the shoulders. His full moustache and thick beard were well-trimmed and glossy. A palisse of fur fastened across the chest by a clasp covered his body. The effect of its light blue was heightened by the moss-green of his *pyjama* which was boggy above but tight-fitting from the knee downwards. A sword was suspended by his side, the scabbard of which gleamed with gems. After a night spent in the field he had just gorged himself with a square meal and was composed for drink and smoke. Before him on a carved teapoy stood a flask of Turkish gin and ornamented cups of buffalo horn. Two Ethiopian varlets were all in a flutter, one filling him cups of the sparkling liquor, the other trimming his stumpy tobacco pipe. In front of him at a respectful distance, stood with clasped hands, a tall black man, foxy in appearance, with the eye of a hawk and the nose of a weasel. His features bore lines of greed and cunning and there was about him a look of extreme shrewdness. He was a native of Sind.

"Go on, slave, I hear you" The Sultan spoke in an encouraging tone of voice. The valet now poured out a good bumper and handed it to him deferentially.

"Jahapana" continued the Sindian in subdued accents "She is the most angelic woman in creation."

"Do you fancy that your blue-eyed nymph can compare with any of the Caucasian, Georgian and Circassian girls I have filled my harem with, oh?" asked the former smacking his lips over the liquor.

"Who has not heard of the charms of Cashmere women" the black man grew eloquent "They are the loveliest on earth, our princess is lovelier than the loveliest."

"You speak too highly of her, I suppose" remarked the Sultan, sipping his wine. There was a touch of mockery in the words.

"Sire" replied the blackman, "Since I speak under your Majesty's pleasure I dare not utter anything in excess of the truth. I do not paint her in bright colour when I say that the rarest beauties of your harem must blush in her presence"

"Oh, you see her in the prismatic colours of fancy" said the former, after having quaffed the contents of the cup to the last drop. There was a ring of banter in the voice.

"Mine is not the stuff of which dreamers are made" replied the Sindian "I see her in the light of reality. She is a picture to look upon. Whoever sees her can scarce refrain from turning again and again to admire the dazzling freshness of her complexion, her heavenly charms, her divine lineaments. To look at her face is to forget all things else. It is a vision of beauty, how fine is its oval, how beautifully cut is the profile. The head and the forehead, how exquisitely are they moulded. The eyes, blue as yonder sky, are a marvel of eyes, their glance is angelic, their flash full of sweet light. Above them nature with an exquisite delicacy has pencilled two bow-like arches and the human sculptor might also envy the Divine style of chiselling the aquiline nose. The cheeks are two damask roses, the mouth is cut and carved with marvellous delicacy. The lips, cherry-ripe, the reddest, the sweetest, might they not have belonged to a houri. What rippling masses of blue-black hair flow in their glossy beauty over the shoulders, how beautifully are their tresses confined round the brow by a circlet of gems, lest they should in wildly straying hide one tint of rose in that beautiful face. It had been my pleasure to look upon many beautiful women, women of the court and women of great families but not one of them can be compared with her. Her fairy-form may well supply a painter's model, so finely rounded, supple and full. The hands and arms are perfection in delicacy. How softly moulded is the swan neck in keeping with the sweet curves of the shoulders, how magnificently developed is the bust, how slender the waist. Ravishing, ravishing. She is made to madden men. She looks like a beautiful statue, rather a wonder of nature

a woman with the face of an angel, the dignity of a queen and the glances of a sorceress. Her voice is gushing musing and her smile a sunshine. She is as radiant a creature as can be imagined. There is no other woman to be compared with her. Beside this glorious vision all look mean and dawdy.

"Is she maid or married" inquired the Sultan, lifting another cup to his lips. Emotions were beginning to surge beneath the calm exterior.

"Married, these six months, to a son of the reigning prince of Bahawalpur" replied the blackman, light gleamed in his eyes.

"What's his name" asked the former, having quaffed the contents of the cup.

"Prince Keerun Sing, a youth bred in military affairs, now a captain of our king's cavalry, in charge of the garrison.

"How is he occupied now" questioned the Sultan, quaffing another cup to the last drop. The interest he began to take in the subject broke the reserve of royal dignity.

"He is stationed at one of the gates of the city at the head of troops. His Majesty the King is moving about the lines. Both are absent from the court."

"Hum?" interjected Mahmud as the valet poured out another glassful.

"It is fitting that your Majesty's harem should receive an Indian beauty of transcendental type."

"But is it possible to have her" asked the great Turk, there was an underlying note of earnestness that escaped him. The spell cast by the description heated his imagination.

"It is" replied the other, inwardly chuckling that he had played his trump card at the right moment. "If only I can know your Majesty's wishes."

"Are you playing with me. Are the words quibbling" questioned Mahmood, gazing steadily at him for a minute or two.

"I dare not, I dare not even think of it."

"Then what makes you imagine that it is all plain sailing."

His fingers now tightened round a tobacco pipe.

"I can lure her here. My arts and wiles are never plied in vain."

"How" asked the great Turk, looking amazed. The expanded eyes spoke doubt and distrust under the thick brows. The Sindian noted the distrustful look.

"The circumstances are favourable. The queen with all her train and the principal ladies of the court are away in the fort. Her spouse is at his military post. She is free in her quarters. It is possible to fill her with a false alarm and make her think of a flight from the palace. Once out of the palace precincts the bird is caged."

"Are n't there guards stationed round the palace? Do not sentries patrol the streets" asked the former curiously.

A puff of grey smoke rolled out of his lips.

"The palace is well guarded, the streets too and each lane and alley" replied the blackman. "Still there is room for slip."

"Explain."

"The river across the city is no longer closely guarded. The boats are still carrying away women and children. It is easy to get among them under the pretence of rowing her to the fort and then by a feint move slip away.

"Vain fancy of yours, absurd fancy that she will put herself under your escort" muttered the Sultan after a few deep pulls at his pipe.

"Jahapana" said the Sindian "I entered his majesty's service when a boy of ten. This is my fortieth year. From a page I have risen to the rank of chief domestic. No male person save myself has privilege to enter the royal zenana. I saw the princess when a child, before my eyes she has blossomed forth into a dashing figure of eighteen. Jahapana, she is as simple as a child, is soft and gentle in her manner even with the menials, is never known to fret or fidget or speak crossly to any one. With me she is open. I can make her believe all sort of fibs. It is easy to gull her."

"What are your plans" demanded the Sultan gravely. There was genuine interest in his eyes now.

Whiff, whiff, puffs of smoke curled upward.

"To decoy her here under a false pretence" said he.

"What if I demand her as a ransom." The image of the princess had now filled his mind to the exclusion of all thought.

"Your majesty will get her corpse only."

The proud Turk was perplexed. The flush of colour which the wine had brought into his cheeks faded temporarily away.

"Your majesty may rely upon me" continued the Sindian much rejoiced at the turn things appeared to take. "I have arranged

all my plans. She will be conveyed here by boat. Only I beg to be provided with a passport for safe passage through your lines and also an order to your men to aid me if need be."

"Passport you shall have and the necessary orders" said the Sultan "but can I believe you, can I take you at your word."

"Siro" pleaded the blackman "can one dare trifle with your dreaded majesty who has power to dethrone kings and princess. Is it possible that a mean slave such as I am should dare hoax the mightiest on earth. What am I to gain by it. I beg your majesty would consider me your trusty slave."

"Hum" interjected the Sultan blowing out a puff of smoke.

"I place the resources of my art at your majesty's disposal," added the blackie.

"Here is a chance for you to help yourself to a princely fortune" rejoined the Sultan "Act square, be true and honest. Play the game to the limit if you do not wish to remain a slave all your life."

"I am too much flattered that your majesty should have given me your confidence. Your majesty will find me square and honourable."

"Now to business" said the Sultan. "It needs a couple of words to settle it. Name a reward and you shall have it."

Their eyes now met in a flash of understanding.

"Gracious lord" replied the Sindian. "Oh giver of all gifts, oh arbiter of the fate of kings, surely a glorious destiny is reserved for me. But I leave it to your majesty to fix it having regard to the hazards of the venture."

"Your reward shall be great" said the Sultan good humouredly "You shall be laden with presents. I will invest you with the sovereignty of five cities." He drained another glass and set it down on the teapoy with a smack of his lips.

"Your majesty is possessed of all authority and all power" cried the Sindian in a tone of exultation. "The World obeys your rule, your bounty can never be less than what befits the greatest monarch on earth?" He saw visions of glory and splendour.

"Now tell me when shall I have the radiant beauty within these walls" asked the former, there was a ring of eagerness in the tone.

"I give your majesty my solemn word of promise that she shall be conveyed here to-morrow night. But one thing needs be done,

Her husband ought to be kept out of the way or he may defeat all my plans."

"This seems to be the toughest part of the job" stuttered the Sultan.

"Yet it is in your majesty's power to fix him."

"How, suggest."

"He is coming here to-morrow with the ransom. If your majesty secures his person, the coast is clear."

The great Turk became thoughtful. He had just finished his pipe and was now helping himself to another cup of the exhilarating drink.

"Well, I shall see about it" muttered he "but see that nothing else spoils the game I am clearing the course for you to play."

So it was arranged that some of the Sultan's guards were to lie in ambush on the riverside at a convenient point on the following night and others to keep watch thereabouts. They were to make a surprise attack on a boat the Sindian should bring in their way, cut down all others on board and deal with the intended victim, according to his directions.

The Sindian was furnished with a passport and the necessary orders were issued to the pickets to aid him if need be. Thus equipped he retired with a profound bow.

KALI KUMAR GHOSE, B. L.

ALSACIAN SKETCHES.—No 1.

HERE in South Germany, whatever may be the case elsewhere, the summer of 1865 will be one long remembered, both pleasantly and unpleasantly. It began on the first of April, winter having lasted to the end of March, and at the present date, in the middle of October, the sun has not declined in vigour in any very sensible degree at midday. It is a truly Bacchanalian summer, for it has not only given wine unprecedented in quality, but it has curtailed the supply of water. The poor cattle, who are total abstainers, are in a sad plight, and from want of herbage are fain to browse on the fast-fading leaves in the woods. There has been no rain worthy of the name for two months, and old Father Rhine appears to have shrunk into "the lean and slippered pantaloon." It is some comfort to know that the glaciers in Switzerland, though by the accounts of tourists much diminished, contain a supply of water for some time to come, for the matter really looks serious if, as appears to be the case, the equinoctial gales have come and gone having only brought a supply of rain-clouds as far as the Atlantic shores of Europe.

As for our trickling Dreisam, he is grown so attenuated that the grass is growing kneedeep in his bed: and to the horror of the faithful, the famous fountain of St. Otilie in the Black Forest, never known before in the memory of man to fail, has ceased even to drop, and the sore eyes for which it is supposed to possess a miraculous efficacy must remain unhealed. The priests, no doubt, teach that it is a judgment for the threatened abandonment of the Holy Father by the eldest son of the church, or for the action of the Baden government against the Ultramontane party. They do not see that if rain should revisit the earth without the defeat of their antagonists, their position will be considerably weakened. Tourists are the only creatures to whom a drought brings unmingled good; for even the wine-growers, though delighted at the quality, grumble at a deficiency in the quantity of their produce. It is not yet too late for a visit to the skirts of the Vosges mountains, which extend their picturesque outlines, culminating in the Ballon d'Alsace, 4417 feet high on the French side of the Rhine valley, and our

way lies past Alt-Breisach ; a place whose beautiful site always makes one glad of an opportunity to revisit it.

On the road which the post-omnibus takes, skirting the Kaisersstuhl hill from Freiburg, the Church of Alt-Breisach on its eminence stands out in russet-grey, and the hills beyond Colmar, at the entrance to the vale of Munster, famous for its cheese, glow in the red haze of sunset ; the three towers of the castle of Egnisheim shimmering conspicuously on one of the nearest heights.

As the sun falls, the moon rises, now nearly full, and lights the swinging bridge over the Rhine, and the way past Fort Mortier to Neu-Breisach distant about two miles. On the wayside there is a monument erected to a French general who fell in an action near the bank of the river in 1813. Neu-Breisach is an uninteresting fortress, with streets crossing each other at right-angles : a large place d'armes, and surrounded with fortifications on Vauban's plan.

From Neu Breisach to Colmar the distance is sixteen kilometres, a dull walk or drive along a road almost straight, and passing through a wood for about four miles. Colmar at once announces its high antiquity. It is entered by a long street and the eye is at once struck by the number of inscriptions in Hebrew. The Jews appear to have settled in great numbers in old times in this part of the valley of the Rhine ; and at Ihringen by the Kaiserstuhl on the other bank they form a large part of the population, and have built a fine new synagogue. About the middle of the town there is a handsome arcade and an ancient Rathhaus : and leaving this on the left, up a side street a remarkable old house with a tower now in the occupation of a grocer in its lower storey. It is easily distinguished by the green and red tiles which form the roof of its turret. A few steps further the cathedral is reached, a large bodied church, with a tower of later date and incongruous shape.

Colmar dates from the eighth century A. D. It was one of the numerous royal farms or demesnes belonging to the Frank emperors, and is known in ancient records by the name Villa Columbaria, or Columbria, and appears to have been occasionally inhabited by Charlemagne. Tradition says that his son "le Debonnaire" died here, having been forced into a cloister at Soissons by his unnatural sons, who did not scruple to bear arms against their father in the year 833, defeating him in the plain by Colmar. Pope Gregory IV., who assisted their cause by treacherous negotiations, caused this

plain to receive the sinister name of "*La plaine des mensonges.*" Colmar was fortified at the beginning of the 13th century, and soon became a town of importance; in 1248 it sustained a war with the Bishop of Strasbourg, aided by the inhabitants of Rauffach. In 1261 the men of Colmar, commanded by their provost Jean Rosselmann, united with Strasbourg to attack Bishop Walter of Geroldseck, who headed a body of feudal nobles. Rosselmann was eventually sacrificed to appease the hostility of the nobles and exiled; but he fled to the camp of Rudolf of Habsburg, and returned in arms like a second Coriolanus, and forced his fellow-citizens to receive him again. In 1262 the episcopal soldiers having got into the town by surprise, Rosselmann lost his life in conducting the defence, which was nevertheless successful. In 1282 his son led the forces of the town in a war against the emperor, which terminated in disaster. Colmar had to pay 4000 marks in gold, and its provost was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. After the death of Rudolf, Colmar was taken and obliged to make its submission. In the war between Ludwig of Bavaria and Frederick of Austria, Colmar was twice besieged and taken by the Archduke's troops.

In the times of the Reformation Colmar mostly adhered to the new doctrines, and provoked the rage of the emperor, who sent the Archduke to close the temples of the Reformers. In 1632 it was invested by the Swedes commanded by Horn and the Rhinegrave Otto; while a garrison of 800 imperialists held it. The clamours of the inhabitants forced the garrison to a capitulation, in negotiating which, Vernier the commandant dated his letter from Columbiere or the dove-cote, as a sarcasm on the spirit of the citizens. The Protestants opened their temples again, and the Catholic burgomaster was deposed, and reduced to beggary. When the Swedes after their defeat at Nordlingen evacuated Alsace, Colmar fell into the power of France, and its fortifications were dismantled in 1673. At the end of the century it was saved by Turenne from the imperialists, who had been twice within its walls, which had been again rebuilt, but were again destroyed after the peace of Rastatt 1680, by which Elsass became Alsace, and French, never again to be restored to Germany, though a most favourable opportunity occurred after the fall of Napoleon; but at that time the interests of legitimate dynasties were considered in the councils of Europe as of more weight than popular affinities. It would have been

more chivalrous if the late Schleswig-Holstein agitation in Germany had turned its attention rather to the alienated provinces of Elsass and Lothringen, and the valiant heroes of Düppel had sought an enemy more worthy of their steel in the zouaves and chasseurs. But they preferred safe laurels, won by the massacre of a few helpless Danes.

Colmar was in ancient times the second city of the Decapolis, or ten imperial cities, and it now contains more than 20,000 inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are engaged in various manufactures, which, indeed, throughout the whole of Alsace seem to absorb the interest of the majority of the population: leaving the upland pastures neglected, and the hill-country a comparative desert, and presentng in this respect a strong contrast with the high cultivation and even level of agricultural prosperity to be seen in the Black Forest. The change introduced at the peace of Ryswick, suggests that a few words touching the history of the province would not be misplaced.

Elsass, or Alsace, was inhabited in Cesar's time by Celtic Tribes called Rauraci, Tribocci, and Nemetes. These were pushed into remote districts, or swallowed up by the wave of Alemannian invasion, at the time when the power of Rome began to decline. The Alemanni had to accept the domination of the still stronger Franks in A. D. 496. The name of Elsass occurs in the seventh century, united with the Frank empire as an Austrasian duchy. It was divided into the Nordgau, and the Sundgau, one under the ecclesiastical rule of the Bishop of Strasbourg, and the other under the Bishop of Basel. The powerful family of Eticho gave dukes to the province in the seventh century, and when deposed by the policy of the Carolingians, they still occupied a great part of the country, as vassal counts. By the treaty of Verdun, Elsass formed a part of the Lotharingian empire, but by Lothair II. was given as a separate duchy to his natural son Hugo, after whom the Etichos or Athics, the supposed ancestors of Rudolf of Habsburg, bore sway. It seems afterwards to have been connected with the duchy of Alemannia, but the dukes appear to have had less power here than elsewhere. In 1460 the province became Burgundian, having been pledged to Charles the Bold by Duke Sigismund; though it shared in the emancipation effected by the Swiss through the defeat and death of that potentate at the battle of Nancy.

The Minster church at Colmar was built in the fourteenth century, partly by extraordinary gifts of the faithful, and partly by imposts: the best suit of clothes was levied on the decease of rich persons, and the best horse in the stable. The horse could be commuted at a fixed price of 100 florins; while a cuirass was estimated at four florins. The portals of this church are finely carved, and the lancet windows of the choir are in the finest style, and contain some good coloured glass. Otherwise, the interior is rather bare. The southern tower alone is partially completed, and was finished hastily with a sort of crown-work, which raises it not far above the level of the body of the church.

The architecture of the Dominican convent church, turned after its sack by the French Revolutionists into a corn-store, is somewhat more interesting.

The museum of the town fills the principal buildings of an old convent, whose fine cloister is devoted to the reception of the Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood. The paintings in the museum are chiefly of the hard old German school. There are some chefs-d'œuvres of Martin Schön, or Schöngaur, who died 1488; and a great Altar-piece by Grünewald, life-like and horrible, representing the crucifixion. There are some small works of Dürer, and a few statues; amongst them one of Pfeffel, a poet of fables, who died 1807, and of the French General Rapp, also a native of Colmar. At the door there is a notice to say that the bell must be vigorously rung, as the lodging of the custodian is distant. When the old man appeared it was not without some difficulty that he was persuaded to show the museum, as his twelve o'clock dinner, a great institution in Alsace, was waiting. In the place d'armes or park between the town and the railway-station, General Rapp's memory is further honoured by a fine statue, and that of Admiral Bruat, who commanded at Navarino, by one of still greater merit, surrounded by allegorical figures of the different aborigines with whom the sailor was brought in contact in the course of his wanderings. The railway-station at Colmar is utterly unworthy of the importance of the town: a remark which is applicable to the railway-stations in Alsace generally. There was not even a time-table fixed to the wall—at least I looked for it everywhere in vain.

Towards the mountain the most conspicuous object is the castle

of Egnisheim, with its three tall towers, distant about a league from the town, and crowning a considerable eminence. To get close to them I passed the night at a rough inn, the Cheval Blanc, at the village of Wettolsheim, not far from the entrance to the vale of Münster. The landlord, who had fought at the Alma, brought out a bottle of his best new wine as soon as he discovered that his guest was an Englishman. The village was separated by a ravine as I found, from the sight of the castle, and the shortness of the October day only admitted of a rapid survey, but a nearer view of the three towers, which looked like phantoms in the twilight, did not belie their striking effect from a distance.

On the way an old ruin is passed, nestling in a nook of the mountain. This is Hageneck, a fortalice which belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, probably intended as a stronghold in case they were driven in troublous times from their house in the town of Colmar. It was sacked and destroyed by the Swedes. It gave its name to that Hageneck, the tyrannical governor of Charles the Bold, whose hand, cut off at Alt-Breisach by the executioner of Colmar, was carried into his native city as a trophy, and preserved in a glass case in the museum. The castle of the three towers itself was apparently founded by Eberhard, the first count of Egnisheim. The names of the towers were Weckmund, Wulburg and Tagesburg, and the communication between them was apparently kept up by aerial galleries, now destroyed. It may be said of most of the donjons of Alsace that there is no visible way of getting into them except at a considerable height. Eberhard of Egnisheim was a grandson of Duke Athie, one of a stem from which sprouted the princely houses of Zähringen, Habsburg and Lothringen. By the female line the princes of Hohenlohe sprang from them, and by a countess of Egnisheim who in the ninth century married Robert the Strong who was ancestor of Hugues Capet, they are the ancestors of the Bourbons of France, Spain and Naples, though they became extinct in the main stock as early as the middle of the twelfth century. They had a deadly feud with the citizens of Colmar, called the "Plappert-Krieg" or war of the six oboles, occasioned by one Pierre of Egnisheim buying a debt which a rascally miller-lad alleged was owing to him by his master, as a pretext for attacking the burghers of Colmar; an incident which brings to mind strongly the relations between the patricians and

plebeians of ancient Rome. Oddly enough the chivalry of Egnisheim on this occasion suffered themselves to be commanded by Herrman Rhe, the ill-conditioned miller's apprentice ; but in 1466 the citizens of Colmar burnt the castle, and hung Rhe and three of the gentlemen (?). The castle appears to have afterwards remained in a ruinous state, for in 1568 a witch was accused of marrying her niece to the devil in the ruins of Egnisheim. According to the evidence the principal *pièce de résistance* at the weddingfeast consisted of bats, and the wedding was celebrated with a regular witches' sabbath. Pope Leo IX. sprang from the Egnisheim family, and was connected with the Abbey of Marlach, which has since disappeared.

On the hill above Wettolsheim is the castle of Hohen Landsburg or Trois Epis, whose origin is involved in obscurity ; in 1237 Albert duke of Austria gave it in fee to the Count of Ribeaupierre. It was ultimately taken by the Swedes, and then dismantled by the armies of Louis XIV. ; the king of France restored it to a member of the Schwendi family who had formerly held it, and lastly it was handed over to the city of Colmar in exchange for the priory of Trois Epis at the entrance to the Münsterthal.

These Rhine-ward slopes of the Vosges are as thickly studded with castles as the lake-like loop of the Rhine by Oberwesel, and a notice of each of them would demand much time and space. They greatly enhance the picturesque value of the mountain lines, which are of themselves superior in delicacy and variety to those of the opposite Black Forest. The Vosges mountains appear geologically to correspond to the Schwarzwald. They attain to nearly the same elevation, but instead of expanding inland into a great plateau, they form a comparatively narrow chain, which descends rapidly towards Lorraine. The valleys are deformed by factories, but the heights are much more left to nature than those of the Black Forest, and the summits are mostly bare of trees, while the sides of the hills are covered with deciduous underwood instead of sedulously cultivated pine-forest.

The life is all in the valleys, instead of being, as on the German bank of the Rhine, pretty evenly distributed between highlands and lowlands, so that if there is a similarity, there is also a contrast between the parallel mountain-chains.

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE TWO RINGS.

CHAPTER IX.

(III.)

Hiranmoyee was painfully surprised when she knew that she was a queen. Hitherto she had no idea who her husband was or what he was like; but now when she knew that it was the king to whom she had been married, she felt very sad. In her heart she had no room for him, for Purandar filled every inch in it. With him she could be content to live in a hovel and feel happier by far than a queen. In her distress she wished she could die when the king said, "Hiranmoyee, before accepting you as my wife I must put some questions to you. Why do you live in Purandar's house without paying anything for it?"

Hiranmoyee knew not what answer to make, and she hung down her head.

"And why does your servant, Amala, often go to Purandar's?" said the king again.

There was a deep blush on her face. How could the king know all this? It seemed to her as if he had known it by some supernatural agency, and she kept holding her head down.

"Again," he continued, "(and I consider this to be very objectionable), why did you, being the wife of another, receive a present of a necklace from Purandar?"

"It is not true, my lord," said Hiranmoyee. "A necklace indeed was offered me, but I did not accept it. I returned the present with thanks."

"You sold it to me," said the king, "and here is the necklace."

With this he took it out of a casket and handed it to her.

Hiranmoyee looked at the necklace attentively and knew it to be the very same that Amala had brought to her.

"Did I myself sell it to you, my lord?"

"No," said the king, "you sold it through your servant, Amala. Shall I send for her?"

In spite of the gloom that hung over Hiranmoyee's mind, a smile flitted over her face, and she said, "I grant I sold it, my lord, and there is no need to send for Amala."

The king seemed to look at her in some surprise. "I repeat," he began again, "why did you, being the wife of another, accept the present from Purandar?"

"It was a love-favour, my lord, and I could not refuse to accept it."

"Love-favour!" cried the king like one greatly astonished.

I am "afraid it is. I cannot be called your faithful wife. I beseech you, my lord, to forget your marriage with me, and let me go, for I am not worthy of your Highness's acceptance."

With these words Hiranmoyee made a low bow, and had just turned to leave the chamber when the king burst into a loud laugh. Hiranmoyee stopped.

"Hiranmoyee," said the king, his astonished look now changed to one of gladness, "do not go. You are no more unfaithful than I am your husband."

"What does all this mean, my lord? It is a mystery, and I beseech you to be so kind as to explain it to me."

"Well," said he, "did you find a scrap of paper among your jewels some six years ago? It is the half part of a letter, and you ought to have it by you."

"Yes, my lord. It is in the casket which held my poor mother's jewels."

The king ordered her to fetch the scrap of paper, and told her that on her return he would explain everything to her.

CHAPTER X.

In the palanquin Hiranmoyee went back to her home, from whence she quickly returned to the palace with the scrap of paper which she had replaced in the casket. Being admitted again into the presence of the king, she handed the piece of paper to him. It was the half part of a letter cut lengthwise, and the king took out the other half, and then handed the two pieces to her, telling her to put them together so as to make them agree. When

she had done so, he ordered her to read out what was written in the letter. Hiranmoyee read as follows:—

My Dear Dhanadas,

I am bound to inform you, as the result of my astrological calculations, that your daughter, Hiranmoyee, will become a widow. The evil, how ever, can be averted if the parties to be married be not allowed to see each other at the time of their marriage, and after it for five years from the date on which it comes off.

With best wishes,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,


ANANDA SWAMI.

"This explains," said the king to Hiranmoyee when she had finished reading the letter, "why you have not been allowed to see your husband for five years from the date of your marriage."

"I see, now my lord," said Hiranmoyee, "why we were blind-folded at the time of our marriage, and why, for five years after it, we were forbid the use of our rings or to see each other. All this is clear to me, but there are other things which I cannot understand."

"Well," said the king, "I will try to make everything clear to you. When your father received the letter from Ananda Swami he stopped your marriage with Purandar. This was very disappointing to the young man, and he went off to Ceylon.

"Months passed away, and then Ananda Swami pitched upon a match, for he had been on the looking for one. After consulting this young man's horoscope he found that the limit of his age was eighty. But before he attained to his twentieth year, and within five years from the date of his marriage it was evident from the position, such as it was, of the planets that he would die. If, however, he survived that period, it was certain that he would live to a good old age. So Ananda Swami had decided that the marriage should take place when he was about to complete his twentieth year. The half part of the letter, written by Ananda Swami to your father, was placed purposely in the casket with a view to give you some hint of the forecast about yourself, which, it was thought, would excite some dread in your mind and keep you from growing impatient about your marriage.



"Lately Ananda Swami had come to this town. When he heard you were in distress, he was very sorry. He went to inquire about you where you were living, but did not see you. Afterwards he called on me and told me everything relating to your marriage. He requested me to see to your wants, and gave me an account of your husband, desiring me earnestly to see that you did not have any chance of meeting him. From that time forward I have helped you, for the money, which up to now has enabled Amala to meet your wants, was given by me. I bought back your paternal house, and I it was who sent the necklace to you."

"But, sire," said Hiranmoyee, "you have not told me yet where you had got the ring from. Also I cannot understand why you tried to deceive me by saying that you were my husband."

"Immediately after Ananda Swami had taken his leave," began again the king, "I appointed some of my men to keep a vigilant eye upon you. After that I gave to Amala a certain sum of money for your maintenance. Months passed: the fifth year at last was complete, and this morning I sent for your husband. I told him that I would have him united with his wife this day, giving him to understand that I knew everything relating to his marriage. And I commanded him to come about ten o'clock at night. In answer he told me that if I knew that his wife had remained faithful to him, he would receive her. I told him that I would test his wife's fidelity, and for that reason I wished him to leave his ring with me. But you have bravely stood the test."

As he had finished speaking the drums sounded, and there was a sharp loud blowing of conchs. "Hiranmoyee," said the king, "your husband has come, and it is time you were united with him."

The next moment the door behind her opened, and a tall handsome young man, elegantly dressed, entered. He moved up, and making a very respectful bow stood by her side in the presence of the king. Hiranmoyee turned. It was Purandar. A thrill of joy ran through her frame. Her head whirled, her heart throbbed. And Purandar—he stood entranced and speechless like a statue, as if unable to believe that their meeting was real.

"Friend," said the king, addressing himself to Purandar, "Hiranmoyee is your truly faithful wife. Time and distance had not been able to lessen her love for you. She loves you truly and perfectly. For months I had had her watched secretly, and I am

satisfied that she is a girl of sterling worth. To test her love towards you I told her that on the wedding night Ananda Swami had put the ring on my finger. Upon this she said that I had better forget my marriage with her, for she could not be my true and faithful wife. By this she meant to say that though she had given her hand, her heart she could not possibly give to me. Puraudar, she is your worthy wife, and should be as welcome in your heart as at your house. Take her home, and be thankful that you have such a true and honourable wife. May God bless you."

"One thing, my lord," said Hiranmoyee, "is puzzling to me."

"Speak," said the king with a kind smile.

"My husband was away in Ceylon. What had brought him to Benares?"

"Ananda Swami and your father," said the king, "had jointly sent a message to Puraudar, informing him of the object of their wanting him there."

"My lord," said Puraudar, "no one in this town was ever so happy as you have made us this day. May God grant you a long and peaceful reign."

D. ROY.

*BIRTH OF THE DIVINE KRISHNA.**(VI).*

According to the requirements of the world, at different times the Godhead incarnates himself. Krishna therefore incarnated himself ten times. In the first incarnation, he took the form of a fish to keep the sacred Vedas intact. He transformed himself into a turtle, to keep the world from immersion and held it on his back during the deluge. The next he changed himself into a boar, to kill the giant Hiranyakhya, who was tyrannising the denizens of the earth and perpetrating incalculable mischief. The fourth transformation was into a being half man and half animal to kill Hiranyakosipu, and to save his devotee Prahlad. Changing into the form of a dwarf, he kept under confinement, in the lower regions Raja Bali to save Indra. As Ramchunder he was the dutiful son of Dasarath, showing to the world filial love and obedience. Ram killed Raban the king of Ceylon, and his descendants. Krishna is the Supreme Being. Do you think he will accede to your base proposal? Had you been devoted to him, he may possibly have consented to your arrangement.

The messenger of Durjodhan went to Krishna and told him the nature of his errand. Sri Krishna dismissed him by saying that he was a well-wisher of both the contending parties, and could not, under any circumstance, join the Kurus, as such a course would be an act of injustice to the Pandavas. He further told the man, that he had made up his mind to take up the cause of the party, who would come to him first."

On hearing the report of his messenger Durjodhan at once left Hastinapore for Dwarka and tried to obtain an interview with Krishna, directing his staff to wait outside for him.

He entered the apartments of Krishna. Just then the great princely warrior Arjun put in appearance.

Krishna feigned sleep and Durjadhan took his seat on a golden throne, set with precious stones, which was lying at the head of Krishna's cot, and waited for the awaking of Krishna.

Arjun, entering the chamber sat at the feet of Krishna on the bed. With great veneration, he waited with folded hands, praying

to the Divine Being. When Krishna awoke his eyes fell upon Arjun first, as he was seated at his feet. He next saw Durjodhan. Kuru Raja said—I ask your help in this war, I have taken the trouble to visit you for that purpose. You are connected with us by ties of blood and I look up to you for help. My claims for assistance should be considered first, according to the promise you had made to me. “Krishna answered what you say is right, but my eyes first fell upon Arjun when I woke up, and hence I shall befriend you both.”

“Surely you are joking with me” said Durjodhan, your proposal is impracticable, and unsound. Krishna said—“I have decided to give my formidable Narayani troops, every member of which is equal to me in prowess, and numbering ten thousand men with arms and accoutrements to one party, and I shall join the opposing party alone, unarmed, without the least desire to fight. You can now make your own choice.”

Durjodhan thought that an unarmed man who would not fight, would not be of the least use to him, whereas ten thousand men would by themselves be an army, capable of achieving much—I will take the Narayani force and spoke to Krishna to that effect.

Arjuna was happy in gaining Krishna, a host in himself.

Krishna asked Arjun—“Why ask for my help, when you know that I will not fight? Arjun replied—“I shall consider myself thrice blessed and most fortunate, if you would only condescend to support me with your sage advice and guidance. I believe, I have the capacity to annihilate my enemy's contemptible army single handed.” Turning towards Durjodhan, Krishna said—what is the good of having me—a non-fighter? You have done well in choosing the Narayani Sena.”

Krishna then went with Arjun to Hastinapore and called on Judhistir, and after the usual interchange of civilities, said, that in the interests of peace and fair play, he will try once for all to bring about a reconciliation and come to terms, if a settlement could be arrived at.” On Judhistir expressing a fear for the personal safety of Krishna, if he at all went to the Kurus.

Krishna ridiculed the idea and said he was fully competent to protect himself.

Krishna left Judhistir and went to see the Kurus. The Kurus received him cordially and one of them conducted him inside the

court. Durjodhan offered him a seat respectfully, and asked Krishna to dine with him. He declined the honour with thanks.

Durjodhan asked the reason of his unwillingness to accept his invitation.

Krishna retorted sharply by saying —“That he was there neither to interchange civilities and social amenities, nor to renew his relationship. He has come under a stern sense of duty. The Pandavs have been systematically trampled upon, their grievances should be redressed, and they should be allowed to get their territory again without let or hindrance. Under the impulse of greed and malice you have spoliated the Pandavas, without rhyme or reason. You shall perish for your misdeeds. I will not touch anything offered by an inveterate foe of the Pandavas, I know your sinister motive to entrap me. I will put up with Bidur, saying this he left in a huff; and went towards the abode of Bidur. Krishna was cordially received by Bidur, and was sumptuously entertained. When the meal was over, Krishna retired to bed,

At dawn Durjodhan accompanied by Sukuni appeared before him and said “I have come to conduct you to the palace. Rajas and Maharajas are waiting to see you.

Krishna accompanied them to the palace. All stood up from their seats, as Krishna passed them, and taking his seat —“He addressed the following words to Dhritarasta —your majesty the imminent hostility between Kurus and Pandavs is threatening the world with a great calamity. It is certain that one party will come out of the fray victorious, and the opposite party will be defeated and ruined for ever.

The catastrophe of a relentless war could be averted, if you wield your powerful influence on the side of peace, good will and amity, and you shall not have to witness the sorry spectacle of two cousins fighting, bent upon one another's destruction. You are virtually the head of the Kuru and Pandav families and your right to intervene has never been challenged. You should not allow this advantage of doing good to go by. It would be a great pity, if you permit them to fall out and fight. The Pandavs have the greatest respect for you, and have honorably fulfilled the pledge they made. They have passed twelve long years in forest and have lived incognito for a full year. Have the goodness please to restore their share of the kingdom to them and bring about peace in this blessed

land of the gods and Rishia. You know war is a dangerous game, and if it lasts for some time, one of the two contending parties must go to the wall beyond redemption and the death of your near and dear will engulf you in poignant grief. You will be bewailing your sad lot, so long you would remain in the land of the living.

You are quite right. I am always ready to bow down to your wishes. But I am afraid, my wicked son will not obey me. He is very obstinate and will have his own way.

"I humbly request you therefore to approach my son, and induce him to give up the idea of war." Durjodhan turned a deaf ear to Krishna's request. He conspired with Sakuni and Karna to capture Krishna forcibly. He said—"Krishna insulted me in open court. Am I not justified in making Krishna a prisoner? The prosperity of the Pandavs is due to Krishna. The news of his detention, will itself prove a great blow to them. They will despair of success and come to me on their knees for terms."

Satyaki a descendant of the Jadu family overheard the secret conversation of Durjodhan with Sakuni and informed Krishna about the sinister motive of Durjodhan.

Krishna went to Durjodhan and indignantly addressed these words to him—"Do you think that you will ever be able to put me in prison, as you think me alone and helpless? Behold what I am—electric sparks began to come out from his body. A halo of radiating light became visible like a disc round his head. He opened his mouth, the jaws seemed to distend up to the sky!

Durjodhan and his sycophants saw, Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswar—the Hindu triad residing in his body. They disappeared gradually and the cosmos appeared like a bioscopic film. Durjodhan and his courtiers were panic-stricken on looking at this astounding spectacle.

Krishna again assuming his own form said to Bidur—"You see how shabbily Durjodhan behaved with me, saying this he left the place indignantly. He came back to the camp of the Pandavs, and told Yudhistir, that the Kurus are determined to fight, and he could not do anything.

Yudhistir was therefore compelled to direct his brothers to be in readiness for all eventualities and divide seven Akshouhini troops into corps, with a brave commandant for each regiment. Dhrishtadyumna was appointed the generalissimo. As soon as the

preliminary arrangements were over. Dhristadyumna led the army into the battle-field of Kurukshetra, which is situated at Thaneswar. Duryodhan massed eleven Akshouhini troops and marched to Kurukshetra in battle array.

It was settled by both parties that fighting will commence from sunrise and last till sun set. During the interval of hostilities no one will be allowed to disturb the combatants in any way. The next morning at daybreak hostilities commenced, and it continued without cessation for eighteen days. Both parties sustained heavy losses, and left innumerable dead bodies in the battle-field. Interment could not be effected quickly. Consequently heaps of the dying and dead were left strewn in the battle-area. Dogs and jackals, the scavengers, of this country were unable to accomplish their revolting work, and the mangled and festering corpses attracted hordes of prey. They began to peck and tear to pieces their prey; and devoured the flesh voraciously. Countless horses, elephants and other beasts of burden were killed daily and left there to rot, the stench vitiated the atmosphere and the odour was unbearable.

After eighteen days fierce fighting the war was over. Barely twenty-four thousand men saved their lives by precipitate flight. The Pandav brothers narrowly escaped death. Amongst the Kurus—Aswatthama, Kritabarma and Kripacharya were alive. By the grace of Srikrishna, Yudhistir became victorious. Arjun was overcome with grief in the midst of hostilities, and told Krishna to discontinue the war, and prevent the bloodshed of friends and relatives. Krishna persuaded him to carry on the war by delivering an illuminating and instructive discourse on ethics and theology. The unique speech was published in book form, which is now known to the world as the incomparable Gita.

After the cessation of the war, Dhritarastra accompanied by Gandhari and his daughters-in-law visited the battle-field to perform the funeral obseques of their sons and husbands. The Pandavs and Krishna happened to be present there. Gandhari began to shed bitter tears on seeing her sons lying dead on the ground. She accosted Krishna thus—"You are a divine being, consequently, you could have easily prevented this catastrophe by inducing my poor sons not to quarrel amongst themselves. Under the circumstances I think you are the root of all evil, and I curse you. Your descendants shall be overtaken by the same fate.

"Madam," replied Krishna, "I consider your curse in the light of a blessing, as I know that the Jadavs shall die by quarrelling. Moreover, I must tell you that the Jadavs are so powerful that neither the Gods nor any powerful monarch on earth will be able to kill them, unless I kill them myself."

Miracles performed by Krishna at Prabhas.

Judhistir the Emperor of India performed Aswamed (horse-sacrifice) as an expiation for the sin committed by him on account of those kinsmen killed in action during the Kurukshetra war. Sri Krishna stayed at Hastinapore for some time; with a view to lend a helping hand to the Pandavs. Seeing them settled down Krishna bade farewell to them, and left Hastinapore for his own capital, in a car drawn by a pair of horses. As the vehicle moved on, the citizens gave him a hearty send off. People from housetops showered flowers on Krishna's car, as a demonstration of their joy and esteem for him. Krishna was pleased with the farewell demonstration and smiled. In due course he reached home, and alighting from his trap, he went to pay respects to his parents.

One day the triune deities, Brahma, Vishnu, and Mohesswar sat in solemn conclave to deliberate about the satrapy of Baikunta (highest heaven) which was vacated by Krishna for a long time, on account of his advent on earth. It was decided at the conference that Sri Krishna along with his better half Sri Radha should be requested to occupy the throne in Baikunta without delay. The sage Narad was deputed as the representative of the Gods. He informed Krishna about the matter. In the course of conversation Narad raised the question of Brindaban. The mention of Brindaban at once reminded him of his happy younger days and the sweet reminiscences of his boyhood. "Narad said—My lord if you really feel any remorse for the Gopees, you can easily pay a visit to them."

Krishna replied—I made a promise to the Gopees that I shall return to Brindaban, but I am unable to keep it on account of onerous work. Moreover once more I wish to meet Sri Radha, before I leave this world for good. The sage said—"I see there is no other alternative to gain our object, unless you condescend to perform Provash Jagma. Invite the denizens of the three worlds to witness the ceremony. The people of Brindaban will as a matter of course come and you will be able to see Sri Radha.

Krishna said—I can not do it without the permission of my father. “Do not bother your head on that score, I shall manage said Narad, to get his permission. Saying this he left Krishna to carry out his self imposed task.

Narad went to Basudev and informed him about his son's intention. Basudev gladly consented to the proposal.

Narad after thanking him said—“I consider you the most fortunate man in this world, or else you would not have got a priceless treasure like Krishna. In fact your son is no other than the Parabrahma (Supreme Being) such a stroke of good fortune seldom happens to the lot of a mortal, nay I should rather say never happens to the fate of a human being.”

Narad after saying this left him. Balaram started for Provash accompanied by Biswakarma, the celestial architect; to make the necessary arrangements for the guests. Rishi Narad was deputed to invite the denizens of the three worlds. He went to heaven first to invite gods and goddesses, and then to all princes of the world. At last he went to Brindaban, and visited Nanda, Josoda and the people of Brindaban. Narad begged Sri Radha to visit Provash without fail. She gladly accepted the invitation and said we devoutly worship Srikrishna daily, and commune with him in our hearts, the ecstasy we feel during the time is beyond our power to describe.

Narad said —“You are the presiding mistress of the festival, consequently your presence is particularly requested, and he took leave of her. Within a short time everything was ready for the Prohash Jugmā. The day of Jugmā was fixed by Narad. He directed Balaram to commence the ceremonial rites on the ensuing solar eclipse, and finish it as soon as the contact of the earth with the sun will be over. Alms were to be distributed during this time.

Devaki accompanied by her eight daughters-in-law left Dwarka for Prohash. Srikrishna and his party followed them. In the meantime Biswakarma constructed several pavilions. Rajas, Maharajas, and celestial deities arrived to the place of sacrifice, bringing presents and tributes for Srikrishna. Every Maharajah had a pavilion of his own, in which provisions of every variety were served up lavishly. Similarly the Devatas were provided with lodgings and other comforts. These pavilions were decorated with gold embroidery and furnished in a luxurious way befitting the august rank of the guests.

The windows were made of golden network, and the doors to the rooms were made of gold. The Brahmins who were to assist in the sacrifice came just in time.

The guests were sumptuously entertained. Srikrishna went to his father and bowing himself down before his feet asked his permission to begin the ceremony, he granted the request. Provash resounded with the chant of Vedic hymns. Sri Radha arrived in the nick of time. The ceremonial rites were performed with great pomp and eclat. Various gifts were distributed to Brahmins, and non-Brahmins when the Jugma was over.

The congregated guests saw Srikrishna and Radha standing behind him on a dais. The devotees of Srikrinsha and Radha worshipped them with great veneration.

Narad was congratulated by each guest for the success which has attended his undertaking. Devotees dropped flowers from heaven with joy on Krishna and Radha's head.

One day several Rishies were on the way to their hermitage. They met Jadv boys in the street. One of them accosted a Rishi gravely in the following words. Have the goodness to inform us, whether this young woman will deliver a male or female child?

The Jogi was a clairvoyant, and could easily know that the youngsters were making fun at his expense, by showing a boy named Saumba in the garb of a female, his belly protruded like a woman in the family way, on account of an iron weapon fastened on the abdomen.

How dare you crack jokes with me said the Rishi, in anger and cursed the lad and his companions,—“May the same weapon be the bone of contention amongst you and extirpate the descendants of the Jadvas. The curse terrified them and they scampered off pell-mell. The matter was reported by them to Srikrishna.

He said you have done wrong in insulting the sages gratuitously. I do not see my way to help you. You must bear the consequences. Break the weapon to pieces and pound them like powder and throw away the dust into the sea. They implicitly obeyed him.

I will mention here one incident which happened during the Rajsuya Jagma. In the course of the Pujah the musical instruments ceased to sound. Judhistir could not account for this strange phenomenon, and went to Krishna to ascertain the cause of the

mystery Krishna said. It forebodes evil and happens when a Bhakta is not present in an assemblage like this.

The reply startled Judhistir and he meekly said—"Is it not strange that you do not find a single devotee amongst the congregation of Rishis and Munis. you are enigmatical my friend, please explain, Krishna replied—ask these scholars, what I say is correct

The learned Pandits unanimously endorsed to what Krishna had said.

Judhistir asked Krishna to show him the way out of the difficulty. Bring a Bhakta at once said he, and you will be able to nip the evil in the bud.

Where shall I find such a man do tell me please. Krishna said, this world is preserved for Bhaktas. You will find such a man in the outskirts of the city, he is a cobbler by profession, bring him here without delay.

The Pandavs without uttering a word, rushed out, and ran swiftly to the place, and found the cobbler in a thatched cottage sitting in deep contemplation. He was bathed in tears, and his face betokened that he was in an ecstasy. A sigh escaped from him, and he opened his eyes. No sooner he saw the Pandavs than he prostrated himself before them, and meekly asked them what he shall have to do? Shall I sweep the place of Jagma. He then got up and waited for orders. Bhim without saying anything lifted him from the ground and placing him on his shoulders carried him to the place of Jagma, and placed him before Krishna, seeing the man Krishna exclaimed—"We have got a devotee at last. Hark the musical instruments are pealing forth sweet music automatically as if by magic !

Judhistir requested Krishna to explain the mystery of this incident. There may be Bhaktas here, he said, but they lack in faith and love for me. A true devotee has effaced his self completely with Brahma. His soul has merged with the over-soul.

There was a pin drop silence amongst the vast audience during the time Krishna was explaining the matter to Judhistir.

A few years rolled on uneventfully. One morning the Jadavs were indulging in liquor, and inflamed with drink they started a drunken brawl which ended seriously.

Krishna could have pacified them, but remained indifferent and inactive.

In the course of time the iron dust thrown by the Jadavs into the

sea was washed on the sea-beach by the surf, and Arka shoots grew up from it. The infuriated combatants uprooted these trees and arming themselves with these formidable clubs, belaboured each other and were killed outright.

Krishna informed the Pandavs about the sad catastrophe, and personally informed his father that the Jadads have gone to the other side of the grave, and that he has made up his mind to join his elder brother Baladev, who had gone to the forest. He asked Arjun to accompany the ladies to Hastinapore without delay. Bidding farewell to one and all, he left the place. The ladies shed bitter tears for him.

On entering the jungle he found Balaram in a sitting posture under a tree, and on examining his body, he found life was extinct.

Krishna was drooping at the time on account of his effort to keep his own emotions under check. He climbed up a Nimba tree, and sat on one of its branches, with his legs dangling.

By chance a bird-catcher called Jara was passing that way, and from a distance he mistook the ruddy feet of Krishna for a bird, and let fly an arrow which pierced the feet.

When the fowler advanced to pick up his game, he found Krishna instead of the bird. The man threw himself on the ground and begged Krishna to pardon him saying that he committed the mistake inadvertently, Krishna granted his prayer. Sparks of flame began to radiate from his body, and the light transformed itself into a luminous form. The corporeal sheath remained inert on the tree.

Krishna soared up to Baikanta.

The book entitled "Sarada Tilak" is well-known amongst the Tantrick sect. It is ascertained by savants that it was written in the eleventh century A.D. by Luckshan Acharya. The work consists of hymns or *mantras* of Gods and Goddesses, amongst the hymns Krishna *montra* is especially mentioned. It is self evident by virtue of this proof that Srikrishna was worshipped from time immemorial. The hymn is distinctly Tantric in character.

The mode of worship is mentioned, however, in Rudrajamal, Kalibilas and other Tantric works besides Saradatilak. The name of Radha is also mentioned side by side with Krishna. Consequently it is very difficult to ascertain definitely when Krishna and Radha worship came into vogue, without consulting Tantric literature

minutely. It is mentioned in Rudrajamal that Rakini Sakti is Radha. Therefore the devotee is bound to accept the way chalked out in Tantra to awaken the *Kundalini* force, by invoking and worshipping the Rakini force known as Radha. This is true Krishna worship. Hence the inference is that a Bhakta cannot attain the object of his life without having recourse to Rakini Sakti. It is the motive power to set the machinery in action. One must be above Sectarianism, then and then only can he proceed without hinderance in the tortuous paths of the spiritual world.

I have tried to depict the life of the Divine Krishna in a short compass. I do not know, how far I have succeeded in my endeavour but this much I can say, that I have tried to realise Krishna in the light and in the spirit that has been vouchsafed to me. If I have only succeeded in showing the way, a great *vhakta* may rise to chasten and amplify matters, with the inspiration of Bhakti.

SIVA NATH ROY.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF MURSHIDABAD.

The city of Murshidabad, formerly known as Muksudabad is supposed to have been founded by the Emperor Akbar. The Afghans from Orissa, in the course of their rebellion in 1696, are said to have advanced as far as Muksudabad. The great Dewan Murshid Kuli Kkan gave it its present name, and removed the capital here, from Dacca, in 1704. The town was advantageously situated on the river Bhagirathi, then a great trade route. The entrance to the river from the Ganges is now silted up, but efforts are being made to obtain funds to keep the channel clear. In 1759, Clive wrote of it: "The city of Murshidabad is as extensive, populous and rich as the city of London, with this difference, that there, are individuals in the first possessing infinitely greater property than in the last city." Little is left of the old city now save the two small towns of Jiaganj and Murshidabad, and miles of neglected land covered with jungle and broken bricks, with the broken-down enclosures of over a hundred extensive pleasure gardens. The history of Murshidabad is the history of Bengal during the eighteenth century, but the place lost much of his importance in 1793, when Lord Cornwallis transferred the supreme criminal jurisdiction to Calcutta.

The Palace of the Nawab Bahadur of Murshidabad is an imposing edifice, very similar to Government House, Calcutta, and stands in a large enclosure, which contains many other buildings. The foundation-stone was laid on the 9th August, 1829, by Nawab Nazim Humayun Jah, in the presence of the Agent of the Governor-General, the Commandant of the British troops, all the European inhabitants of the station, and a large concourse of native inhabitants of the district. The edifice was commenced under the administration of Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, and completed in December, 1836, during the administration of Lord Auckland, Governor-General. It was designed by Colonel McLeod of the Bengal Engineers, and executed entirely by Indians under his sole superintendence. It faces north,

and is 425 feet long, 200 feet broad, and 30 feet high. In front, thirty-seven steps lead up to the portico. The banqueting hall is 191 feet long and 55 feet broad. The Durbar, or the throne room, which adjoins the banqueting hall and is surmounted by a dome, is circular and 63 feet high. In this Palace there are some pictures, jewellery, China ware, arms, original manuscripts of treaties and agreements entered into between the predecessors and ancestors of the present Nawab Bahadur and the East India Company, relating to the acquisition of trade privileges and of the *dewani* of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa by the British. These documents bear the signatures of Clive, Warren Hastings, Watts, Barwell, Watson and others. Among the most interesting of them of which the originals of some are in the Nawab's possession, and of which photographic copies have been taken and may be seen in the Palace, are the following :—

(1) The treaty and agreement entered into between Mir Jaffir and the Governor-General and Council of Fort William dated 10th July, 1763, by which the East India Company agreed that Mir Jaffir was to be reinstated in the *subahdari* on the deposition of Mir Cossim, while Mir Jaffir engaged to confirm to the Company the grant which had been obtained from Mir Cossim of the revenues of Burdwan, Midnapore, and Chittagong, for defraying the expenses of English troops employed in the defence of the country, and granted exemption to the trade of the Company's servants from all duties, except 2½ per cent on salt. This agreement bears the signatures and seals of Mir Jaffir, Henry Vansittart, Thos. Adams, John Carnac, J. Watson, Wm. Billiers, John Cartier, and of Warren Hastings, R. Marriott, J. Watts.

Mir Cossim had not been actually deposed when this treaty was signed on the 10th July, 1763. The battle of Goriah (a place 22 miles north of Murshidabad), which resulted in his defeat by the English troops, was not fought till the 2nd August following.

(2) Treaty, dated February, 1765, between the East India Company, and Nawab Nazim ud-Daulah, the son of Mir Jaffir, whom on his death, he succeeded in January, 1765. By this treaty it was agreed that the English should take the military defence of the country entirely on themselves, and the Nawab was to keep only as many troops as might be necessary for "the parade of Government, the distribution of justice and the business of collections." The Nawab also bound himself to choose by the advice of the Governor

and Council a Deputy who, under the appellation of Naib Subah, was to have the entire management of all affairs of government, and was not to be removable without their consent. Mahomed Reza Khan was appointed Naib Subahdar. The Nawab was eager for the nomination of Nundo Kumar. This treaty is signed and sealed by Nazim-ud-Daulah, John Burdett, George Gray, J. Spencer, E. V. Playdell, John Johnstone, and Ralph Leicester.

(3) Agreement between Nawab Nazim-ud-Daulah and the East India Company, dated 12th August, 1765. By this agreement, which Clive himself negotiated in Murshidabad, the Nawab resigned the whole management of the revenues to the Company, by whom an annual pension of fifty-three lakhs of rupees was to be allowed to him, subject to the management of their three nominees—Mahomed Reza Khan, Raja Doolab Ram, and Jaget Sett. This agreement is signed by Nazim-ud-Daulah, Clive, Wm. B. Summer, John Carnac, Jh. Verelst, and G. W. Sykes. It transferred the Dewani to the English.

(4) An Agreement dated 21st March, 1770, between the East India Company and Nawab Mubarak-al Daulah (a minor who succeeded his brother Severe-al-Daulah), by which he was afforded the same allowance for the support of his dignity as his predecessors. This agreement recites that the King had been pleased to grant the Dewaniship of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to the East India Company as a free gift forever, and re-affirms the grant, by the Nawab, of the *Dewani*, and of control of the army to the Company. It is signed by the Nawab Mubarak-al-Daulah, Cartier, who was then Governor-General, Barwell, and other Members of Council.

(5) A letter dated 4th September 1836, from King William-IV. to Nawab Mubarak Ali Khan conveying His Majesty's thanks for presents, sending him a full-sized portrait of himself, and conferred on the Nawab, the Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

Within the enclosure of the Palace stands the Imambara built by Nawab Nazim Fureedunjah at a cost of Rs. 60,00,000, a little to the north of the site of the old and celebrated Imambara built by Sepai-ud-Daulah, which was accidentally burnt down during a display of fireworks. The site of the old Imambara is marked by the central dome, called the Medina. The foundations and the ground within were dug 5, 6 feet, deep and filled with earth brought from holy

Kerbolla in Arabia. When the foundation was being laid, Nawab Seraj-ud-Daulah himself carried the first basket of materials. Near the Nowbatkhana Tripaulia gate, the south entrance to the Palace built by Suja Khan, is the masjid built in 1767 by Mani Begum, wife of Mir Jaffir on the site of the Chehel Satun, the old audience hall of Murshid Kuli Khan; and not far to the north of this are the mosque and tomb, built in 1731-32, of Noseri Banu Begum, wife of Murshid Kuli Khan.

ASIATICUS.

SIDELIGHTS ON WATERLOO.

The stupendous contest now raging has thrown all previous events out of perspective, and in Nietzschean parlance has produced a general "Reassessment of Values" throughout the range of human activity. Judged by the new standards it sets up, Waterloo may seem almost insignificant. And yet the battle fought in Flanders a century ago possesses never-dying interest; we may still profit by its lessons, and confidently hope that history will be repeated in its issue. An attempt to evoke the psychical atmosphere of that stirring period is thwarted by the mass of fact and legend which has accumulated in three generations. It behoves a delver into the past to select one or two contemporary accounts for comment, and supplement them by facts within his personal knowledge.

Major W. E. Frye's diary of European travel between 1815 and 1819 appeared seven years ago, with an introduction by M. Salomon Reinach, who is known as the author of a popular history of religion. The diarist was *rara avis* in the British army of his day. Well versed in ancient lore, and in several European languages, he loved eighteenth century verse, and was permeated with the sentimentality which J. J. Rousseau infused into his frigid and formal age. Major Frye had taken part in our disastrous expedition to Holland in 1799, and two years later had gained a medal under Lord Abercromby in Egypt. Yet his war services left a favourable impression on "our sweet enemy France." He writes enthusiastically :—

The French soldier is a fine fellow. I will never flinch from rendering justice to his exemplary conduct and his lofty valour. If, since their Revolution, the French have not always fought for liberty, they have invariably done so for science; and wherever they carried their victorious arms abuses were abolished, ameliorations of all kinds followed, and the arts of life were improved.

Major Frye's tribute to his former foes will find an echo in Bri-

tish hearts at this crisis ; and no one with a spark of chivalry can fail to mark the contrast presented by that barbarous Power which has arisen on the ashes of Napoleon's empire.

He served with some distinction in Ceylon between 1807 and 1813, took furlough to Europe in the following year and started on a lengthy continental tour in May 1815—just six weeks after the Corsican's dramatic flight from Elba. Thirty hours' tacking in a small packet boat brought our diarist to Ostend, which had been hopelessly beaten as a commercial centre by Antwerp. He found the decaying port galvanized into life by the bustle of troops and munitions disembarking from England. The discomforts of an hotel gorged with British officers compelled an early start by canal boat for Ghent. There Major Frye obtained a glimpse of King Louis XVIII, titular as yet and in keen suspense, knowing full well that his crown depended on the result of the forth-coming campaign. Being an advanced radical in politics, Frye was not at all impressed by the unwieldy Bourbon as he appeared at High Mass in the Cathedral : "Those," he wrote "who are at all acquainted with this Prince's habits, and are not interested in concealing them, insinuate that his devotions at the table are more sincere than at the altar."

Brussels was reached by road on May 9th : and here Major Frye's knowledge of French enabled him to gauge public opinion as to the great issues at stake. He found Belgians and Dutchmen hopelessly at loggerheads. Each race resented the arbitrary union into which it had been forced by the Vienna Congress. Belgians made no secret of their attachment to Napoleon and their longing to be reunited to France ; Hollanders deplored the loss of South Africa and Ceylon which, in their opinion, ought to have been retroceded by England in recognition of their services to the common cause.

In September 1878, I was piloted over the field of Waterloo by a very aged man who remembered the battle perfectly. I asked him why his fellow countrymen had shown such lukewarmness on the great day. "How could it have been otherwise?" he asked. "We Belgians adored the Emperor, who had showered so many benefits on our country ; we detested the grasping Dutchmen, and secretly hoped for a French victory." Such prepossessions refute the baseless gibes at Belgian valour which were current until it stood a far severer ordeal than that of Waterloo.

In May 1815 Brussels swarmed with British troops. While the

conduct of all was beyond reproach, Highlanders ranked first in popularity with the natives by reason of their willingness to help in the domestic work of their billets. *Monsieur*, exclaimed a woman on whom some of these heroes were quartered, *Ce sont des bonnes gens, et doux comme des agneaux. Ils n'en seront moins des lions au jour de combat* was the Major's proud reply.

He draws a pretty picture of the Allee Verte, which was then an ultra fashionable promenade :—

On one side is the Canal, covered at all times by barges docked with flags and streamers, there are benches and tables under the trees, occupied by men, women and children (!) drinking beer and smoking. Female minstrels with guitars stroll about, singing French romances, and collecting contributions from this cheerful, laughter-loving people. In the Dark Walk, as it is called, His Grace of Wellington is sometimes to be seen with a lady under each arm. He generally dresses in plain clothes, to the astonishment of all the foreign officers; and is said to be as successful in the fields of Idalia as in those of Bellona.

To use less pedantic language, the Iron Duke was decidedly temperamental, and had a very soft corner in his heart for the fair sex.

After four days of sight-seeing in Brussels, Major Fyfe was privileged to accompany Major-General Wiltshire Wilson on a tour of inspection in the Belgian provinces, which were then—by the irony of fate—garrisoned by British and German troops in anticipation of a French invasion. On the road to Namur they halted for coffee at a farmhouse and :—

were entertained by our hostess with complaints against the Prussians who commit, as she said, all sorts of exactions against the peasantry on whom they are quartered. Not content with demanding three meals a day, when they are only entitled to two, and in return for which they are bound to give their rations, they sell those and appropriate the money to their own use. Then their demand for brandy and schnapps is unceasing. But what can be expected from an army whose leader encourages them in all their excesses? Blucher by all account is a Vandal, and actuated by a most vindictive spirit. The Prussians

reproach the Belgians with being in the French interest; how can they expect it to be otherwise? They have prospered under French domination, and certainly the conduct of the Prussians is not calculated to inspire them with any love towards themselves, or veneration for the Sovereign who has such all-devouring allies.

It was quite useless to complain to their officers, whose only reply was *Nicht verstehen*, though many of them spoke French fluently enough when it served their purpose to do so. Frye records many other instances of Prussian barbarism: he appears to have realized that civilisation is often a veneer concealing primeval instincts prompting to murder and rapine. Furthermore, this plain soldier grasped a fact which has escaped all historians—that Napoleon was unwittingly the creator of modern Germany.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that I seek to excuse or palliate Napoleon's conduct towards Prussia. I have always thought it not only unjust but impolitic. Impolitic, because Prussia was, and ought always to be, the natural ally of France; and Napoleon, instead of endeavouring to crush her, should have aggrandized her, and made her the paramount Power in Germany. It was, in fact, his obvious policy to cede Hanover in perpetuity to Prussia, and to have rendered thereby the breach between the Houses of Brandenburg and Hanover irreparable and irreconcilable. This would necessarily have thrown Prussia into the arms of France, in whose system she must then have moved; and all British influence on the Continent would have been effectually put an end to. Another prime fault of Napoleon was that he did not crush and dismember Austria in 1809, as he had it in his power to do: by so doing he would have merited and obtained the thanks and goodwill of all Germany for having overturned so despotic and light-fearing a government. But he has paid dearly for these errors. Instead of destroying a despotic Power, he chose rather to crush a liberal and enlightened nation. For such I esteem the Prussians, and I always separate the Prussian *people* from their government. The latter fell, and fell unpitied, after one battle, but it has been almost miraculous

ly restored by the unparalleled energy and exertions of the Burghers and people. May this be a lesson to that Government, and may the King of Prussia not prove ungrateful!

Alas, Frye lived to see the German longings for freedom thwarted by the Hohenzollerns and their henchmen, who converted the Army of Liberation into an instrument of the vilest despotism. He ascribes the bitter animosity towards France cherished by all Prussian officers to a rankling sense of the humiliation which their caste endured after Jena. He proves, however, from German sources that the French garrison in Berlin maintained a high degree of discipline, and that such excesses as occurred were the work of German auxiliaries. On May 14th he wrote:—

The Prussian officers all seem very eager for the commencement of hostilities, and their only fear now is that all these mighty preparations will come to nothing; that, either the French people, alarmed at the magnitude of the preparations against them, will compel Napoleon to abdicate, or the Allies will grow cool, and under the influence of Austria bring about negotiations which may end in a recognition of the Imperial title and dynasty. They would compound for a defeat at first, provided that the war was likely to be prolonged.

On returning to Brussels at the end of May, Frye took up quarters at an hotel in the Grand' Place, which afforded an excellent table d'hôte dinner for 1.50 fcs. But he was in no mood to enjoy such inexpensive luxury. On June 16th began the three days' campaign which gave Europe peace for forty years. Napoleon vanquished Blücher at Ligny, thereby postponing his junction with Wellington: and received a check for the British at Quatre Bras. But his Ally's discomfiture forced Wellington to retreat on the heights of St. Jean, where he awaited the French onslaught with confidence begotten by a good strategic position and consummate generalship.

Although Waterloo has been described *ad nauseam*, it is always interesting to possess a first-hand account of the phases. In the *Mémoires du Général Bro*, published last year in Paris, we have a plain unvarnished tale related by one of Napoleon's veterans who

commanded the 3rd Lancers at Waterloo. "Of that terrible battle," he writes, "this is what I saw and shall see until my dying day":—

At 1 p. m. Donzelot's division, with artillery on its front, attacked the Château of Hougomont, repulsed a Belgian division, and then scattered in broken ground. They were attacked by Picton's brigade in flank: Marcognet's division came to their rescue, but could not save one of our batteries which was captured by Ponsonby at the head of the Scots Greys. Our infantry were thrown into confusion by their onslaught, and Drouot D'Erlon brought up his cavalry in support. But the rain-soaked soil rendered manœuvring very difficult. I mustered my Lancers. On the right of a grove of trees we perceived the English cavalry, which had re-formed after their charge, and threatened to envelop our 3rd regiment of Chasseurs. I rode to the head of my squadrons, shouting, "Come, my children, we must smash this mob." *En avant, vive L'Empereur* was their reply. Two minutes later came the shock. We crashed through three ranks, and attacked the others with fury. Our horses trampled on dead bodies, and the shrieks of the wounded still ring in my ears. For a few moments I lost my bearings amid dense clouds of smoke, and when it blew off I saw some English officers attacking Sub-Lieutenant Verrand, who carried an Eagle. Collecting some troopers I dashed to his rescue. Quartermaster Orban transfixcd General Ponsonby with his lance; my sabre reaped three of his captains, and two others made off. Then I returned to the front of my regiment, in order to give new heart to my harl-pressed majors. I had emptied a second pistol, when all at once I felt my right arm paralysed; but managed to cut down an assailant with my left. Then a sudden faintness compelled me to grasp my horse's mane; and I just had strength enough to tell Major Perrot to take command of the regiment. General Jacquinot now arrived and, seeing my uniform drenched with blood, held me up for a while: enjoined me to ride to the rear; and then galloped off for a charge. Major Motet made bandages from my dolman and said, "It is not a mortal wound, but you cannot

"remain here." I cried with rage at being forced to leave my Squadrons.

Frye's impressions of Brussels during the throes of Waterloo remind one of a famous episode in "Vanity Fair;" and Thackeray would doubtless have found therein fresh material for his vivid narrative. The little city had been plunged into panic by the cannonades of Ligny and Quatre Bras, which began on June 16th. After a day's respite, the thunder started afresh on the afternoon of the 18th. At 4 p. m. Frye wrote:—

All is bustle, confusion and uncertainty: cars with wounded are coming in continually. The general opinion is that our army will be compelled to retreat to Antwerp, and it is even expected that the French will be in Brussels to-night. All the townspeople are on the ramparts, listening to the sound of cannon * * * Yesterday we heard no cannonade, but this afternoon it is unceasing, and still continues. All the caricatures and satires against Napoleon have disappeared from windows and stalls. The shops are shut, the English families flying to Antwerp. A proclamation of Baron de Capellen (Governor General of Belgium) advising the inhabitants to be tranquil, and assuring them that the bureaux of Government had not yet quitted Brussels, served only to increase the confusion and consternation. People in general wish well to the arms of Napoleon, but they know that the retreat of the British Army must necessarily take place through their town. that our troops will, perhaps, endeavour to make a stand, and that the consequences will be terrible to the inhabitants from their homes being liable to be burnt or pillaged by friend or foe. All the baggage of our army and the military bureaux have received orders to repair, and are now on their way to Antwerp; and the road thereto is so covered and blocked up by waggons that the retreat of our army will be much impeded thereby. * * * Probably my next letter may be dated from a French prison.

Our author's vaticinations were at last belied by news of glorious victory. Although Waterloo is within a two hours' canton of Brussels, its citizens did not learn the issue of the battle until early on June 19th. The delay seems incredible, even in days

when telephones, motor cars and aeroplanes were in the womb of a distant future. It confirms a surmise, based on the strategy of this campaign, that Wellington's Intelligence Staff was very inadequately organised.

The gross neglect of our wounded which occurred would be equally incredible were it not vouched for by an eye witness. Frye visited the battle field on June 22nd about 90 hours after all was over; and wrote:—

On arrival there the sight was too horrible to behold. I felt sick in the stomach, and was obliged to return to Brussels. The multitude of carcasses, the heaps of wounded men with mangled limbs, unable to move and perishing from not having their wounds dressed or from hunger—as the Allies were, of course, obliged to take their surgeons and waggons with them—formed a spectacle I shall never forget. The wounded, both of the Allies and the French, remain in an equally deplorable state. At Hougoumont, where there is an orchard, every tree is pierced with bullets. The barns are all burned down, and in the courtyard it is said they have been obliged to burn upwards of a thousand carcasses; an awful holocaust to the War-Demon.

My guide in 1878 said that, on June 17th, the peasants of neighbouring villages drove their cattle into the Forest of Soignies, and lay hidden in its depths until they were routed out by the Burgomasters to help in disposing of the dead. He was one of a gang who built up a huge pyre of broken cannon wheels, limbers, fourgons and musket stocks which were saturated with vegetable oil. He pointed out a long line of indentations in the red brick wall surrounding Hougoumont orchard. According to his account an attacking battalion mistook it in the battle smoke for the scarlet uniforms of our men; and poured in a volley which merely scorched the wall with bullet marks.

Frye's concluding remarks prove that the eighteenth century conscience were somewhat pachydermatous. Indeed, he lived at a time when London Aktermen feasted in the purlicus of pestilential Newgate, and when an obtuse public allowed starving wretches to be strung up before its grim facade for stealing goods of the value of 5/- from persons and 40 - from a shop. In common with other disciples of J. J. Rousseau he shed tears at the theatre, or

over the pages of a sentimental novel; but the thought of relieving real misery left him cold.

"It was suggested by some humane persons that they who visited the battlefield from motives of curiosity would do well to take with them bread, wine, and other refreshments to distribute them among the wounded; and most people did so...I shall certainly not go there a second time."

In our army at least things have changed for the better since these words were written. Having visited several base hospitals in England and France, I can bear testimony to the fact that the A. M. D's methods of dealing with human wreckage are as perfect as science and loving care can devise. But when all has been said and done, it is certain that the volume of misery caused by the clash of millions arrayed for mutual slaughter is infinitely greater than that of the brief Waterloo campaign.

By way of pendant to Major Frye's impressions, I may quote a German officer's from "The Red Glutton" by Mr. Irvin S. Cobb:—

"At once they rallied and forced us back, and now it was our turn to lose heavily. That was nearly three weeks ago, and since then the ground over which we fought has been debatable ground lying between our lines and the enemy's—a stretch four miles long and half a mile wide which is carpeted with bodies of dead men. Then weren't all dead at first. For two days and nights our men in the earthworks heard the cries of those who still lived, and the sound almost drove them mad. There was no reaching the wounded."

The Emperor Frederick's published diary contains a sentence penned on the night of Sadowa, which must surely haunt his successor's guilty conscience:—

HE WHO BEGINS A WAR OPENS THE GATES OF HELL.

F. H. SKRINE, F. R. HIST. S.

ISLES OF LIGHT.

I.

WHEN the morning first appeareth
From the golden gates of day,
And the glorious daylight neareth
O'er the hill-top far away,
Look we forth, and calmly gazing,
Mark the dying of the night,
While we note in glory blazing
Heaven's goodly isles of light.

II.

When the sun has climb'd the heaven
In the fulness of his might,
And away hath darkness driven
Far beyond our utmost sight—
Then across the heavenly azure
Floating clouds so softly white,
Smitten by his golden treasure,
Stand transformed to isles of light.

III.

When the daylight is declining
In the gorgeous purple West,
When 'midst radiant tints combining
Sinks the sun into his rest—
There, amid the hazes golden,
Flaming out against the night,
Glories over glories folden,
Gleam the burnished isles of light.

H. R. W.

TITAGHUR PAPER MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Titaghur & Kankinara,

E. B. S. R.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

ALL KINDS OF
Printing, Foolscap, Car-
tridge, Blotting, and
Badami Papers.

Managing Agents:—

F. W. Heilgers & Co.,

Chartered Bank Buildings.

CALCUTTA.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 7—JULY 1915.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.—(III)

CHAPTER IV.

Each mansion near the city gates was converted into a species of fortress. One in particular was chosen by his majesty to hold frequent conferences with the officers of state. A large circular hall on its upper storey was now fitted with such accessories of council chamber as the exigency of the situation permitted. In its middle was a species of dais, surrounded by two successive railings, the innermost enclosed a place for the civil and military functionaries of the highest rank, the space enclosed by the outermost was filled with seats for the principal nobility, while the open area beyond was assigned to the officers of secondary dignity.

It was the hour of noon. His majesty had assembled his principal officers in council. On an arm-chair, rather an apology for throne, which stood upon the dais sat he. Ranged around in order by seniority, each in his proper place, were his civil and military officers, the ministers, and the dignitaries of the state. It was a solemn occasion and the assembly were filled with a measure of solicitude corresponding to the great interests at stake.

The wheel of events had brought round a crisis. To defend the city with only its own garrison was daily becoming an impossibility. The enemy had covered the face of the country. Their immense host of cavalry had cut off all communication from without. Shunning a general action they kept hovering around more to worry than bring matters to an issue. The garrison, however much they

supplied all deficiencies by their valour, could ill-continue severe exertions. Under the impulse of high feeling they had made a bold stand and foiled many an attempt to carry the city, but reduced as they were to three-fourths their original number the most gloomy apprehensions were entertained about their future if the resistance were prolonged. The invader had also sustained heavy losses but re-inforcement always on hand enabled him to retrieve affairs. This advantage was out of the reach of the city. Its garrison could not be augmented and, worse than all, food was daily becoming more scarce. Sound views of policy dictated that the city should no longer wait the slow operation of famine but purchase safety by any concession.

The state had made early overtures for accomodation but owing to the lofty tone assumed by the invader negotiation could not progress favourably. The most boundless and extravagant ideas having prevailed abroad respecting the wealth of Indian princes and wild reports having represented the metropolis of Cashmere as the proudest of all the Indian capitals, containing the accumulated treasure of ages, Mahmud had from before cast a longing eye towards it and his whole soul was absorbed in the project of making himself possessor of its riches. Fancying it possible to frighten the garrison into compliance with any demand, however enormous, he assumed an air of haughty defiance. Interviews which never came to pass were only nominally appointed between his deputies and the embassy sent from the city. But the state was not in a position to reciprocate his uncompromising attitude in view of the crisis to which it was fast verging. It continued to send proposals of negotiation, for there remained no resource but submission. The city was to be saved by any humiliating concession.

Notwithstanding the lofty bearing he assumed, Mahmud was too sound a politician not to perceive the hazards of a general action. Wearied out with the obstinacy of the defence he could not long remain inflexible but gave way at length to a conciliatory attitude and agreed to withdraw his forces if ransom was paid to the amount of two hundred crores of gold coin, besides fifty elephants and five hundred best steeds. The embarrassed condition of the finances not enabling the state to meet the enormous demand, a fresh deputation was sent urging the imposition of moderate terms, but he refused to make any abatement.

Labouring under an extreme deficiency of funds the state was obliged to levy contributions from the people. Men of all classes were inspired with a common zeal to redeem the city at any sacrifice. Even the womenfolk vied with the other sex in the pious enthusiasm.

The invader allowed a space of seven days for payment of the ransom and demanded hostages. Six noble youths were delivered as hostages under promise of safety and hostilities were accordingly suspended. Within a short time was the amount raised and the terms of a treaty were adjusted by reciprocal concession. A deputation was then appointed of five principal men of the city with Prince Kirun Singh at their head to wait upon the invader with the ransom and for ratification of the treaty.

Thus far had affairs progressed. His majesty now summoned a council to advise what his future course should be. After a lengthy deliberation on many important points the council broke up late in the evening.

We must now return to the Sindian. He was concocting a scheme, deep and subtle, one which promised to bring him at a stroke a princely fortune. A thousand fancies, a thousand visions, for the realisation of which the soul hungered, were mingled in his brain. A pageant of splendour spread before his mind's eye. If for a moment they were merged into an oppressive sense of Fate's upper hand in human affairs, the swift recoil of hope that he would make the best of her ill-turn made the acute sense easy of approach. Twenty possibilities shot through his mind of approaching it by a chain of circumstances finely spun. Scenes from the fairy land wove themselves into the fabric of his dream and wild chimeras made his soul swoon within him. Out of the shreds of dream as the actual composed itself he realised that he was revolving within himself a dark problem. To lure away the princess under the nose of the court was daring almost to madness. Even to entertain the idea was nothing short of insanity. He fully recognised the peril of the attempt, was fully sensible that many an unlooked-for crisis might confront him and complicate his plans before he could have a clear stage for carrying it out. But he was a man of action and daring, full of resource and powers of strategy. He took danger less as a disagreeable episode than as a matter of course. To hesitate, look back and calculate the chances was the last thing his

mind would do. However much the attempt was made to him it was a brilliant move owing to the momentous results to accrue from it. He was conscious that when his treachery was found out his life would pay forfeit, yet it must be attempted. Behind him was the scaffold, in front a kingdom, if for a moment he was in two minds about launching his plan, the thought that his destiny was beginning to float in a higher plane entranced him into a complete forgetfulness of the situation. At some moments a sick chill made his spirits sag to think that while failure was a risk in front a traitor's doom, the most horrible form of death, was a certainty behind. Into the warm atmosphere of fancy the cold truth shot a shaft at times that his victim missing he would be taken for a possible factor in the business and fly where he might the law's shears would meet on the thread of his life and efface him at once from human knowledge. But his were wits that were wont to be sharpened and steadied by a critical situation. The possible consequences of his act and its chances of success he had forsook. The details of the scheme he had mapped out. Whatever might happen he was determined to see the business out to the finish.

A chance presented itself. At the commencement of the seige when in a state of panic thousands were sending their women folk away, all the principal ladies of the court, not excepting Her majesty, were by the royal order conveyed to the city fort, save only the princess who excused herself on the plea that her spouse was not in favour of a flight from the palace too soon. As events thickened and alarming reports wafted into the royal house-hold, a sensation of terror permeated it, causing great uneasiness to the rest of its female inmates who begged to be removed likewise. By a recent order they were taken to the fort. The opportunity was far too good to miss. The princess could now be induced under fear of imminent danger to leave the palace and under the pretence of conducting her to the fort it was possible to inveigle her away to the Moslem camp. It was an excellent design most likely to succeed. He resolved to pursue it, take counsel from circumstances, go on or stop short, according as events should develop. Having decisively formed his plans he nerved himself for an interview with his intended victim and bent his steps in the direction of her quarters, divided between hope and fear.

Evening came cool and clear. From violet to purple its tints

had just passed into blue. The princess was seated on a sofa in a mood of the deepest dejection. There was a shadow of anxiety in her eyes, a touch of awe on her. No emerald or pearl glowed on her brow or breast. No glitter of gem enfolded her. Her hair clustered about the neck in knots and twists and from her throat to her pretty feet swept linen draperies. At her side was the graceful swaying and floating form of Chitrolekha, on the hanging profusion of whose tresses not a gem glittered and on whose bust not a jewel flashed. Both seemed absorbed in poignant reflections.

Suddenly a portion of the door—hanging was pushed aside and a female usher put her head in to ask if her ladyship would allow 'Bhoyro' in.

"Who" asked the princess.

"Me, Bhoyro at your orders" a voice cut through the tense silence outside.

"Let him in." Her voice rang out with all its rush of silverly sound.

The Sindian staggered up into the middle of the room, working himself into a perfect frenzy of fear. After a few moments spent in panting for breath he sat down with a deferential bow, simulating a picture of terror.

"I much regret disturbing your ladyship at such an unseemly hour" began he between gasps caused as if by an overwhelming sense of calamity. "My only excuse is that I bring you timely news of something dreadful."

"What is it" asked the princess feverishly, noticing the significance in his tone.

"I bring you serious news" began he in a tremulous voice. "The city can hold out no longer. The barbarians are attempting a raid. Their chief object is to sack the palace."

The scathing drops of falsehood made a guilty flush mount imperceptibly to his forehead.

"Why, there has been an armistice" said the princess, her voice quivering with the emotion his words had created. "The barbarian chief has agreed to suspend hostilities."

It is all rubbish" replied he. "He has some hidden meaning in agreeing to an armistice. Under color of it he has set himself to play a devil's game. We have got scent of his devilry."

The princess and Chitrolekha looked blankly at him. There was a startled expression in their eyes.

"You alarm us" cried they in nervous accents.

"I do I see it, but things are looking serious" rejoined he, feigning an accent of sincerity in every word. "If we don't make an effort to help ourselves now, we may never have another opportunity. Then all hope of rescue will be worse than vain."

"Is not the garrison strong enough to prevent a raid" asked the princess diffidently. The melting voice with its dim suggestion of fear trailed off into silence.

"The garrison is small" said he "A few corps of the enemy will suffice to keep it occupied. The rest will find none to oppose their march into the city. It is feared that they will storm the palace first and make prisoner of all within, sparing neither sex nor age.

His voice seemed to sink. There was a hint of tears in his eyes. The princess shuddered, Chitrolekha's heart stirred responsively. What frightful truth lay in the words?

"The fame of your beauty has maddened the barbarian chief" added he gravely "and if the latest reports be true he intends to make you a prize of war."

"My God?" a gasping squeal of affright broke from the princess. Her lips felt stiff. Her whole being body and mind started up at the words. Awful words? words to shudder at and she did shudder in every limb. The horror was too appalling for speech. It seemed to deprive her of all thought. For a while she looked a picture of distress, only the dark eyes were pouring out their mute message of terror. Chitrolekha looked deeply pained. The soft maiden heart had a responsive vibration to hers. As for the Sindian, there was no chord in his nature that responded to such feelings.

"His majesty has come to a hasty decision that you shall be taken to the fort at once." The falsehood ran with effective fluency.

Now the soft musical voice of Chitrolekha came with the prettiest trip upon the tongue.

"Why," said she "the palace is strong enough to defy assault. Its front is barricaded. The windows are screened by iron shutters and before each gate there is a portcullis to be let down. It can hold out against any force."

"It does not strike you that the barbarians have battering-ram to play upon the gates." The words occurred to the Sindian readily.

"But there is a net work of beams to beat down before the gate is reached. The beams are massive and iron-bound" snapped she in a burst of confidence.

"This sort of portcullis may give way under thundering blows." retorted he in a mocking tone. They will bring their battering-ram into position to stave it in."

"I believe it is not possible to gain admittance by battering. The barrier is tremendous enough to provide against assault." argued she.

"Heaven preserve me from causing you false alarm" shuffled the Sindian "but we should put all such fancies out of our head. The united weight of a large body of men make a force which no barrier can withstand."

"Will not the men swinging the battering-ram be exposed to a storm of darts from our men at the loopholes" questioned she.

"When the attacking party are close under the walls they would be in a less exposed position. The shots from the loopholes may be wildly aimed" replied he

"Suppose they fail to batter down the gate, what then."

"They may set fire to it."

"Fire is of no avail." refuted she "Pine wood is too little exposed to catch alight easily."

The princess looked piteously into his face. She made a gesture of pain at his words.

"Does his majesty doubt that the armistice is a mere ruse" asked she after a pause.

"Of course," emphasized the Sindian "and in view of the danger menacing the city he just drew away from here the rest of the Court ladies."

"You mistake" corrected Chitrolekha "It was not of his own motion but yielding to their entreaties."

"The royal order had been issued long before they were aware of it" he replied off hand. Lying lips never halt in their falsehood.

"I see" ejaculated the princess, looking with those innocent eyes into his.

"From the very first his majesty was thinking about a set of

elaborate precautions, one of which was the removal of your ladyship from here." rejoined he

"I knew it was his Majesty's wish that I should also be taken to the fort but my lord was confident that matters had not come to extremities. I shared in his views and preferred staying in" replied she.

"But things are coming to a dreadful pass. It is no longer safe for your ladyship to stay within these walls" observed he gravely

"Is it so?" faltered she. With a might effort she controlled the nervous trembling that seized her.

"I hope you realise I am in earnest, very much in earnest" his wits began to play "My life is for the State, at his majesty's disposal. I hold it worthless when balanced against his welfare." He worked himself up to the point of shedding tears.

"I know you are true" said the princess, the tender cadence of her voice thrilled out,

"If I am not true then the whole world and every thing in it is one great falsehood" said he. Never was lip service more effective.

"I believe you. I trust you altogether" said she

"I count it a proud privilege that your ladyship has confidence in me" rejoined he polishing up his wits "I must now inform you that I came by his Majesty's orders."

"What are his orders" demanded she impatiently

"That you do repair to the fort with as little delay as possible. I am charged to convey you there under a strong escort. You may accept my assurance, my solemn word of promise, that I would conduct myself in a manner proper to the occasion."

She did not answer, but her silence was not of distrust but of hesitation. If there was an underlying reluctance it was due to a scruple to seek her own safety when the safety of her husband was in jeopardy.

"Am I to look for my own safety when my lord risks his life in the barbarian camp" the words gushed from her "Oh Bhoiro, the world begins to look desolate. You may realise something of the depth of my agony" She struggled with the emotion that surged in her voice. Tears crept up into her eyes and clung to the long lashes.

The Sindian paused. For a moment there was a puzzled look on his face. Her fears ought to be allayed, mused he, or it was

vain plying his wiles. She cared less for her own safety. Her mind had only been running on the possible danger to her dear one.

"Is not your ladyship aware of his Majesty's recent orders" he invented a lie. "Oh, shake off the gloom that clings to you. The office of carrying the ransom to the barbarian chief has been assigned to the Finance Minister. My lords the prince, is spared."

"Is it true" cried she excitedly. Her pulses leaped at the words. A thrill of delight brought the glow back to her cheeks. "Is it true" repeated she, resolutely repressing her emotion.

"Very true" accentuated the Sindian, his eyes twinkled with satisfaction. "As true as I am myself."

"Can I take his decision to be final."

"Of course" said the Sindian with a stress "The Finance Minister is under orders to head the deputation. His lordship has rejoined his military post."

A look of ecstasy came into her eyes.

"Well, then what would you have me do" asked she, unaware of the inquisitious plan seething in his brain. "Quit the palace precincts at once. Such is the royal command. The fort is the only safe dwelling place and I am sent to conduct you there."

"But I must know the wishes of my lord."

"He is aware of the royal order" said he, his proficiency in the art of dissimulation stood in good stead "However to acquaint yourself with his wishes your ladyship had better drop me a note. But in these perilous times it is not safe to be expressive. Only recommend me to his confidence and say that I bear a verbal message from you. I shall but be too proud to be numbered amongst your trusty servants of I be charged with the errand."

"Oh I know you far too well to doubt your sincerity" said she in a tone of earnest simplicity. "Here I write."

She scrawled a hasty note and folding handed it to him.

"There is one thing needed," urged he "To make my way at this time of siege to the quarters of a divisional commander without some warrant or authority for my passage is almost impossible. I ought to be furnished with a credential. I beg your ladyship to provide me with something which may serve as a passport."

The princess gave him a signet ring contained in a small ivory box.

In a moment he was out of the room; in another he was tramping down the stairs: in a third he had hurried through the arch-

ways and across the grounds; then he swung out into the street with a brisk stride.

Night had cast her mantle over the city. The dome of sky was shrouded in gloom. But no where was the gloom more impressive than over the streets where the sombre buildings upon either side looked like a daub. There was no light to relieve the murky picture save what flared from the watchman's swinging lantern or streamed from a hole in a shutter. A death-like hush hung everywhere, broken only by the thrub-thrub of kettle drum or a conch screeching from the enemy's encampment. Even the very air was quick with all suggestion of awe.

He made his way by instinct or by habit from street to street, challenged by each sentinel as he passed his beat. Nearly half an hour's quick walking brought him in front of a huge edifice. It was the Treasury building now turned into officer's quarters. A blinding flood of brightness from the arc-lights that illumined the doorway disclosed to his view a long vaulted corridor flanked on either side with office-rooms. It was resonant with the echoes of moving feet. A dozen armed men stood guard.

He was challenged, but he declared his mission and was let in. A footman led the way up to the third loft and left him before a door where stood two men in handsome liveries.

"Who are you" demanded they.

"I am the chief domestic of the royal household" he answered sharply.

"What's your business here"

"I came with a message for the prince. I carry the proof of it." He produced the scroll.

"Give it" said one of them.

"No, I am charged to deliver it myself."

Pushing back the screen of fretted work that hung across the door the livery man entered in to announce the stranger.

The room was a glare of light. It curiously reflected its occupant. There was every token of costliness about it and the handsome figure seated at a table in its middle was a fitting centre for it all. It was prince Keerun Singh. He was conning over the articles of the treaty.

"A man has just called with a message for your lordship" announced the liveryman.

"What kind of man is he" inquired the prince, looking up.

"I should take him to be a native of some southern region from his colour and costume. He is tall, dark and middle-aged."

"Did he give his name?"

"No, perhaps he thought it was not worth while.

"Let him in."

The curtains parted and the Sindian advanced into the room with a succession of low bows. For a moment his mouth felt dry. A mist rose before his eyes and he could hear the pounding of his heart.

"Who are you" demanded the prince

"Your lordship may know me as the chief domestic of the royal household" he raised a quivering voice.

The prince studied his countenance and taxed his memory in order to recollect when and where he had seen him. In the first flash of recollection it had appeared to him that the face was familiar.

"I remember to have seen you in the palace" said he.

"I am one of his majesty's confidential household." The Sindian summoned up all his acuteness. "When a boy I was taken into the service and have spent forty years in it."

"What's your business here."

"I come from the princess."

"From the princess?" started the former, gazing at him with keen probing scrutiny.

"Yes, my lord" replied the Sindian meekly.

"Here is her note"

He placed the letter gently on the table. The prince recognised the superscription. The handwriting was unmistakeably hers. Opening the note he read it.

"What am I to understand from this" asked he, measuring him with the quick turn of a penetrating eye.

"She has charged me to say that in these perilous times she would not trust herself to send her message in writing. She has entrusted me with the communication of her wishes verbally to your lordship. The better to convince you that I am in her confidence she has provided me with a credential."

With these words he produced the signet-ring. The prince examined it. To his keen perception there was nothing about the man to make him doubt the reality of his frankness.

"Go on" said he, His looks invited the Sindian to speak.

"Your Lordship is aware of the trembling in the city" began he "Notwithstanding the elaborate precautions adopted for its safety the panic within has not a bit abated. Although in view of a truce there has been suspension of hostilities, a general alarm is spread among the people. A belief is gaining ground that under cover of an armistice the invader is planning a surprise attack. The sack of the city is looked for daily. His imperial Majesty and the principal ladies of the court early retreated to the fort. The rest have also been sent there. His majesty does not think it fit that my honoured mistress should stay within the palace walls. He has just ordered her to be taken to the fort."

"To whom is the order come" inquired the prince.

"To our governor" lied the Sindian "He is making the necessary arrangement for her safe conduct."

"You will see that she goes in state with my retinue and that the route is closely guarded" urged the prince.

"With all possible precautions of safety" replied the former. "To me has been granted the proud privilege of heading the escort. She shall be conducted in a manner suitable to the occasion. She longs to know what are your lordship's wishes."

"Convey her my best wishes. Let her know that I endorse the royal order."

The Sindian's face brightened up.

"How glad she may be to hear this from your Lordship's own lips" coaxed he, scratching his head.

"I can't leave my post" said the prince "To-morrow morning I start for the enemy's camp. The night will pass in preparation."

"If your lordship will pardon my presumption and be gracious enough not to think me too impertinent I—I—I—"

"You wish me to drop her a line" the prince grasped his meaning

"If it so pleases your lordship" replied he with an inward chuckle

The prince became thoughtful for a few minutes and then seizing a quill dropped the following on a neat little parchment.

My beloved

Hasten your departure. You need have no apprehension about me. We shall soon meet again

I am yours,
Kerun Singh.

He folded the note, put it in a cover and gave it to the Sindian. Next he penned down a note to the governor of the palace, urging him to arrange that her equipage be strongly guarded, preceded and followed by his own retinue.

"Carry this to the governor" added he, advancing the second note, "and I charge you to conduct her safe along a well-guarded route."

"I deem it a privilege that such a responsibility has fallen upon me. Your Lordship may accept my humble assurance that she shall be safely conveyed."

He bowed his way out and was once more in the street. A light flared on his face and a hoarse cry chilled him as he passed each sentry's beat. With replies suited to the occasion he managed to carry himself back to the palace gate. It was near midnight. Entering in he stole behind a statue and having crumpled the governor's note and thrown it into a well bent his steps in the direction of the princess' quarters.

"Can it be Bhoyro coming?" broke out a rich soft voice from within a room as his steps crunched the marble pavement outside. It was the silver note of the princess quivering with agitation. Her mind was all expectancy.

"That's myself" answered he as he stepped into the chamber.

"I have just been over to his lordship. He said he was aware of the royal order and thought it fit that you should quit the palace precincts at once. Here is a note from him."

He laid the note at her feet. She opened it with nervous twitching fingers. The crackle of parchment as the document was drawn out made her heart beat fast. She read the note with a face which grew expressive of painful interest and handed it to Chetrolekha.

"Oh Bhoyro, did he say that he was going to the barbarian camp?" Her lips quivered over the words, her whole frame was wrought up to listen.

"He said that the duty had fallen on the Finance minister. The order appointing him was cancelled" replied he off hand.

Her cheeks glowed.

"We start to-morrow night. The governor has appointed a dozen men of the royal body guard to escort your ladyship. We are to leave by the river——"

"Why, by the river?" questioned she

"Such is the royal order. The route has been selected judiciously no doubt."

"Is it known to all about the court that I have orders to shift" asked she

"No, replied he- "The affair is to be handled with delicacy. Your departure shall be strictly private. His Majesty's order is that I should conduct you with the utmost secrecy."

"My maids, are they to go!"

"For the present I have orders to conduct your ladyship alone."
"But Chitrolekha shall go with me" said she

For a moment the Sindian was perplexed. Was there a lurking doubt in her heart? No, no, she was too simple

"You need have no fear about her. I will give her my best care and attention" assured he.

"No, I can't go without her, I will not" she spoke with every accent of determination.

It was useless exchanging words. She clung to her resolution. Her companion, on her part, insisted on bearing her company. He dared not press his point fearing lest they should suspect that there was a design beneath it.

"Since your ladyship so desires I must bow to it" yielded he, with an inward chuckle that there was another fly to struggle within the web his brain was weaving. "To-morrow at dead of night we start" With a deferential bow he departed.

CHAPTER V.

THE RANSOM.

The vast square in the heart of the city had quite the appearance of an exhibition. The beams of the rising sun were flashed back by the gilded helmets of a thousand troops arrayed there in ranks and files. The beams fell upon the cuirasses and glinted on the silver spears. Flecking many-coloured flames, the picturesque uniforms of cavalry and infantry officers contributed to the blaze of splendour. Everywhere shimmered dresses and accoutrements. Lining the iron paling were ranged round a battalion of the foot-guards wearing the garbs and badges of the national military order. In the foreground were stationed in different positions a corps of military police attired in full uniform. In the middle were drawn up in rows five hundred horses and fifty elephants. The horses

were magnificently caprisoned, the trappings were costly, the reins were of lace and the stirrups of silver. The groom that stood by each was clad in the finest attire. The elephants were decorated in a gorgeous style, their tasks were overlaid with plates of gold and the silver howdahs on their back were ornamented with rose-buds formed of pearls. Round these, forming as it were a zone, stood mute in serried patience a thousand soldiers in crimson, blue and grey. Officers in staff uniform were hurrying to and fro, ordering men here, there and everywhere and getting every thing in due order.

In the streets skirting the square nothing but what was pleasing in colour and in form met the eye. Troops were drawn up in a line on either side and in the background were stationed the volunteers. A guard of honor whose light dress formed a striking contrast with the gorgeous costumes of the officers, stood at the main gate of the square to receive his imperial majesty with the usual compliments.

Bugle blew long and loud, trumpets pealed and drum beat a roll, echoing in the vaults of the nearest buildings and dying away in the distant alleys.

Then the clangour of cavalry and the tramp of marching feet gave token of the approach of the royal cavalcade. It was impressively grand. In front advanced banner-men carrying the national ensign. Then came the city-patrol headed by several officers of the police. Behind them followed columns of the palace-troops with all the regimental staff. Next filed up the imperial guards in neat uniform. Their scarlet pennons fluttering from the tops of their lances added another splash to the riot of color. The next division of the cavalcade consisted of the royal cortege. The central figure was his majesty. He was mounted on a white steed attended by the prime minister and the highest civil and military functionaries. Behind him rode Prince Keerun Sing and his adjutant, a noble youth of the same age, followed by five splendidly dressed venerable old men—the delegates appointed by the crown to wait on the invader with the ransom. Last of all came lackeys and liverymen all clad in garbs worthy of the occasion. The scene was in its collective effect superbly grand.

As the cavalry approached the gate, the guards presented arms. The voice of greeting mounted to the full swell. The music rose

to its utmost pitch. It made the air vibrate with the grandeur of the sound.

The cavalcade began to pour in and reaching the middle of the piazza was disposed according to previous arrangement. As the royal cortege took a convenient position the ceremony began. First of all the horses and the elephants were led in order before his majesty, who viewed them. Next at a signal from the Lord Treasurer a dozen men stepped through the ranks of the guards and set before him five hundred beautifully embroidered velvet bags containing a crore gold mohurs, the amount of the ransom. The War Minister then presented a roll of parchment in which were embodied the articles of treaty. He read out the document and by the royal order handed it to Prince Keerun Sing.

His majesty charged the delegates to present the ransom to the invader on behalf of the State. He next assigned to the prince the office of presenting him the document for his signature, exhorted him to use the utmost caution, and with a keen sense of responsibility to the state and see that the invader gave immediate effect to the treaty by raising the siege.

He then commanded them to set out. Equipped with the valuable document the prince and his adjutant, with the delegates following behind, headed a procession. The first place in its ranks was taken by four waggon, each drawn by a pair of horses and guarded by a dozen troops. In it were stowed bags of gold. Next were arrayed in row the elephants and the horses, the grooms holding the steeds by the bridle. One thousand picked troops whose uniforms and accoutrements added greatly to the impressiveness of the pageant brought up the rear.

Crack went the whips. Drums rolled, trumpets blared and a shout rose from the piazza. The procession started, defiled past the royal cortege and winding through the maze of streets issued out of the city to take a course in the direction of the Turk encampment.

The Sindian had interviewed the Sultan in the small hours of the morning. The meeting was strictly private. What took place we narrate below.

"Sure you have played your part well or you would dare not! disturb the great Sultan in his morning meal" broke forth the lord of the Turks, rolling at him a somnolent eye.

He had just drained a horn of ale and ordering a good square meal was taking a puff at his pipe. The atmosphere of the place was dense with tobacco smoke and redolent with the fumes of liquor.

"Jahapana" replied the Sindian with hands clasped 'Dare I seek your august presence with no good news to tell. Have I no head to save?"

"Ha, You interest me, say on, how has your trap worked," asked the former expelling smoke.

"In adroit hands a game is cleverly played. I have woven around her a web mesh by mesh" responded the Sindian joyfully. "To-night the proud Indian beauty, the amazing master-piece of Nature, shall be fairly under way for your majesty's harem."

"This is astounding—almost beyond belief." The Sultan cut him short almost brusquely. "If you don't wish to be a dead man soon try no trick with me."

"My sovereign lord" chattered the Sindian "I am no base hireling but a man of character, square and straight. If I trifle with your Majesty even by a thought may the penalty befitting the knave be mine."

"Beware whom you trifle with" warned the former "If you equivocate, your hours are numbered. Fly where you may I will find you out in whatever part of the world you are."

"Heaven forbid that I should sink so low. I act square, deal only face to face. That your majesty may not think that I impose upon you I offer my head at the foot of your throne to be disposed of at your pleasure" said the Sindian.

"Can I accept your words for truth."

"Of course" emphasized the Sindian "I have bound myself to your interests by a rigid vow and I will be true to the same even unto death."

"Then act in strict and loyal confidence."

He then related how his scheme had worked, how he had duped both the princess and her spouse and smoothed the way for the final stroke.

"Ah, master scamp, cleverest of villains" cried Mahmud, a look of amazement stealing into his keen eyes. "I see there is some touch of the devil in you, but has any body got wind of the business?"

"Not a soul, I am sure of that" replied the Sindian with a stress "I fooled all from the very start. Who can poke his nose into my affairs so long as I have all my wits about me."

"It is a marvel to me how you have brought things to this pass" wondered Mahmud eyeing him curiously.

"My wiles are never plied in vain" boasted the blackman

"I see!"

"Hitherto I have played a lone hand in the game, I would now presume it is about time your majesty took a hand in it" said the Sindian.

"How am I to bear a hand, say"

"The woman is within my clutches, her husband we have now to fix. He will run me down if we don't give him an early send-off."

"Axe at his throat and halter round his neck" blustered the Sultan.

"He is coming here with a chosen band to pay the ransom."

"Let him come, he shall feel how ponderous our fetters are and how pleasing it is to pine away in the dark cell of a Turkish prison" added the Sultan chafing his lips.

"No, he must be wiped out" urged the blackman.

"All right I will wipe him out of existence. By the hand that grips the sword I will sweep out of my path any one that dares come between me and my prey." Said the Sultan resolutely.

"This has to be done soon enough to make things sure,"

They talked over the scheme for sometime. As the Sindian knew the country round about, his selection of the locality where the princess was to be waylaid was approved. She was to be rowed up the stream under the pretence of a circuitous course to the fort. Somewhere ahead of where the encampment stood two dozen armed men were to lie in ambush amidst the under-growths edging the river. Another pack was to cruise about. As her vessel should arrive within hailing distance, those from the bush would close in behind and with the cruising party in front she would be in a trap, having no chance of making off. This was the plan hit upon. The Sultan then gave the necessary instructions to the captain of his tentguards. "Should any of her escort offer resistance, cut down every one of them" was his order. The captain bowed.

"Are you certain you understand my instructions, captain" asked he.

"Quite sure" replied the captain more than ever impressed with the importance of his duty.

He next ordered his chamberlain to arrange for the seclusion of the captive in the quarters to be chosen by his general Kublai Khan to whom was entrusted the charge of carrying them away to Ghazni as soon as their person was secured.

"Well" said he turning to the Sindian "Play your part well and the reward I have promised you shall have."

"Those who move about on great men's business have need of long purses" muttered the latter, scratching his head.

"Oh, you want to be relieved of all anxiety so far as the common things of life step in. Accept a trifle for your immediate wants. It is only an earnest of the ample recompense you shall receive when the business is finished."

"I doubt not in the least your majesty's bounty. He who has the character of the most judicious ruler on earth knows what value to set on an enterprise involving many risks and few favourable chances; but—but—I would presume to ask the favour of.—"

"Oh, you want more" snapped the Sultan "Well, I will fill your hands too full when I see how you manage the first job. When the business is finished you shall have five cities to rule over."

By his order, the keeper of his exchequer handed to the Sindian twenty pieces of gold coin.

With a profound bow he departed and by means of the passport he had got through the lines managed to gain sight of the city. Next by getting among the boats stole his way in.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LURE.

The ransom was paid, the treaty ratified and Mahmud gave orders to raise the siege. The noble youths who had been detained as hostages were set free, the delegates were discharged and they all made ready to depart. The prince now solicited leave of the Sultan to retire.

"Noble prince" said the Sultan affecting a look of sincerity. "I can scarce bear parting with you, you have so won me by your courtesy. Your goodness overcomes me."

"I am honoured that your majesty should have interested your-

self so much about me. I count this the proudest hour of my life" the prince returned the compliment—

"From the moment you set foot within the precincts of the encampment and from the moment I set my eyes upon you. I knew you were no common man but one of the noblest and the most high-souled on this side of the Indus" rejoined the former with overdrawn politeness.

"I cannot say how thankful I am for the compliment. It seems all the kinder for the reason that I am an entire stranger here" replied the prince, fixing his eyes upon him with an expression of candour.

"Ah! You hide your own kindness too well" replied the wily Turk in a tone suited to the occasion. "Do you realise what it means to me to receive a guest who I am tempted to think is one of the greatest of men for the many qualities of head and heart." There was a flattering intonation on the words.

"Your majesty does me great honour and heaven forbid that I should even appear to have undervalued it or seem unworthy by committing some error in point of propriety" returned the prince, much flattered by the tribute to his accomplishments.

"It is to me a sincere pleasure no less than a duty to do all possible honour to one that deserves it, whatever may be his race or nationality. My mind is free from the bias of creed. Know, noble prince, once in some primeval age we must have been akin."

"Sir, I respect your sentiments and am only too proud to be honored with the good opinion you have of me, even though I am conscious I do not merit it. If I do not know how best to acknowledge the boon I do not the least appreciate the graciousness which moves you." Replied the prince with a gratified look on his face. Much more eloquent than words was that look."

"You richly deserve I should do you all possible honour" returned the former with a dig of emphasis on the first three words "I have already heard of you. Your ancestors yield not in antiquity to any other royal family in India and the kingdom your father rules is no less potent than any on this side of the earth. You are no newcomer into honours and splendours but a hereditary prince, born in the purple, whom no one ever addressed save by titles of dignity. I honor rank and noble lineage. It gives me therefore great pleasure to count you the best of my allies."

There were coaxing cajoling, wheedling all in the words.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful for the generosity with which you have consented to receive me into an alliance so glorious to me. If in any way I could have merited it I owe it to your great goodness" replied the prince with all the vivacity and frank abandonment of his nature.

"In addition to your high birth you have the divine gift of high character" continued the shrewd Turk in the same fondling strain. "If mental endowments have a true outward expression, your bearing and manner reveal a pure heart. There is a calm dignity in your proud but impretending air which I cannot look upon with indifference. Your voice has a manly ring and your eye the light of a noble soul. In contracting friendship with you I flatter myself I only give what is justly your due."

"I have infinite obligations to your majesty for the honor you design me and for all the kindness you have for me and I esteem myself but too happy in the hope that you will retain the sentiment to the last" replied the prince coloring at the flattery which did not chime in with his sense of delicacy.

"Speak no more of your obligations to me. You have none. You add by your courtesy to the obligations I owe you already. I fear I have not done enough. Your candour joined to the confidence you have placed in me have gained you my warm esteem"

"Rather your majesty encouraged me to place it by your unfeigned sincerity and openness" replied the prince modestly. "However akin to a sweet disposition such openness may be it is the more praiseworthy since it is shown to one who is wholly a stranger and I wonder to myself what interest can I possess for you that my first sight should have produced so favourable an impression."

"Oh, my whole soul went out to you at a glance" replied the Sultan with a luminous smile. "Believe me, I am thoroughly in earnest, the sight of you gives me delight. I prefer the pleasure of seeing and hearing you before all the treasure your state can afford."

"My longing to enjoy your goodness corresponds with the feeling your majesty expresses" the prince returned the compliment. "Give me leave to assure you that I gratefully remember it and it shall be linked in my mind to the holiest of associations. I count all our troubles sufficiently recompensed by the satisfaction of having pleased you."

"I shall omit nothing to confirm you in the good sentiments I have of you" said the Sultan with another seemingly gracious smile. "Sure you feel honored by the token of my good will."

"I accept the singular honor reverentially and I pledge you my honor in return that should there come a time when you have need of me, reckon on it. Anything I can do for you will be esteemed by me a proud privilege" replied the prince in a tone which testified the fervour his gratitude.

"With all your charished family traditions, with all the pride which you have in your high birth it is no marvel that you should offer to forgo all your prejudices and the prejudices of your nation to take an alien into confidence and fulfil his solicitation" said the former, slyly inviting him into the net woven.

"If your majesty has anything to require of me and if it be in my power to comply, you may freely command it. My readiness to obey shall be a test of my appreciation of the goodness I am so thoroughly sensible of and am in duty bound to reciprocate." replied the prince with the intensity of gratitude reiterating through the words.

"Repeat not, noble prince, any obligation you have to me. I would rather have you accept my thanks in acknowledgement of your profession of friendship. Sure you have considered what you owe to yourself, to your own blood and to the high rank of your ancestors and by condescending to fulfil my wishes you preserve the lustre of your noble birth." Cajoled the Sultan affecting an earnestness beneath which lurked the most sanguinary sentiments.

"I have nothing to say to the civilities your majesty has been pleased to show me" replied the prince assuming a grateful expression of countenance "only I am eager to learn what your wishes are. By expressing them you will put me in a position to flatter myself with being serviceable to you some way."

"I have one thing to desire of you and I shall ask nothing but what is in your power to grant. I ask it with all earnestness and dare flatter myself you will not refuse it.

"Your majesty has nothing to do but acquaint me what it is. You shall see in what manner I can oblige you when it is in my power," replied the prince guardedly and presuming it to be a prelude to some improper proposition he set limits to his promise.

"If you think, noble prince, that I deserve some acknowledgment, testify it by an obliging offer to bear me company as far as the border. You may be quite sure that you shall be escorted back with befitting honour by my own body guards."

A puzzled look broke over the prince's face. "I reckon it my glory to please your majesty. But I regret the nature of the service required is not compatible with the limited duty imposed upon me by the State" stuttered he "I have only been charged to present you the articles of treaty for ratification. Your majesty will not take it ill if I hesitate to overstep the limit assigned to me."

"You won't be remiss in your duty or transgress its bounds if you use a discretion to promote the interests of your State. Your sovereign will think nothing prejudicial to you but rather commend your prudence and far sightedness."

"I must beg your majesty to excuse me" said he with an accent of apology and self-excuse.

"Son of a great Royal house? Reflect what good effect your presence amongst us promises to produce." Snapped the passed master of duplicity. "On my passage back fresh complications may arise. There may be commotion afresh among the country-folks. With their natural distrust of aliens they may take amiss the movements of my troops and misled by wrong inferences may assume the offensive of which the consequences will be terrible. But your presence in our midst will leave no room for misconception."

The prince began to feel in a mighty awkward corner.

"I quite agree with your majesty" replied he, perplexity was writ large on every feature of his "but I am sorry the narrow scope of my mission gives no freedom."

"You may be quite sure I shall respect your confidence" the Turk went on affecting not to heed his excuse "I will send you back safe and sound. On my honour I will not break my word."

"I feel sure of that" returned the prince dryly. "In your high honour I have a holy faith, but—"

"You shall have as much honour and respect shown you as if you were at home. My camp is at your service. My general Murad Bey will attend you. He is always good company. He will perform his trust with fidelity and be assured I shall not lose sight of you. After this you need not hesitate to give me the satisfaction I desire." The Sultan continued regardless of his scruples.

"I rely upon your royal word and would wrong you to doubt for a moment the sincerity which inspires it but I beg to be excused—"

"Well, if you hesitate to bear me company as far as the border, deign to accompany me to a short distance, say twenty miles, a journey of a few hours only. "The—

"I extremely regret I have not the pluck to do anything of my own will. I am answerable to my king and can do nothing without his authority" pleaded the prince.

"No doubt there is sound reasoning in what you have urged, but your king whom I may now call my ally will rather be pleased when he hears that you have used a tact to cement the alliance."

"I offer your majesty a thousand apologies for my impertinence and beg you would not charge it on me as an offence nor forbear to give me the testimonies of your good will. I regret I lose an opportunity to oblige you, but there can be no help for it, for from the sovereign to the meanest citizen all are anxiously awaiting my return.

"Indeed they do" The Sultan met his argument "but these noble men will bear them the good news that to improve matters you have made a judicious exercise of your discretion."

"I hope your majesty will pardon me if I presume to tell you it will be in vain to solicit me any further about it" entreated the prince.

"Will you still refuse me the pleasure I expect from you. I imagined you would have had more complaisance for one who was not deterred by racial or political considerations from treating you as his equal" fretted the Turk.

"Your majesty will forgive me for causing you disappointment. I have represented to you the reason which prevents me from giving you the satisfaction you desire."

"It is a vain fear of yours. My ally will not take it ill when he reflects that you have made a judicious use of your discretion. As a token of my friendship I intend presenting him my gold staff."

He ordered the governor of the camp to hand over to the captain of the prince's escort a gem-studded gold staff for presentation to the king.

The prince mused that if he scrupled to accomodate himself to the tyrant's humour upon so delicate an occasion, his goodness might

turn to aversion and should the brute instinct of the barbarian assert itself who knew to what it might transport him, He was also impressed by the argument that his company would have the effect of minimising outbreaks of hostility on the way of the retiring host. There was moreover the consideration that his sacred character as an embassy was a sufficient guarantee for his safety.

Revolving all these in his mind he decided to yield.

"I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for your good opinion of me, for the honor you do me and the great favour you offer which I cannot pretend to merit. I should deem it unbecoming to be deterred by a sense of personal responsibility from giving you the satisfaction you desire" said he.

"I esteem myself but too happy in the consent you have given" complimented the Sultan with rapid divination of his musing.

"I understand I shall have to bear you company some distance only" said the prince.

"Just so. We shall part when we have reached the open country" assured the former.

Leaving the prince and his adjutant in the camp, the rest of the party withdraw with the troops and reached the city. The deputies were received by his majesty in private audience and questioned on many points relative to the issue of their mission. His majesty expressed his approbation of the discretion exercised by the prince.

The news was withheld from the public on the policy of keeping the city completely on guard till the invader should be far away. The precaution was begotten of a sense of mistrust that his show of retreat might be strategic and his motions deceptive. As a matter of course no look of relief displaced the dismal aspect of the city and the life within continued as gloomy as before.

Mahmud broke camp in the evening. In the red tossing flame light of a thousand torches men and officers, horse and foot waggons and equipage filled the highroads with movement and with colour. The huge armament rolled on, and on. Near Kainag a corps of two thousand men, with general Kublai Khan at its head, was detached from it and put in motion towards a destined goal. Farther away another corps, the one that was marching with the prince and his adjutant, having been formally appointed as his cortege, tore itself from the main body under favor of night and by a feint move struck into the maze of mountain paths,

with the covert object of hurrying him off to Ghazni by a shorter cut. It consisted of two thousand men and was led by General Murad Bey. Mahmud had given instructions to the general to keep them under strict surveillance and, if occasion required, put them in chains, intimating that he intended to keep them in Ghiaini as prisoners.

General Kublai Khan was entrusted with the charge of carrying by river to Ghazni, the spoils of war, the trophies and like memorials. He was also instructed to pick up the princess wherever she could be conveniently secured.

The general took a course backward and keeping by the Jhelum, moved rapidly on till he came near an eminence from where the river front was separated by a small wood. Here he camped and after despatching men in various directions in search of vessels for the transport of his contingent, sent out a chosen band to form an ambuscade at some convenient point on the river side to waylay a vessel flying a blue flag.

KAJI KUMAR GHOSH, R.L.

THE TRUE AIM OF LIFE AND EDUCATION.

Our ideas of life vary with our religious notions, habits, occupations and disposition of mind. The religious ascetic practises austerities, mortifies his passions and denounces sensual pleasures. The epicure or the man of pleasure sets the highest value on eating, drinking and being merry. The Jogee or the religious devotee cuts off all connection with worldly affairs, becomes a recluse, and devotes himself to the contemplation of God and Nature. The worldly man immerses himself in the bustle and tumult of the world having little or no inclination or time to think of spiritual matters. The philosopher or the learned man confines himself to abstract thinking the cultivation of his mind taking little care for manly sports and the development of physical powers. The mechanic and the farmer, from the very nature of their occupations, bestow no special thought on the improvement of their mind except such as is involved in handicraft and tillage. Thus the common attributes of life of every class of humanity seem to be confined to an exclusive attention to the circumstances and idiosyncracies of the condition of life in which such class has happened to be placed in. It may be worth while to point out that such a scheme discloses an imperfect or incomplete life. It is only the harmonious development of all our faculties, physical, intellectual and moral or spiritual that constitutes perfect humanity which is certainly the highest ideal of life and therefore its true aim.

We proceed now to show how the common attributes of life, led by the several classes of people mentioned above may be corrected and improved so as to ensure perfection to an extent practically attainable.

1. The Anchorite :

Does the life of the anchorite present a complete view of its true aim? Does he not owe a duty to his fellow-creatures, and is it fulfilled when he remains aloof from all intercourse with them? Besides what is the test of judging of his moral worth except his power to resist temptations in the midst of allurements and corruption? Only such persons are patient and self-restrained who can preserve

the equanimity of their mind in the presence of causes to disturb it. There is not a sufficient trial of one's principles unless they are put into practice. It is thorough knowledge, work and faith (Jnan, Karma and Bhakti) that a religious devotee can expect to realise the object of his contemplation. A firm faith in the goodness of God based upon rational knowledge and fructified into practical holiness, is the best means of perfecting humanity. As worldly success is attained by intelligent exertions and skilful adoption of means to compass an end, so a holy life is the result of a due performance of our duties—duties to ourselves, to our fellow-creatures and to god, that is to say, self-love, benevolence and piety which form a comprehensive moral code for the regulation of our life. But these three means of such regulation are interdependent and must go hand in hand. Faith without knowledge is liable to become blind; work without a knowledge of our duties is liable to become misdirected and aimless; mere knowledge without faith has an atheistical and demoralising tendency; without practice it is worth nothing; it is then dry and unproductive of any practical good. The life of a religious devotee must therefore, in order to be successful, be practical as well as contemplative—benevolent and devotional.

2. The man of pleasure.

As to the life of a man of pleasure, poets and moralists have depicted in glowing colours its utter hollowness and frivolousness. History furnishes abundant examples of the unfortunate and miserable end of the voluptuary. Extravagance and dissipation caused the ruin of Sardanapalus and Cleopatras, of Roman and Mogal empires proving thereby that not only individuals but nations failed to prosper on account of luxury and licentiousness. The epicurean doctrine as a means of attaining true happiness is thus found to be dangerous, unsound and opposed to the principle of morality and rational enjoyment. It cannot be said, however, that pleasures should be altogether avoided in any scheme of life. They keep up our spirits and cheerfulness—the best means of preserving health.

Pleasures being a sort of relief to labour are means to an end. If exclusively indulged in, they pall upon the senses and defeat their own object. Such being the case, a continuous round of pleasures cannot afford true happiness and satisfy our aspirations.

3. The man of business seeks happiness in active pursuit, the acquisition of wealth and worldly prosperity. Wealth no doubt, is

the principal means of securing our comfort and ease. Wealth is a real and substantial thing which ministers to our pleasures, increases our comfort, multiplies our resources and not unfrequently alleviates our pains. Is desire of wealth producing material tendency really incompatible with our spiritual welfare? It has been said that one cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time. It does not mean that a proper and judicious use of wealth is ungodly or that an unostentatious and sincere devotion to God is inconsistent with good fortune. All that it indicates is simply this, that an abuse or pride of wealth may lead to irreligion and vice. Wealth like pleasures is a means to an end. When that end is lost sight of, and wealth is sought for its own sake, when people die in harness not knowing what the sweets of retirement are, or hoard up riches stinting themselves and suffering from self-denial, it is all the same whether they possess them or not.

Civilisation is the result of two facts: the development of social and individual activity, the progress of society and humanity.

4. The philosopher or the learned man. As to the philosopher or the learned man, all that need be said is that true wisdom consists in the practical application of the knowledge concerning God, Soul, Nature and the discharge of duties which his enquiries have defined. What a vast sphere of usefulness lies before him; it is his province to discover truth and dispel the darkness of superstition and falsehood. In order to guard against errors, he must proceed in a spirit of rationalism and earnest enquiry. In fact, it is this spirit of rationalism which has remedied the three fundamental errors of the olden time; errors which made the people in politics too confiding, in science credulous, in religion too intolerant. By the teaching of philosophy we should rise above the pretensions of hostile sects, and without being terrified by the fear of future punishment or allured by the hope of future happiness, we should be content with such practical religion as consists in performing the duties of life; and uncontrolled by the dogmas of any particular creed we should strive to make the soul retire inward upon itself and by the efforts of its own contemplation, admire the ineffable grandeur of the Being of beings, the supreme cause of all created things.

What is then wanted to make the life of the philosopher happy and perfect? Out of him should come all things that are written

and debated among men of thought. His broad humanity should transcend all sectional lines.

5. The peasant or the poor man. Poverty has a chastening as well as a demoralising effect. It has its advantages as well as disadvantages. If his pleasures and comforts are few, his wants also are limited. Every condition of life, be it high or low, is not altogether free from inconveniences and anxieties. There is no circumstance which has not its peculiar blessings. Its blessings serve to neutralise its curses, the rich and the great admire the simplicity of pastoral life and the quiet, tranquillity and the natural scenery of the country. The peasant seems to pant after the pomp and grandeur of courts and the bustle and tumult of cities. Here, as in every thing else, the golden mean between two extremes should be observed. There should be neither uncouth rusticity nor insincere and modish refinement; the fashionable world should grow free and easy; and the unlettered multitude decorous and respectful. While learning good manners, the villager is not to exchange his artless, guildless and simple habits for the deceitful and vicious life of the townsman.

With regard to the populace it may be generally remarked that their strength lies in union; then their voice is very powerful; *vox populi vox Dei*; but they should not be riotous and tumultuous like the Nihilists and Socialists of Europe but governed by religious influences like the masses in India. Let them remember that they are a unity in the social scheme. That Agrarian disputes are blunders; that by rising against their natural protectors, they simply increase the misery of their situation. They should not take the law into their own hands but act constitutionally and under proper leaderships. Let them be economical, prudent and simple in their domestic and private life, law-abiding, orderly and discreet in their public life.

Thus the true aim of life is the working out of the high ideal embracing the two-fold perfection of social and individual progress. Every condition of life while retaining its peculiar virtues is to grow by assimilating those of others normally and naturally. Activity physical, intellectual and moral is the normal condition and attribute of life, while *inertia* and objectless existence are worse than death. 'Let us then be up and doing. With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, Still pursuing learn to labour and to wait.'

As to the second part of the essay—it involves a consideration of the true method of education. The subject may be divided into two heads. 1. the kind of knowledge to be pursued for the purposes of education and 2. what constitutes real education. The knowledge pursued by the school-men was useless for any practical purpose. Nice subtleties of discussion, fine distinction, plays upon words, quibbles &c. formed the bulk of their literature. Their sole object was to sharpen the intellect with useless or spurious knowledge. Their metaphysics were like cobwebs fine to look at but unsubstantial and barren of any good results; cleverness and ingenuity, and not solidity and originality, were the natural outcome of such a system of training. Far different was the method adopted by Bacon, the father of Inductive Philosophy; to ameliorate the condition of mankind, to minister to their pleasures and comforts, to alleviate their sufferings, —these were the practical objects for pursuit. The object of science is the invention of arts and of mechanical contrivances which may be turned to good account. Utility is the test of the value of knowledge; facts and phenomena are to be observed and experimented upon and accepted or rejected according to their fitness or otherwise to subserve some useful end.

But for the perfection of knowledge the inductive and utilitarian method of Bacon ought to be supplemented by the Scotch and German deductive and transcendental method. The highest abstract thought of modern times was attained in Germany in the great philosophical movement from 1780 to 1830, i.e., from Kant to Hegel; and the chief philosophical concern of the next half century will be to understand, appreciate and apply the German thought of that period.

Now knowledge, either in the Baconian practical form or the German transcendental form, has grown to such an inexhaustible and vast volume or magnitude, that the full life-time of a man is not sufficient to enable him to obtain a thorough mastery over even a particular branch. Added to this when it is borne in mind that in this age of keen competition and formidable rivalry and the consequent hard struggle for existence, when every hour must sweat her fifty minutes to the death, we cannot afford to be crammed with useless or spurious knowledge while there is so much really worth knowing, else we will be handicapped in the race of life.

According to Herbert Spencer, knowledge has a two-fold value

—its value as discipline or mental training and its value as positive acquisition. Our mental faculties have to be sharpened and a stock of knowledge is to be acquired which will stand us in good stead both in our dealings with the world and the particular chosen subject for which we have a peculiar aptitude. In order that these two objects may be accomplished thoroughly during the short career of general education, care should be taken that the subjects of study chosen for the sake of the one should be subservient to the other also. After being grounded in general principles of knowledge the attention of the student should be confined to the study of his favourite subject. Any thing not having a bearing on the latter and which he has hereafter to forget or unlearn, should be carefully eschewed even in the former course of preliminary training. As to the question, what constitutes real education, it may be remarked that the primary end of such education is the perfect development of humanity or acquisition of wisdom. There is a vast difference between knowledge and wisdom. The most knowing or learned man is not necessarily the most perfect or wise. The province of knowledge is to furnish our mind with materials of information; that of wisdom is to utilise and turn them to account. The one may be compared with the materials of a building and the other with the architect employing them.

The application of meditation both to study and observation is the best means of obtaining wisdom. Whether in the province of intellect or that of morals, its influence for good is vast. The marvellous productions of art and science, from the invention of a telescope to the manufacture of lucifer match, are the combined results of knowledge and thought. What the digestive process is to food, reflection is to knowledge. As the one invigorates the body the other endues the intellect with understanding and wisdom.

Education does not mean simply the culture of the mind. It embraces the improvement of our physical, intellectual and moral or spiritual faculties in judicious proportions. Meditation has a large share in enlightening our mind and soul. It unlocks the treasures of psychological and moral truths. It is the best safeguard against immorality and vice. It leads to the formation of good character which is the principal object of education.

A systematic and regular habit of reflection cannot but lead to originality which should be a very important aim and object of education

The existing system of University education has a two-fold defect : 1. it does not make an adequate provision for moral training, 2. it tends to foster a spirit of cramming or mental subserviency. The Government of India sometime ago issued circulars on the subject of the moral training of students, laying down certain rules about the selection of ethical text-books, discipline and inter-school regulations for transfer of students from one institution to another. These regulations do not appear to have produced the desired effect. They have produced only one effect, viz., the rigid realisation of fees and fines from the students. It should be borne in mind that as regards both physical and moral training, much depends upon the students themselves. As they cannot become good athletes without undergoing systematic physical exercises, so their morals cannot be expected to be improved without their leading moral lives ; study of the rules of gymnasium and of morality is, no doubt, good in its way in furnishing our young men with knowledge of these subjects, but their morals can no more be improved by mere study of ethical text-books than a nation can be rendered virtuous by an Act of Parliament. The same observation applies to the matter of originality. It is more a personal than a acquired gift. Genius is self-made. It flies on its own wings and stands upon its own legs. There are two kinds of intellect, talent and genius. The former is a reasoning, empiric and discursive faculty which proceeds from particulars to generals, step by step, by intermediate trains of reasoning, furnishing data for the conclusions arrived at. The latter is a spontaneous, discerning, intuitive faculty which perceives at a glance the conclusions from the very beginning, without the slow and plodding processes of reasoning. Thus great mathematical minds like those of Newton or Euler discerned the conclusion of Euclid from the beginning without intermediate trains of reasoning. In this way very important truths have been discovered by the glances of genius, though such instinctive devinations remain as hypotheses until verified by logical demonstrations—a task often left by genius to others or posterity. Experience has taught us that the guesses of men like Carlyle or Emerson have proved to be as certain truths as those established by demonstration. Although genius is mainly spontaneous, natural and self begotten, yet there are certain conditions or favourable circumstances for its free and unfettered development. Among these the principal elements are

liberty and absence of poverty. It is extremely doubtful whether geniuses like Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Euler could have flourished in any other country than England, the land of genuine freedom.

It is as impossible for the proud and the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for the camel to enter the eye of the needle. This fact is clearly illustrated in the history of the Hindus. Their civilisation was unique in the world's history during the period of their supremacy and independence. It was that glorious epoch which produced such extraordinary geniuses as Manu and Yajnavalka, Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti, Gargya and Bhashkara. Neither the dark age of Moslem rule nor the enlightened period of British administration, can point to a single instance of genuine originality among the children of India as can match their illustrious forefathers except that Dr. J. C. Bose. British Government is doing as far as it lies in its power to foster the growth of genius amongst its subject people.

K. C. KANJILAL, B. L.

NOTES FROM THE CALCUTTA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

I.—GENERAL REMARKS.

The Calcutta Zoological Gardens are now well worthy of a visit. The collection of the larger carnivora in the Burdwan House is complete, including specimens of all the larger carnivorous animals of Asia, Africa and America. The Rhinoceros Enclosure contains two fine specimens of the Indian Rhinoceros (*R. unicornis*), obtained from Nepal through the good offices of Lord Curzon. The Tapir Enclosure (No. 32 of the official *Guide to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens*, Edition 1910) contains a pair of Malayan Tapirs (*Tapirus indicus*); while in the Buckland Enclosure are exhibited a pair of the full-grown Hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus amphibius*) from Africa. These are some of the standing attractions of the Calcutta Zoo. To these may be added the puny-looking baby elephant recently presented to these Gardens by the Government of Assam.

II.—WILD SHEEP AND GOATS OF THE HIMALAYAN REGIONS.

Speaking from a scientific point of view, the most interesting sight of these Gardens, at present, is the collection of wild sheep and goats from the higher altitudes of the Himalayas. Though the specimens of these animals will not prove attractive to the lay visitors, they will amply repay a careful inspection by those who are well up in natural history. In the course of a visit which I paid to these Gardens on Thursday the 18th November 1915, I found in the Old Bear House (No. 7 of the official *Guidebook*, Edition 1910), one specimen of the Urial or Sha (*Ovis vignei*). This wild sheep is found in Ladak, Zaskar and Northern Tibet, ranging through Astor and Gilgit to Afghanistan. The most characteristic feature of this fine wild sheep is the pair of horns which rise close together, then diverge from each other a good deal and then curve round nearly in a circle, sometimes keeping almost in one plane and sometimes winding spirally. The horns of this specimen are short and nearly straight (a portion thereof having been sawn off),

as the specimen appears to be a female. But a finer specimen of *Ovis vignei* with a pair of horns curved in a circle can be seen in one of the paddocks of the Antelope House (No. 23 of the official *Guidebook*) where it is now living with a specimen of the tiny-looking Ruffrorns Gazelle (*Gazella rufifrons*) from Senegal in West Africa. A male Urial stands 32 inches from the ground, while it is 48 inches in length and its tail measures 4 inches. Its horns measure 24 to 30 inches round the curve and about 10 in girth at the base. Its fur is coarse, close and short. Its tail is short. The males of this animal, when they grow to adolescence, develop a gular ruff of long hair commencing behind the chin in two lobes, which immediately unite and extend down the middle of the throat to the chest. In the hot weather, the color of its fur assumes a tinge of rufous grey or fawn, while in winter it becomes a light greyish brown. The lower parts of its body, as also its buttocks and tail are whitish or white. Its ruff is sometimes black throughout but generally with some white hairs. A patch behind the shoulder is black or blackish; sometimes there are a blackish lateral line and markings outside the limb. The Urial goes about in herds containing from 3 or 4 to 20 or 30 individuals and frequents open valleys in Ladak; while in Astor and Gilgit it inhabits grassy ground on moderate heights below the forest-clad regions. In Sind, the Salt Range of the Punjab, Beluchistan and Persia, it frequents hilly ground rather than amongst bushes and scrub jungle. It is wary and of active habits, climbing precipices with marvellous ease. When alarmed, it utters a shrill cry resembling a whistle. But its ordinary call-note is a sort of bleating. It breeds in the Punjab in September. It goes with young for a period of 7 months. But in the London Zoological Gardens where it has bred, the period of gestation has been found to be 4 months. Very likely, the true period of gestation is a mean between the two. It gives birth to one or two lambs. It has bred freely with tame sheep. Its flesh is good eating.

A specimen of the Bharal or Blue Wild Sheep (*Ovis nahuja*), which is a congener of the Urial, is exhibited in the westernmost paddock of the Sonbursa Enclosure (No. 9 of the official *Guidebook*). So far as its structure is concerned it is as much related to the wild goats (*Capra*) as to the wild sheep (*Ovis*), and is placed in the latter genus chiefly because its external appearance is more like that of a sheep than that of a goat. The height of a male Bharal at the

shoulder is about 3 feet. Its length from the tip of the nose to the root of its tail is 5 feet, the tail itself being 7 inches long. Its horns measure about 24 inches round the curve, their girth at the base being about 11 inches. The horns of the male Bharal arise close together and curve outwards, first upwards, then downwards, and lastly backwards. In females, however, the horns are short, first curve slightly upwards and then outwards. The females of this species of wild sheep are much smaller in their dimensions. Its fur is uniformly long throughout, and there is no trace of a mane or ruff. Its ears are short, while its tail is longer than that of the Urial. The upper part of its body is brownish grey in color, assuming a much browner tinge in the summer and a slaty grey hue with a brownish wash in winter. The lower parts of its body, the inside and back of its limbs, and buttocks to the base of the tail are white. In the males of this species, when grown to adolescence, the face, chest, a stripe down the front of all limbs, a band down the lower part of the side bordering the white of the belly, and the terminal two-thirds of the tail are black. But the female Bharal does not possess these black markings. So far as its structure and habits are concerned, it stands midway between the sheep and the goats. Like the sheep, it inhabits undulating ground, frequently lying down among the stones on its grazing-ground during the day-time. But it resembles the goat in the possession of the wonderful power of climbing up steep cliffs and hill-sides, and of its habit, when alarmed, of taking shelter in places inaccessible to human beings. It goes about in herds including from 8 or 10 to 50 or even 100 individuals. During the day-time, they feed and rest alternately. When they lie down amongst stones, it is difficult to make them out owing to the brownish grey color of their pelage assimilating with that of the stones - thereby affording an example of what is known to zoologists as Protective Coloration. In September the Bharal attains to good condition when its flesh becomes good eating. Hodgson says that the Blue Wild Sheep goes with young for a period of 160 days. But the accurate period of gestation has not yet been ascertained. It has bred freely in the London Zoological Gardens. But it never breeds with the tame sheep. It is easily tamed when captured in a young state.

Adjoining just to the east of the paddock occupied by the Bharal is a compartment which is tenanted by a specimen of the Himalayan

Wild Goat vulgarly designated as the Tahr but known to zoologists as *Hemitragus jemlaicus*. It is found throughout the Himalayas from the Pir Panjal to Sikkim. The height of a male at the shoulder is 36 to 40 inches. It is 4 ft. 8 in. in length from the tip of the nose to the root of its tail. The tail measures 7 inches. Its horns measure 12 to 15 inches in length outside the curve. The females are much smaller in dimensions. The hair on its head is short; but that on the body is longer. In old males, the hair on the neck, shoulders, and breast is so long as to form a shaggy mane reaching to below the knees. Its tail is short and depressed, its under-surface being devoid of fur. Its knees and breast are callous. It possesses four mammae. The general coloration of its pelage is a rich dark brown or reddish brown. Its face and the front of all the limbs are very dark, being almost black in some individuals. A dark band runs down the back. In the males of this wild goat, the backs of the limbs are pale or rusty red. The young animals are greyish-brown in color. The Tahr generally loves to live in the forests and can often be found frequenting the precipitous hill-sides which are more or less overgrown with trees. The females of this species are often found browsing on open ground; but the old males prefer to remain concealed in the thickest jungle. Like the true goats, the Tahr associates in herds. They rut in the winter, the females giving birth to one kid as a rule in June or July. According to Hodgson, the female Tahr goes with young for six months. The flesh of the females of this species is excellent eating; but that of old males is too rank.

The Tahr has another congener in India, namely, the Nilgiri Wild Goat (*Hemitragus hylocrius*) and another ally in Arabia—the Maskat Mountain Goat (*Hemitragus jayakari*). The interest attaching to this last-mentioned species is derived from the fact that it was discovered by an Indian (Hindu) zoologist—the late Lieut-Colonel A. S. G. Jayakar, I.M.S., (of Bombay)—who, while stationed as the Agency Surgeon at Maskat (in Arabia), studied the zoology of this part. This new Mountain Goat has, therefore, been named after him as *Jayakari* and is, perhaps, the first animal that has been christened after a native Indian naturalist. With regard to this, Major P. M. Sykes, in his "*Ten Thousand Miles in Persia or Eight Years in Iran*" (page 291) says: "His (Dr. Jayakar's) name will not be forgotten, as his discovery of a new mountain goat, the "*Hemi-*

Tragus Jayakari," which no European has hitherto shot, ranks as one of the most interesting finds of the century."

On the other side of the road, almost opposite to the paddock occupied by the *Ovis nathura*, is a long narrow paddock roofed over with a light thatch, which is tenanted by a fine specimen of the Arabian Ibex (*Capra sinaitica*). Its long tapering horns, curving gently towards the back, lend it an additional grace scarcely to be met with in other wild goats. Another Himalayan Wild Goat—the Markhor (*Capra megaceros*) has occasionally been exhibited in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, but it does not thrive well here, owing to the muggy climate of Lower Bengal. Another synonym of the Markhor is *Capra falconeri*. The other Indian Wild Goats are the Sind Wild Goat (*Capra agagrus*) and the Himalayan Ibex (*Capra sibirica*). The last-mentioned species has not yet been exhibited in these Gardens.

In one of the compartments of the Cooch Behar House (No. 30 of the official *Guidebook*) which is situated to the north-west of the Burdwan House, is a beautiful specimen of the Spotted Tiger-Civet (*Prionodon pardicolor*). It is distributed over the south-eastern Himalayas extending thence eastward to Yunnan where it was obtained by Dr. J. D. Anderson. It is also found in the interior of Sikkim where it frequents moderate elevations. Its tail is as long as its body and neck put together. Its head and body measure 14 to 15 inches, while its tail is 12 to 13 inches long. It stands 5 to 5½ inches high. The color of its pelage and the different markings on its body have been described as follows: "Fulvous (very pale brown), with large black spots above, whitish and unspotted below. Under-fur slaty, tips of longer hairs buff or black. Head brown; frequently a black spot behind each ear. Four bands down neck, two on each side, two broader above from behind ears to between shoulders, the others lower down and more broken into spots; the two upper bands are continued as rows of large rounded spots down the back, a row of smaller irregular spots intervening, and about three more rows of spots, square or round, diminishing in size below, down each side. The spots also form about six or seven transverse rows. Limbs near the body spotted outside; feet palebrown, unspotted. Tail with about eight to ten dark rings separated from each other by the same number of pale rings, all passing right round the tail and subequal in breadth." Hodgson, who kept a tame specimen

of this very beautiful and graceful little animal, says : " It is equally at home on trees and on the ground ; it dwells and breeds in the hollows of decayed trees. It is not gregarious at all, and preys chiefly on small birds which it is wont to pounce upon from the cover of the grass. The times of breeding are said to be February and August, and the litter to consist of two young, there being two litters each year." This tame example of the Spotted Tiger-Civet, which was a female, was very docile and tractable, and very much liked to be petted. One of its peculiar characteristics was that it evinced the greatest sensitiveness to cold. It used to be fed upon uncooked meat and loathed to take fish, eggs, and fruits. It never uttered any call-note. Another of its characteristics was that it did not emit any odour.

III. THE IMPEYAN PHEASANTS.

Among the most gorgeously-plumaged birds now on exhibition in these Gardens, are specimens of the Impeyan Pheasants (*Lophophorus impeyanus*) of the higher altitudes of the Himalayas. These superb pheasants to which it is impossible to do adequate justice without the aid of pictorial illustration, can be seen both in the aviaries of the Sarnomyi House (No. 18 of the official *Guidebook*) and the Jhind House (No. 38 of the *Guidebook*). Their upper wing-coverts are of a rich purple color with a metallic sheen which is shown off to the greatest advantage when exposed to a strong light. Their under tail-coverts are of a rich orange color, while the upper tail-coverts are black and white. The color-scheme in the plumage of these magnificent pheasants is truly wonderful. A careful inspection of these superb birds will be well worth the trouble.

IV.—A SYNOPTICAL LIST OF THE MAMMALS DESCRIBED IN THIS PAPER.

Class Mammalia.

Order Carnivora.

Suborder Fissipedie.

Family Viverridæ.

Sub-family Viverrince.

Genus *Prionodon*.

1. *Prionodon pardicolor*. The Spotted Tiger-Civet.

Order Ungulata.

Suborder Artiodactyla.

Family Bovidæ.

Genus *Ovis*.

2. *Ovis vignei*. The Urial.
3. *Ovis nabhura*. The Bharal of Blue Wild Sheep.

Genus *Capra*.

4. *Capra megaceros*. The Markhor.
5. *Capra sinaitica*. The Arabian Ibex.

Genus *Hemitragus*.

6. *Hemitragus jemlaicus*. The Tahr.

Genus *Gazella*.

7. *Gazella rufifrons*. The Rufifrons Gazelle (of Senegall).

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA, M.A., B.L.

THE FOUR-FOLD OBJECTS OF LIFE.

EVERY work, that a man performs in this world, has a motive for its performance. No work is done by a man unless he has some object or end in view for the same. It is always with a particular motive or object that a man undertakes every work in the world—either secular or religious. This motive or incentive to an action is called in Sanskrit *Varjā*, which, according to the Hindu Rishis, is four in number, namely *Dharma*, virtue, *Artha*, wealth, *Kama*, desire, and *Moksha*, emancipation. If a man takes an impartial and dispassionate view of the entire range of human actions in this world, he is sure to arrive at the conclusion that this classification of the motive powers is exhaustive, the human intellect being perfectly incapable of supplementing them in any way. Human nature is predominated by the action, single or compound, of the three *Gunas* or universal tendencies of Nature. These three *Gunas* are *Sattva* or harmonizing tendency, *Rajas* or self-centering tendency and *Tamas* or disorganizing tendency. The motive of a man in performing any particular act is formed by the predominance of these *gunas* or qualities, either jointly or singly in his nature. The effect of these *gunas* on human actions is thus described in the *Bhagavad Geeta* :—

“A *Sattwik* agent is one who is free from attachment and egoism, who is full of constancy and energy and who is unmoved both in success and failure.

“A *Rajasik* agent is he who is full of attachments, who desires for the fruits of actions, who is covetous, cruel and impure, and who is subject to both joy and sorrow.

“A *Tamasik* agent is he who is devoid of application, who is without discernment, obstinate, deceitful, malicious, idle, desponding and procrastinating.”

Similarly the actions of men are divided into three classes according to the nature of the three *gunas*. It is again said in the *Geeta*,—

“*Sattwik* action is that which is prescribed in the *Shastras*.

which is performed without attachment, desire or aversion, and is without the desire of any fruit by the performer.

"*Rajasik* action is that which is attended with great trouble and which is performed by one who desires for the fruit of action and who is filled with egoism.

"*Tamasik* action is that which is performed from delusion without regard to consequences and with one's own loss and injury as well as those of others."

The four-fold objects of life, as described by the Hindu Rishis, may be classed according to the nature of the agents as influenced by these three *gunas*. A person, in whose nature *Sattwa* prevails seeks only *Moksha* or emancipation, and performs only such works of *Dharma* as establish universal harmony. A person of *Rajasik* temperament seeks only *Dharma* (virtue) and *Artha* (wealth). One of *Tamasik* temperament seeks only *Kama* (or desire).

Thus if we carefully analyse the actions of men we distinctly find that some persons work in this world only with a view of acquiring virtue or *Dharma*. They perform religious rites, undertake many good works, undergo penances, and practise austerities only with a view of acquiring *Dharma* or virtue which may secure a blissful end for them in the next world. This object is, indeed, laudable for a worldly man, for actuated by this healthy motive he does many works conducive to the well-being of humanity. But in the performance of these works there is always the desire for fruits present in the mind of a man. So these works may be described as *Sattwa-Rajasik* for both these qualities predominate in the mind of the performer. They are *Sattwik*, because a man does good works; and they are *Rajasik*, because he seeks in them, to a certain extent, the advancement of his own self, namely spiritual well-being and a better condition in the next world.

Secondly, we find many persons working day and night in this world for the sake of wealth or *Artha*. Majority of the worldly-minded men come under this head. Secular works have principally the acquirement of riches for their objects. But even amongst those men who seek riches in the world a line of demarcation may be drawn. Some people seek riches only for doing good works—works that are calculated to do good to the world at large. Others hanker after riches merely for the purposes of self-aggrandisement—for the satisfaction of their desires and appetites. The former

class of men work under the influence of *Sattwa-Rajasik* tendency for their motive consists in doing good to the world, while the latter class work under that of *Raja-Tamasik* tendency, for these people exert themselves merely for the sake of satisfying their personal desires.

The third class of men seeks only *Kama* or desire. They exert themselves only for the sake of satisfying their lust and other unholy desires. They do not care for any thing else in this world but for their own pleasure. Actuated by a particular desire they undertake a particular work—and as soon as that desire is satisfied he seeks the gratification of another. In this wise he goes the round of earthly desires unceasingly to the eternal detriment of his own spiritual well-being and the establishment of universal harmony. The centre of all his activities is his self—and these activities terminate when his self-ful desires are satisfied. He is always lazy and idle by nature—and whatever little exertion he puts forth is intended for the gratification of his desires and appetites. These men are the scums of society and act under the predominating influence of *Tama Guna* or disorganizing tendency, for if every man works merely for the satisfaction of his desires the entire fabric of human society is dissolved and all the social institutions suffer.

The highest and noblest class of men are those who seek *moksha* or liberation. In their thoughts and works there is no tinge of Selfishness, they do not seek the world but only endeavours to snap the fetters of the world. The means for acquiring Liberation have thus been described in the *Shanti Parva of the Mahabharata* :—

"That path which leads to the Eastern Ocean is not the path by which one can go to the Western Ocean. There is only one path which leads to Liberation. Listen to me as I describe it to you in detail.

"One should, by practising forgiveness, root out anger and by renouncing all purposes, root out desire. By practising the quality of goodness one should conquer sleep.

"By carefulness one should keep off fear, and by contemplation of the Soul one should conquer vital airs. One should remove by patience desire, hatred, and lust; and error, ignorance, and doubt, by study of truth. By pursuit of knowledge one should avoid inquiry after uninteresting things.

"By frugal and easily digestible food one should dispell all disor-

ders and diseases. By contentment one should remove greed and stupefaction of judgment, and all earthly concerns should be avoided by a knowledgo of the truth.

"By practising benevolence one should conquer sin, and by regard for all creatures one should gain virtue. One should avoid expectation by thinking that it is connected with the future; and one should renounce riches by abandoning desire itself.

"The intelligent man should cast off affection by thinking that everything is fickle. He should control hunger by practising Yoga. By practising benevolence one should keep off all ideas of Ego, and remove all sorts of craving by adopting contentment.

"By exertion one should subdue procrastination, by certainty all kinds of doubt, by taciturnity loquaciousness and by courage every sort of fear.

"Speech and Mind are to be controlled by the Understanding, and the Understanding, in its turn, by the eye of knowledge. Knowledge, again, is to be controlled by the knowledge of the Soul, and finally the Soul is to be controlled by the Soul.

"This last is acquired by those who are of pure acts and endued with tranquillity of soul, the means being the subjugation of those five obstacles of Yoga of which the learned speak.

"By renouncing desire, anger, covetousness, fear and sleep, one should controlling speech, practise the observances favourable to Yoga *viz.*, contemplation, study, gift, truth, modesty, candour, forgiveness, purity of heart, purity of food, and the subjugation of the senses.

"By these one's energy is increased, sins are removed, wishes crowned with success, and knowledge gained.

"When one becomes purged off of sins and possessed of energy and abstemious in diet and the master of his senses, one then, having conquered both desire and anger, seeks to attain to Brahma.

"The avoidance of ignorance, the absence of attachment, freedom from desire and anger, the power that is acquired by Yoga, the absence of pride and haughtiness, freedom from anxiety, absence of attachment to anything like home and family,—these form the path of Liberation. That path is delightful, stainless, and pure. Likewise, the control of speech of body, and of mind, when practised from the absence of desire, forms also the path of Liberation."

N. L. DAY.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE TANTRAS.

"PHILOSOPHY should be like the Eleusinian 'Mysteries'; for the few, the elite."—Schopenhauer.

The animating impulse of all organic life is the carnal appetite. It is that which underlies the struggle for existence in the animal world, and is the source of all human endeavour and emotion.

In this day and age, when matters pertaining to reproduction are generally avoided, and we are taught that the desire is an animal craving that should be subdued and concealed as unworthy of man's superior nature, it is not surprising that the great majority of persons are blind to the vast importance and significance of animalism in its relation to the affairs of the world; and that they fail to realize that not only is it the cause of our individual existence, but that it is the foundation of society and the spring of human life and happiness.

It is not our purpose here to enter upon a discussion of the philosophical features of the subject, showing the intimate and unavoidable relationship existing between the mind and the reproductive instinct; but suffice it to say, that were men deprived of this instinct it would not only result in the extermination of the race (for reproduction would be impossible in the absence of this animating desire), but all ambition, endeavour, and affection, all poetry, art and religion—in short, all the emotions and achievements inspired by what we term love would cease, and the world would become cold and passionless, destitute of sentiment or aspiration, devoid of any incentive to progress or energy; while the intricate and reciprocal machinery of human society, robbed of its motive force, would come to a stop and crumble away in hopeless disorganization.

It is universally admitted that carnal stet is the animating spirit of the world. Civilized man, who wons the object of his affection through the medium of inspired poetry and other sentimental graces, who reveals the longings of his heart in language and conduct at once pure, refined, and tender, and who, instinctively, shrinks from the suggestion of any sensuality in his feelings, is nevertheless actuated by precisely the same motive as that which governs the

savage in his brutal and uncouth demonstration of desire for reproduction. Each is but giving expression, in accordance with his individual nature and social conditions, to the same feeling, the same impulse. In the one case we recognize it as love ; in the other, as sensuality ; yet both spring from the same source ; both are animated by the same instinct.

Whatever reluctance there may be in admitting this physiological truth, it is due to the unfortunate fact that we have been taught to regard the generative nature as contained wholly within the narrow limits of its purely carnal manifestations, as exhibited in lust and mere animal gratification, and, consequently, we fail to recognize it in its higher, nobler, and all-pervading form of love. But viewing it in its broad and true aspect, untrammelled by arbitrary definitions, we are forced to admit its vital importance as the supreme factor in the life and welfare of the human race.

Love, as an abstraction, is ever glorified and idealized, because we see in it the source, the inspiration of all beauty, morality, and sublimity ; the incentive to deeds of the highest and noblest character, the elevating and controlling spirit of man's life. Every poet, every artist, every composer,—all, who are gifted with power of most truly expressing the loftiest emotions and feelings of mankind, have found their inspiration in the inexhaustible theme of love ; and no language, no expression has ever been deemed too exalted, too far-reaching, for the portrayal of this universal and omnipotent feeling.

If our idealization of love it soars beyond the bounds of earthly limitations and we hesitate not to ascribe to it a divine character, and to embrace it in the highest and most sacred sphere of man's intellectual domain, religion. Nay, do we not raise it to the loftiest plane capable of attainment by the human mind, when we reverently exclaim ; "God is love"—when we bow down and worship it as the divine essence of the supreme power ?

It is not within the province of this work to attempt a complete analysis of love or sexuality, in its complex relation to those higher and more subtle phases of human thought and conduct ; but enough has been said to indicate that the animating spirit of the human mind, the underlying principle of its lofty and holy emotions is the spiritualizing power of carnal attraction ; and finds its grandest and most exalted expression in religion. A culmination of this

divine principle is seen in the immaculate conception of the Lord Jesus. It is both the foundation and pinnacle of religion; the beginning and end of all human thought and aspiration. Religious emotion springs from the animating power of the carnal love and through the emotion thus aroused we deify and worship the inspirational source of our spiritual longings. In every sense, both spiritual and physical, both material and ideal, love is the animating creative force of the world, the divine immanence of the universe, the actuating source of life, the indwelling spirit of the soul, the alpha and omega of all things.

It is not intended, however, that the proof of the basis of religious worship shall alone rest upon a physiological analysis, however complete or demonstrative, but that the records of human history shall bear witness to the fact that theology has sprung from the animating impulses of life; and that it has for its primary and universal object the worship of its inspiring cause: the worship of the mystery of life, of creation and reproduction; the worship of the omnipotent creative power.

Of all the phenomena of nature there is none that has always so strongly excited the wonder and reverence of mankind as that of reproduction—the transmission of life from one generation to another. At all times and on all hands, we behold nature engaged in her ceaseless work of reproduction; and yet the mystery of that wondrous creative power, which causes the plant to spring from the tiny seed, and brings the child, a new being, into the world is to-day as deep and inspiring as it was to the mind of man in the early dawn of the world's history.

One of the first problems of human thought is that regarding creation. Where do we come from? How is life procured? Who brings the new beings into the world? These are the natural and innocent questions that perplex the mind of every child; questions that from time immemorial have been asked by mankind and have inspired a responsive belief in the existence of an eternal and almighty creative power; a belief that is common to all people of the world, and which constitutes the central and basic truth of all religious faiths.

It is apparent to everyone, who has had an opportunity of studying the subject, that all religions have had a common origin, and that however much they may differ in their teachings and their

institutions they but represent different methods of worshipping one and the same object. Brahma, Jehova, God, Allah, and hundreds of others, are simply different names for the same deity as seen from different points of view, and this deity, the universal object of adoration, is the supreme creative power.

When the ambassador from the French court presented to the Buddhist King of Siam the request of Louis XIV. that he would embrace Christianity, he replied : "It is strange that the King of France should interest himself so much in a matter which concerns only God, whilst He whom it does concern seems to have left it wholly to our discretion. Had it been agreeable to the Creator that all nations should have the same form of worship, would it not have been as easy for him in his omnipotence to have created all men with the same sentiments and dispositions, and to have inspired them, with the same notions of the True Religion, as to endow them with such different temperaments and inclinations ? Ought we not rather to believe that the true God has as much pleasure in being honoured by a variety of forms and ceremonies, as in being praised and glorified by a number of different creatures ?"

"Even they who worship other gods," says Krishna, the incarnate deity, in an ancient Hindu poem, " worship me ; although they know it not."

The foregoing expressions embody the teachings of the higher philosophy of the Buddhist and Hindu religions which recognize the true source and motive of all religious faiths. According to them there is but one religion ; one supreme, everlasting truth ; and the so-called different religions of the world are but different modes of manifesting and expressing this eternal truth.

No two individuals, however closely related by birth and circumstances, ever view the same object in exactly the same light. Much less, therefore, can we expect widely separated nations, living under entirely different conditions, to resemble one another in their views and customs and to construct similar systems of morality and church government. Each builds its social and theological structure in accordance with its ideas and needs ; each constructs a form of religion suitable to its conditions, mental and physical. Every being, every race, every age, has a form of religion in conformity with its individual status and necessities. The savage no more comprehends our abstract, impersonal conception of the Almighty,

than can we understand his reverence for a supreme God occupying the form of a wooden idol ; yet both the savage and ourselves are worshipping indentially the same object, and are actuated by the same motive.

These facts become all the more apparent when we note the diversity of thought and conduct among people of the same community and of the same religious faith. Do we not see Christianity broken up into a multitude of sects and denominations, each observing the same religion in a different manner ? And do we not realize that the idea of God is subject to a multitude of interpretations ?

Each Christian, while conforming to the general theological opinion has his own individual conception, of the Almighty. What is true of individuals is likewise true of denominations and of different generations and periods in the history of Christianity. The character and attribute ascribed to the deity are to-day, and ever have been, as various and conflicting as are the opinions and feelings of mankind. Every man's idea of God depends upon his nature, his education, and his social condition. As the intellect and disposition are refined so does the conception of the Supreme Being become more exalted and more spiritual, while to the mind of lesser development the Almighty appears more material, more personal more closely allied with man himself, until we reach the anthropomorphic conception in which God is regarded simply as an exaggerated human being, endowed with the same feelings and emotions that actuate his creatures, and governed by the same passions and impulses such as we find illustrated in the Old Testament description of Jehovah.

While Jehovah and the God of Christianity are one and the same Being, there are probably few Christians to-day whose conception of the Creator accords with that entertained by the Israelites ; for, in truth, it is not such as in harmony with the present religion of love and peace, but, on the contrary, is that of a vengeful sanguinary deity ; one who was easily aroused to anger, and did not hesitate to scourge and to slay those who opposed him, destroying at one time as many as fifty thousand, in a sudden fit of indignation, and constantly commanding the Israelites to wage war against, and to lay waste the lands and cities of, their enemies ; afflicting with plagues, pestilence, and famine those who displeased him ; and threatening his chosen people with dreadful curses and

cruel punishments should they fail to obey him : "Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out. The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with fever, and with inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew. And the Lord will smite thee with the botch of Egypt, and with the scab, and with the itch, whereof thou canst not be healed. Moreover He will bring upon thee all the diseases of Egypt, which thou wast afraid of, and they shall cleave unto thee. Also every sickness and every plague, which is not written in the book of this law, these will the Lord bring upon thee until thou be destroyed." These and many more are the curses enumerated in the Lord's malediction against the Israelites as found in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy.

We have here, therefore, a striking example of what has just been said regarding the dissimilar ideas and representations of one and the same deity ; each age, each race, each denomination in accordance with the social and intellectual status of its people, having its individual conception of God.

When we trace the development and growth of Christian civilization through the past centuries, we find that religious notions and customs, in common with the idea of God, have been constantly changing, and that what we call Christianity has embraced every conceivable variety of thought and conduct ; that it has served as the authority for practices and institutions that at another time have been condemned by the same authority. The Inquisition flourished in its name ; the valiant Crusades were carried on under its banners ; it has filled the world with darkness and with misery, and it has been the beacon light of hope and salvation,—the glorious enunciation of joy and liberty.

But despite these marvelous Changes and contradictions, who will say that Christianity itself has changed ; that the foundation on which it rests has been shaken ? The fundamental doctrines and truths have remained unaltered ; they have simply been modified and adapted to the various stages in the evolution of human society, now appearing in one form, and now in another, concordantly with the social and mental development of the race.

So also, we do not find that many of the main features of Chris-

tianity are simply modifications or adaptations of those existing in older forms of religion. We know that long prior to the time of Christ, mankind worshipped the Almighty in the form of a Trinity. The Hindus had their Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva ; Creator, Preserver, and Reproducer (or Holy Spirit) : whose emblem was a dove. The Assyrians, too, worshipped a Trinity ; as did also the ancient Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Scandinavians, Chaldeans, and Romans. In fact the Supreme Being was worshipped by nearly all the early nations as a triple deity ; three in one.

The legend of the creation and fall of man is likewise common to all the principal ancient faiths. In some of the records as the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, and the Vedas of the Hindus, this legend bears a remarkable likeness in many of its details to that contained in the Bible. There have been found ancient Assyrian cylinders, pictorially recording the temptation and fall of man ; and in the British Museum there are inscriptions showing conclusively that the Babylonians had this legend fifteen hundred years or more before the book of Genesis was written.

In short, we find that the fundamental religious beliefs of the world have remained unchanged from time immemorial, however diversified and contradictory have been their superincumbent theologies ; and that beneath the outward and ceremonial differences of the various faiths of mankind, throughout all the world, and throughout all the ages of human history, there are to be found the same legends and the same beliefs : all pointing to a common origin, to a universal foundation ; the worship of nature in its great mystery of life, the worship of the supreme creative power.

ALPHA & OMEGA.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 7—AUGUST 1915.

DAVID HARE.

David Hare, the Father of Native Education in Bengal, died on the 1st June 1842. At the anniversary, of his death-day his friends and admirers used to meet annually for the purpose of commemorating the disinterestedness and philanthropy which were conspicuous in his life. Lectures or discourses expressive of the feelings of gratitude of the Indians were generally read. In 1877 Babu Peary Chand Mittra wrote a life of this "Apostle of Native Progress", as he was deservedly called, replete with all the informations he could gather. In the book there is also a mention of the spread of English Education in Bengal in its first stage. Some of the papers of the day reviewed it fully. We give below some of these to show how the book was appreciated at that time. The Bengalee of 21st. April wrote thus :—

Babu Peary Chand Mitra has already established his reputation as the most original and humorous of Bengali novelists. The work before us will add nothing to the fame of the author of *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* and *Jat Kinchit* ; yet it is one which has been a desideratum during these thirty-five years, and which he alone of all our contemporaries was competent to execute, if we except the Reverend Dr. Krishna Mohan Bannerjea. The venerable Baboo Ram Tanu Lahiri has perhaps as much personal knowledge of David Hare as any man living ; but his extreme modesty, and his lofty ideal of biographical accuracy will deter him from attempting to figure in the republic of letters as the biographer of Hare. Baboo Peary Chand's lamented brother Baboo Kishory Chand Mitra might, if his life had been spared, have left us a biographical

sketch more brilliant than that under notice ; but of living men we know only one who can rival Baboo Peary Chand in the field.

The style of the book is simple and unambitious ; and towards its end (Pages 137-39), there are lines of which the eloquence is only surpassed by the beauty of the sentiments. In Page 6, line 12, "we will have nothing" is rather oddly put for "they would have nothing to do," and in page 4, the Supreme Court is said to have been established in 1794, whereas it had been established twenty years earlier ; but these are blunders, apparently typographical, which do not detract from the value of the book. In page 118, line 14, "clearing off the water" is misused for "wringing off the moisture," but for this expression, the author's correspondent and not the author, is responsible.

The account of the several Hare anniversaries which have been celebrated in Calcutta should have been given in the appendix. We do not say that the account is tedious ; for nothing about our great benefactor can be uninteresting ; but an artist like Baboo Peary Chand Mitra is expected to make a distinction between the foreground and the background of a picture.

As an illustration of the imperfect nature of the materials which our author has had to deal with, we may state that nobody in India knows the birthplace of David Hare. All that is known of his natiuity and domicile is that he was a Scotchman, born in 1775.

Some of our educated countrymen who visit Scotland should be able to ascertain in what particular town or village of Scotland he was born and in what school he was educated. In 1800, he settled in Calcutta as a watchmaker. After acquiring a decent competence he made over the business to a Mr. Grey, and devoted himself to the great object of his life, the intellectual and moral elevation of the Hindoos of B ngal.

"To bless the Hindoo mind with British lore,
And truth's and nature's faded lights restore!
If for a day that lofty aim was crossed
He grieved like Titus that a day was lost !"

About the beginning of the present century, education was in a very low ebb. In the *pathshalas* the boys were taught to read the *Sisubodha* and to do sums according to Subhankar's system.

In the best English schools like those kept by Sherburn and Arathoon Peters, the highest aspiration of the alumni was to read

the *Arabian Nights* after going through the *Schoolmaster* and *Thomas dyce*. In the year 1816, Hare had a conversation with Ram Mohan Roy about the establishment of a school where education of a much higher order than this might be obtained. The result of this conversation was that Mr. Hare saw Sir Hyde East, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who promised to think about the matter, and afterwards communicated the project to Baboo Baidya Nath Mookerjee, a public spirited man who readily took it up.

In May 1816, a meeting presided over by Sir Hyde East passed resolutions and opened a subscription list for the establishment of a Maha Vidyalaya or College. On the 20th January 1817, the Hindu College was opened in Gora Chand Basakh's house, No. 336, Upper Chitpore Road,—the very house now occupied by the Oriental Seminary, the Alma Mater of Sambhu Nath Pundit, Grish Chandra Ghosh, and Akhoy Kumar Dutt—a spot consecrated by associations such as attach to no other spot in Calcutta save the hallowed ground which encloses the mortal remains of him, who, born a foreigner, was more than a father to the Hindu youth of the last generation. How Hare daily visited the College and the School Society's School, lately called the Colootolah Branch School and now Hare School; how he reclaimed the dissipated and idle boys by tracing them to their bad haunts and correcting them by precept and example, and when necessary by a cut or two with his *Sham Chand*; how he threaded the filthiest, narrowest and darkest lanes and alleys to visit sick boys who could not afford to pay for medical treatment; how housewives, whose face the sun never saw, threw off their reserve before him on such occasions as before an elderly male relative; how he spent all his resources in helping the poor generally and poor schoolboys specially, and to avoid insolvency was compelled to accept a Judgeship in the Court of Small Causes—these are matters of tradition in Calcutta, and Baboo Peary Chand has done well in committing them to writing before they are buried in oblivion.

On the 1st June 1842, there was a scene in Calcutta the like of which has never been witnessed. The greatest friend of native education had been carried off by cholera, and five thousand natives weeping and sobbing followed all that was mortal of him to its last resting-place in College Square.

And there were men calling themselves Christians who refused a Christian burial to the man whose whole life had exemplified and illustrated the highest teachings of Christianity, because he had refused to believe the story of Jesus walking on the waves ! Bigotry like this is enough to make one ashamed of the Christianity of the Church.

The *Friend of India* whilst admitting that "Mr. Hare affords the remarkable—and in India the solitary—instance of an individual, without any refinement of education, without intellectual endowments, without place, or power, or wealth, acquiring and retaining for a long series of years, one of the most important and influential positions in Native society, simply by a constant endeavour to promote the improvement of the rising generation," spoke of his bitter hostility to the Gospel. Hare understood the spirit of the Gospel better than Carey, Marshman and Ward, much better than the younger Marshman, and infinitely better than Dr. George Smith who with the cant of the Gospel of love on his lips envenomed his pen with the Gospel of malice.

If ever there was a man for whose soul the most solemn and pathetic service of the Christian Church—Requiescat in pace—ought to have been sung, that man was David Hare.

The Hindu Patriot of 23rd April 1877 wrote as follows :—We acknowledged in our last, the receipt of Babu Peary Chand Mittra's life of David Hare. We hope to review it at length in a early issue. In the meantime we wish to say that no admiror of David Hare should be without a copy of this book. It is the only book which gives a connected narrative of the philanthropic labors of David Hare, justly regarded the Father of English Education in Bengal. It is replete with information which hitherto lay scattered in ephemeral papers and publications. The best memorial of David Hare is this account of his noble self-sacrifice and benevolent labors.

The Hindu Patriot of 30th July reviewed the book as follows :—Babu Peary Chand Mittra's book is valuable not only because it gives a connected narrative of the life and deed of the great philanthropist, David Hare, whose name is still cherished in a grateful remembrance by the people of Bengal, but also because it contains a very interesting picture of this time and of the characters of the men who flourished under the system of education of which he was the founder and father. The leading incidents of the life

of David Hare are well known, and we will not therefore reproduce them, but we will give some of its reminiscences.

Hare rubbed boys with his own hand.—Babu Raj Narain Bose wrote :—Mr. Hare used often to stand at the gate of his school, with a towel in his hand, at the time when it broke up in the afternoon, to rub the limbs of the boys with it to see whether they have got any dirt on their person. He thus tried to introduce habits of cleanliness among boys belonging to a section notorious for their dirtiness.

Mr. Hare's fondness of children.—Babu Govin Chundra Dutt wrote :—When quite a child I used to visit David Hare in his house in company of my grandfather Nelloo Dutt and get toys, bats and books from him. I had the run of the whole house on such occasions when the two old gentlemen sat quietly talking—the best part of a day. I still have a clock marked with the name of Hare.

Hare's courage.—Regarding the example of courage and manliness which Mr. Hare always used to exhibit before the boys, I remember one notable instance.

A drunken sailor, a big, brawny athlete of a fellow, passing by the College took it upon his head to quarrel with the coachman of one of the students whose carriage was standing at the gate. The coachman and syces fled, and the sailor picked up a thick stick from the College compound, and began to demolish the carriage. I was looking on with two or three others, as young and puny, quite safely ensconced in a window of the upper floor of the Sanskrit College. The durwans of the College came out and interposed, but they beat a hasty retreat into their dens, when the sailor turned upon them with his formidable extemporised bludgeon. The carriage was utterly ruined, and the victorious sailor went away flourishing his shillalah. At this moment, when he had vanished, Mr. Hare's palanquin came in sight. The durwans turned out as smart as ever, "What is this?" "Who has broken the carriage here?" asked Mr. Hare. The durwans explained the matter to him and pointed out to him the way the sailor had gone, Mr. Hare, old as he was, went off like an arrow. In ten minutes the man was scoured and made over to the police.

Hare's Religion.—Babu Govin Chunder Dutt further writes—Mr. Hare has sometimes been charged with a want of faith in the doctrines of our blessed religion. I never spoke to him on the

subject. I was not a Christian myself when he died. Like Mr. Benson, the minister at Castlewood in Thackeray's *Esmond* I can only say. "I know not what the Colonel's doctrine was, but his life was that of a veritable "Christian."

Babu Peary Chand Mittra gives the following account of the oteries which used to cluster round Mr. H. L. V. Derozio and which constituted Mr. Hare's pride.

"Krishna Mohun Banerjee, who is naturally humourous and satirical, came out with a work called the "Persecuted," in which he exposed the heterodoxy of the Hindus who passed as members of the orthodox community, and shewed that there was no such thing as *caste* after all. It was apprehended that Russic Krishna Mullick would turn out a renegade, and he was therefore drugged. He was insensible during the night. In the morning, while he was being put in irons for the purpose of being packed off to some distant place where he would have no evil companions, his consciousness returned, and he resisted the attempt. Abandoning his father's house, he lived at Chorebagan, and conducted the *Gyan-anesan*. Duckhinarunjun was of sanguine temperament and susceptible of good influences. His heart warmed at the distress of others. When Tarachand Chacrobarty was in distress, Duckhinarunjun sent him a Bank Note for Rs. 1000 as a gift *anonymously*. Tarachand afterwards traced his benefactor, and arranged with him to receive the money as a loan. Ramgopaul was, at Hare's recommendation, appointed as an assistant to a mercantile house. His sympathy with Derozio, Krishnamohun and Russic was deep. Latterly he regarded Russic as clearheaded, wellgrounded in general principles, cautious in generalizing, and philosophical in reasoning. It may be mentioned, that although Russic was not an eloquent speaker, he was so thoughtful in his exposition and argumentation, that he was always listened to with greatest attention, more especially by Mr. Hare and Mr. Anderson of Colvin & Co. who frequently attended the meetings of the Academic, and liked much to hear Russic. The lesson which Russic Krishna taught was *precision of thought and expression*. Madhub Chandra Muflick was a quiet enquirer, but his quietness did not in any way impair the strength of his decision. Bhowbani Churn Banerjee attributed to Madhub Chunder *Hinduism*, which he renounced in a strong letter published in an English newspaper. Ramgopaul continued

to shine as a speaker at the Academic and a writer in Russics' paper. He was an eloquent but not so close a reasoner as Russic. His association with his colleagues, the pioneers of reform, threw him into difficulties. It was notorious that he had departed from Hinduism; his kith and kin at *Bagati*, where his domicile was, excommunicated him, and his sins were visited upon his father, who was nicknamed "Beef-eating Gobind Ghose." Gobind Chunder Bysack while at school was a poet and was a young man of high literary attainments. He studied Paley and other theological writers. He wrote a series of articles against Christianity in the *Reformer*, of which Prosonnocomar Tagore was the proprietor, to some of which replies appeared in the *Enquirer* from the pen of no less a person than Mr. Ross Donnelly Mangles, now of the Council of India. Gobind established a school at which Dr. Rajendralala Mitra received his education.

"The moral lessons taught by Derozio gradually produced good practical effects. Krishna Mohun and Mohesh gradually acquired calmness, and finding a void in Derozio's teachings inasmuch as they did not open the vista into the life to come, began to examine the evidences of Christianity, and at last embraced it. Poor Mohesh did not live long in the flesh as a Christian, but the change in him before his death was marked. Krishna Mohun delivered a sermon on his death at the Old Church, showing that Mohesh the Christian was a different person from Mohesh the heathen. David Hare attended the Old Church and spoke of the sermon in the highest terms. This shows that Hare was a catholic-minded man, and felt interested in the real progress of every person.

"Huru Chunder Ghose, who valued Derozio as his tutor, was appointed a Moonsiff at Bancoorah. In those days corruption pervaded the lower grades of the unconvenanted judicial service. The emolument was nominal—the temptation was strong—there was no dread of the press—bribery could be practised with impunity. Huru Chunder reduced all he had learnt to the *love of justice*. He used to read books which would elevate his mind, and feed it with noble thoughts. In a pecuniary point of view the appointment was a loss to him. He had to draw on his family to make up his expenditure, but his happiness knew no bounds when he found that he was distributing *Justice* to the poorer classes of his countrymen. In every nook and corner of Bancoorah his name was

revered as a good judge and a godly man. Huru Chunder's subsequent career is well known. Amirtalall, like Huru Chunder, was quiet. They were apparently orthodox, as they were unwilling to give offence to any one; but while they were socially not of the same mind with their colleagues, they fully went with them as regards the rectitude of conduct and the necessity of reform. Huru Chunder distinguished himself as an incorruptible judge. Amritalall was perhaps more in the midst of temptation as the Government Officer in charge of Toshakhana. He not only discharged his duties zealously and faithfully, but when he laid down his office he came out perhaps a poorer man than when he accepted it. There are men on whom the perishable world and its grandeur make no impression, and they prefer *living within* and looking up to what is to come in after life. Ramtunnnoo Lahiri is known more as a *moral* than an *intellectual* man. There are few persons in whom the milk of human kindness flows so abundantly. He was never wanting in his appreciation of what was right, and in his sympathy with advanced principles. He looked upon Russic Krishna as his friend, philosopher and guide.

"Radha Nauth Slickdar had an ardent desire to benefit his country. His hobby was beef, as he maintained that beefeaters were never bullied, and that the right way to improve the Bengalees was to think first of the *physique* or perhaps *physique* and *morals* simultaneously. He conducted with me a monthly Bengali Magazine called "Masic Patrica" for about three years. Tarachand Chukroburttee and Chunder Saikur Deb, though not to be ranked as Derozio's pupils, identified themselves with the "Young Calcutta." Tarachand's biographical sketch drawn up by me, appeared in a number of the India Review. He was an excellent English scholar; thoughtful, and thoroughly independent. He was under Mr. L. Clarke as his assistant, and was much respected by him. Clarke said to him "you are invaluable to me." Tarachand was the author of a Bengali and English Dictionary, and the translator of Manu into Bengali, which he did not complete. Chunder Saikur Deb is a man of varied acquirements. He is well versed in English literature, science, law, Sanskrit, and specially in Naya. He wrote a comment on the Revenue Law of Bengal. Mr. Theobald, for whom he wrote the comment, found him so deep that he told me that Chunder was fit to sit on the bench.

"Chunder Saikur, Russic Krishna, Shib Chunder Deb, Gobind Bysack and Madhub Chunder were employed as Deputy Collectors, and distinguished themselves as honest and meritorious officers, finding their reward in doing justice to the people. However brilliant may have been the career of some of these gentlemen, either as regards the culture they reached or the status they attained, those who remained as "inglorious Miltons or village Hampdens" possessed the same earnestness of purpose and love for their country. There is one name which deserves special mention. Shib Chunder Deb was a quiet and unpretending scholar. Those who know the good he has done to Konnugar, where he lives, by the establishment of the English, Bengali and Female schools, a Library and a Brahmo Samaj, will be able to form an idea what the strength of a man is when he is rightly trained."

We have not space for more extracts. The book is very interesting and readable. No one, who cherishes to have a glimpse of the career of David Hare and his times, ought to be without a copy.

The Indian Mirror of 21st April wrote thus :—

The educated community of Bengal must feel deeply indebted to Babu Peary Chand Mittra for a most acceptable and interesting life of David Hare, the first promoter and, indeed, the founder of English education in India. The life of a man who came here on a purely philanthropic mission, who in the midst of good report and evil report worked for the welfare of the Hindoos and finally achieved his reward in the approbation of his conscience and the gratitude of the millions whom he came to benefit, is fraught with instruction to all. Born in humble circumstances, a watchmaker by profession, neither generally known nor seeking to be generally known, David Hare began his unassuming work on the soil of Bengal at a time when there was no public opinion to encourage nor any enlightened policy on the part of the Government to support him. Silently and unobtrusively did he begin, continue and end his work : and it is no small proof of the modesty which characterised that excellent man that though more than thirty years have elapsed since his death in 1842 we have up to this time not one biography to immortalise him, not one important and comprehensive report of his doings which would seem as a monument of his remarkable career. The Government has not honoured him, the University does not recognise him ; there is no endowment

in his name—only one school and one statue which remind us now and then of David Hare. Many of the materials which Baboo Peary Chand Mittra has collected in this volume are completely new. Though not exactly a biography of David Hare, the book before us contains a clear sketch of the early history of education in Bengal which gives us a good insight into the state of society of the time, and the difficulties, troubles and obstacles which thwarted his educational endeavours at every step. We propose in this article to place before our readers as many of the facts relating to David Hare and his times as is possible, and if we refrain from obtruding any of our remarks to the readers, it is simply because of our sincere desire to make them partakers with us of the rich treat which we have derived from a perusal of the book.

David Hare came to India in 1800 as a watchmaker. continuing his professional duties for some years, he left them for the more glorious occupation of a worker for the benefit of his fellow men. One of his earliest associates in Calcutta was Ram Mohan Roy, then combating with all manners of evil and with the banner of reform fully unfurled in his hand. It was in the company of this distinguished reformer and his associates that David Hare first recognised the great field of his labors. He saw Calcutta society a vast sink of corruption and ignorance and benefited by the example of Ram Mohan Roy, he resolved to clear it of its filth. Knowledge was at its lowest ebb. At the time of which we speak Ram Ram Misri was the first English scholar.

"Ram Ram Misri became a tutor, and in Ram Narain Misri he had a scholar and a lawyer, though one Ananda Ram possessed a large acquaintance with *words*, which in those days was as high an honor as an M. A. Schools were in course of time established by Ram Mohan Napit, Krishna Mohan Bosu, Bhooan Dutt, Shiboo Dutta, Arratoon Peters, Sherburn &c., but the want of suitable books was much felt. Those in use were Thomas Dyce's Spelling, School Master, Arabian Nights, Pleasing Tales &c."

David Hare resolved to supply a good English and vernacular education to the community.

"The first move he made was in attending, uninvited, a meeting called by Ram Mohan Roy and his friends for the purpose of establishing a society, calculated to subvert idolatry. Hare submitted that the establishment of an English school would materially serve

their cause. They all acquiesced in the strength of Hare's position, but did not carry out his suggestion. Hare therefore waited on Sir Edward Hyde East, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who had taken his seat on the 11th November 1813. Sir Hyde East gave him an audience, heard all that he had to say, and promised to think on the matter. Buddinath Mookerjee in those days used to visit the big officials. When he paid his respects to Sir Hyde East he was requested to ascertain, whether his countrymen were favorable to the establishment of a college for the education of the Hindu youths in English literature and science. Buddinath belonged to a respectable family and his *poita* was his prestige. He sounded the leading members of the Hindu Society, and reported to Sir Hyde East that they were agreeable to the proposal. Several meetings were held at Sir Hyde East's house, and it was resolved that an "establishment be formed for the education of native youths." It was subsequently reported that Ram Mohan Roy would be connected with the College. The orthodox members, one and all, said that they will have nothing with the College. Buddinath was thrown into the shade. Sir Hyde East was in a fix and the whole plan was upset. Hare, who had kept himself in the background and was watching the movement with intense interest, bestirred himself in arranging with Ram Mohan Roy, as to his having no connection with the College, and thus secured the support of the orthodox Hindu gentlemen.

There was no difficulty in getting Ram Mohan Roy to renounce his connection, as he valued the education of his countrymen more than the empty flourish of his name as a committee man."

Several meetings were held, and a Committee was composed to take steps towards the establishment of the Hindoo College. It is strange that David Hare's name was not on the committee list. He was present at it as a mere visitor, though he gave to it all the benefit of his advice and common sense. This is a good illustration of his modesty, though the late Rajah Sir Radhakant* built upon

* The following is a copy of the letter wrote by Raja Radha Kant Deb to Babu Peary Chand Mittra on the subject.

Dear Sir,

"On the receipt of your letter of the 30th ulto., I have referred to the old records of the Hindu College, and found no allusion there-

this fact his hypothesis that David Hare had no hand in the formation of the Hindu College. Babu Peary Chand Mittra has well shown that the Raja was wrong. It was David Hare that the College owed its conception and birth, and it was to his energy that it was indebted for its ultimate development. The Hindoo College was opened on Monday, the 20th January, 1817, at Gora Chand Bysack's house in Goranhatta, and it was subsequently removed to Rup Chand Roy's house in Chitpur, and thence to Feringhi Komul Bose's house. Query—are these houses still to be found? At that time the Government established the Sanskrit College and placed it in the same house with the Hindu College. The Government gave Rs. 1,24,000 and Mr. David Hare gave up for the benefit of the College the piece of land he owned on the north

in of the late Mr. David Hare's having been the originator of the Institution. If the idea of founding the Hindu Collge had originated with Mr. Hare, and been carried out through Sir Hyde East, as you have been informed, then the latter must have noticed it in his speech delivered at the first meeting of the Hindu Community, held at his house, on the 4th May 1816, for the establishment of the Hindu College, and Mr. Hare must have consequently been appointed a member of the Committee, composed of 20 Natives and 10 Europeans, at the second meeting held on the 21st of the above month.

“I have also found that Mr. Hare was nominated a Visitor of the College on the 12th June 1819, and hence, as he gradually devoted his time and attention to promote the object of the institution, he rose in the public estimation and was elected a manager of the College, perhaps in the year 1825. Under these circumstances I have to conclude, that Sir Ed. Hyde East, and not Mr. D. Hare, was the originator or founder of the Hindu College, for the commemoration of which His Lordship's statue has been erected in the Grand Jury Room of the Supreme Court, at the expense of the Hindu gentlemen of this Presidency.”

Having nothing more to say, I subscribe, with my kind compliments to your eldest brother.

Yours very truly,
RADHAKANT.
4th Sept. 1847,

side of the College Square,"—the site, that is, we think, of the present College. On the 25th February, 1824, the foundation-stone of the building was laid. The copy of the inscription is as follows:—

In the reign of
His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth,
under the auspices of
the Right Hon'ble William Pitt Amherst,
Governor-General of the British Possessions in India,
the foundation-stone of this edifice,
the Hindu College of Calcutta
was laid by
Joseph Pascal Larkins, Esquire,
*Provincial Grand Master of the Fraternity of
Free Masons in Bengal,*
amidst the acclamations
of all ranks of the native population of this city
in the presence of
a numerous assembly of the Fraternity
and of the
President and Members of the Committee
of General Instruction
on the 23rd day of February 1824.
and year of Masonry 5824
which may God prosper.

Planned by B. Bukton, Lieut. Bengal Engineers
and constructed by
William Burn and James Mackintosh."

It is strange that the great opponent of the establishment of the Sanskrit College was Ram Mohan Roy. That reformer wrote to Lord Amherst a letter which exactly anticipated the arguments, which afterwards gave weight and grace to the famous tribute which Macaulay wrote on education in India. We reproduce* it further on, as to showing how far ahead of his countrymen was Ram Mohan Roy in the breadth and liberality of his views and opinions. But at the time when it was written, it passed totally unheeded by Government. A few years later the College was found to be sud-

* The *Indian Mirror* quoted from the book this long letter of the Raja Ram Mohan Roy, but we have omitted it as it has appeared in the collected works of the Raja. —Editor.

denly deprived of its funds, and this necessitated an appeal to the Government which constituted a mixed Committee for the management of the institution, the leading principle of its actions being that "any measure to which the Natives express an unanimous objection shall not be carried into effect." The wisdom of the provision was seen subsequently when Mr. H. L. V. Derozio had the charge of educating the pupils. Mr. Derozio may be said to have been the first destroyer of Hindooism. His teachings had their desired effect, and their nature would be best known by a perusal of Babu Peary Chand Mittra's amusing sketches of some of his pupils. The following were the most prominent among them :

Krishna Mohan Banerjee, Russic Krishna Mullick, Duckhina Ranjan Mookerjee, Ram Gopaul Ghose, Madhub Chunder Mullick, Ramtanu Lahiri, Mohesh Chandra Ghose, Shib Chunder Deb, Hara Chunder Ghose, Radhanath Sikdar, Gobind Chunder Bysack, Amrita Lal Mittra and others, who may be called the "Young Calcutta."

(Here is a portion of what appeared in the quotation of the *Hindoo Patriot*.)

Many of them, we are told, sometimes acted as firebrands. Beef was eaten with a relish which did credit to their appetite and taste ; and opportunities were not thrown now and then of throwing "cow bones" into the houses of orthodox neighbours who were thus beguiled into a most frantic opposition.

The frightful heterodoxy of these firebrands produced a deep impression upon the Committee, and charges of a somewhat serious character were laid at the doors of Mr. Derozio. The latter was condemned for his denial of a God, his open declaration of the principle of disobedience to parents, and his advocacy of the intermarriage of brothers and sisters. Of course, many of the charges were absurd ; but the Committee was too strong for poor Mr. Derozio, and he was dismissed. It was the students of Derozio, however, that first perceived the merits of David Hare, whose disinterested labors on their behalf impressed them deeply and led them to call in 1830 a public meeting of the native inhabitants at Jorasanko, for determining upon a testimonial for his labours. A subscription was opened, and Mr. Hare was asked to sit for his portrait. The portrait of Hare is to be now seen in the Hare School. Through all the subsequent stages through which education passed, David Hare was seen to figure largely, though not obtrusively.

The time came, however, when his services could not be overlooked, and the Committee of Public Instruction, of which Macaulay was the President, in a report written in 1835, called "the particular attention of Government to the merits of this benevolent gentleman" and, suggested that his services should receive some public recognition. The Government wrote to the Committee enquiring "what the Committee intended specially to recommend on behalf of this gentleman." Well, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Court of Small Causes in Calcutta—an office which he retained till his death in 1842. We shall pass over the other events of the life of David Hare and shall transcript here the interesting account of his death as given by Babu Peary Chand Mittra and another by Babu Gobindo Chander Dutt.

"On the 31st May 1842, Mr. Hare had an attack of cholera. He was not frightened to the last degree. He said to his sirdar bearer "go and tell Mr. Grey to prepare a coffin for me." The sirdar bearer did not take the message to Mr. Grey. In spite of medical aid, Hare died the next day, telling Prosonno Mitter, a sub-assistant surgeon, not to apply the mustard poultice again as he wanted to die peaceably. The news of Mr. Hare's death was received with heart felt sorrow by every one and those who knew him were full of tears.

On the first June 1842, Mr. Grey's house (where Mr. Hare lived and died) was full of Hindoo gentlemen, among whom were Rajah Radhalant, Babu Prosonno Coomar Tagore, Babu Rasomoy Dutt and many others. Babu Prosonno Coomar Tagore had made arrangements for Mr. Hare's funeral. As soon as the Reverend Doctor Charles arrived, the processions moved. Several mourning carriages were full of children, and about five thousand Hindoos, all sorrowful, sobbing and weeping, followed the hearse. The day was a very wet day, but it did not interfere with the large gathering unknown in this city. The tomb was raised by a Rupee subscription. The amount required was raised in no time, subscriptions were still offered but declined."

Babu Gobinda Chander Dutt wrote thus:—

I have a vivid impression of Mr. Hare's death. He was then a Judge of Small Cause Court and a colleague of my father. I saw the corpse thrice during the day and accompanied the funeral cortege. There had been showers during the day, and the streets

were partially covered with rain water. There was a cyclone the day after,—was there not? The hundreds and hundreds of people, clerks from their offices, schoolboys from the educational institutions, native gentlemen, sircars and servants and his own countrymen (but these were few)—of the vast crowd that wended their way from Hare Street to College Square! I was too young to press through the crowd and stand by the grave. I only remember the long procession, and the people gazing from the tops of the houses and from the windows as it passed by. When I found at College Square that I could not penetrate to his coffin, I went to the Sanskrit College, and ascended up to the roof whence I (quite alone in my glory) had a magnificent bird's eye view of the whole scene,—a sad and mournful scene but not without its lessons.

The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* of 4th May 1877 wrote as follows :—
We have read with intense pleasure Babu Peary Chand Mittra's Biographical Sketch of David Hare. It is replete with interesting facts and every educated native of India should have a copy of it.

The *Bengal Magazine* of March 1877 wrote as follows :—
We are greatly indebted to Babu Peary Chand Mittra for giving us a sketch of the career of David Hare who may be justly regarded as one of the great pioneers of English education in Bengal. The book bristles with information of a most interesting kind and contains materials for the first chapter of a future history of English education in India. We commend the book to the attention of our readers.

The *Calcutta Review* of 1878 (vol. LXVII No. CXXXIII) wrote as follows :—The intense affection with which the memory of David Hare, the watchmaker and philanthropist, and in a sense, the father of English education in Bengal, is cherished by the native community in this part of India after an interval of nearly forty years, is a sufficient answer to the foolish assertion, not unfrequently made, that the natives of India are incapable of gratitude. Babu Peary Chand Mittra could hardly have selected a worthier subject or one better calculated to appeal to native sympathies. Though hampered by the meagre character of the materials available for the purpose, he has succeeded in constructing a most interesting narrative, which, however, is less a biography

than a history of one particular phase in Mr. Hare's life, that in which he is presented in relation to native life and education. The style of the sketch is simple and unaffected and will be read with general interest.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra sent a copy of the book to Doctor Joseph Ewart. On getting the book the learned Doctor wrote the following letter :—

MONTPELEIR HALL,

Brighton, 24th February 1879.

My dear Peary Chand Mittra,

I was greatly obliged to you for so kindly sending for my acceptance a copy of your interesting biography of the famous philanthropist, David Hare, and for thus affording me in a well digested and small compass an account of knowledge regarding the initiatory stages of English learning in India, not so far as I know otherwise attainable with such facility. I have read it with equal interest and profit and trust it will meet with encouragement, it so eminently merits at the hands of the rising generation of your fellow countrymen. Such men as David Hare, like other mortals, perish in the ordinary course of nature : but the good work associated with their names is not only imperishable, but, like a well filled stream, goes on flowing and ever augmenting the welcome stream of human knowledge. If it were possible for David Hare now to survey the results of his labour and that of his coadjutors, even his marvellous modesty might be pardoned, if it became somewhat imbued with egotism. He was a most noble nature—a life dedicated to good work rendered for the benefit of the millions of India and the East.

Of course, you have heard that my health will not permit me to take another tour of duty in Calcutta. But, I enjoy this place and climate much. And as I have some professional occupation, the time does not hang heavy on my hands. I meet many of my old Indian friends here, and when you favour England with a visit I shall be glad to give you a hearty welcome in my household. My house is within an hour and a half of London. So must you come. I often think of all my good native friends in Calcutta, and of the dear old College which, I trust, is as flourishing as ever. But it is one of the miserable results of mine and we must all bind to it, that service in the East for us must sooner or later be

severed, and with the severance perpetual separation from old friends and the dearest association becomes—in the clue of health—unavoidable. Distant, however, as we are, we are nevertheless neighbours now as regards feeling and sympathy. Apart from this my heart always warms when I think of the many pleasant years I spent in India. You may (D. V.) see me back again some day, as I have still a work uncompleted and in due time I hope to visit the scene of my labours again *via* America, Australia, Japan and China. I was much alarmed at the reports of the high mortality in Calcutta. What is the cause of this? It would indeed be a misfortune if after that has been expended for the improvement of the sanitation of the city, it even still to remain unduly unhealthy. I always thought that the sewers were improperly made, in as much as they were not made imperious to the passage of filth into the surrounding soil. This was a cardinal error. As time rolls on and the soil gets more and more infiltrated with the contents of the sewers, the result must be to go over to neutralise the otherwise great advantages of a good system of sewerage. Then another mistake was the locomotion of the outfall far too near the city. It should be carried many miles further away. Why this was not done at first was perhaps on the score of economy.

We have had a most severe winter, abundance of skating and many accidents in consequence.

We are much shocked at the Zulu disaster. Reinforcements are already on their way to help Lord Chesterfield to retrieve the same. The rein of the Afghan war is practically over. Many consider it hard to saddle India with the whole of the cost of war among them. But the ministers are said to be inexorable on the point. How are the Social Science and the Bethune progressing.

With kindest regards and many thanks for the *Life of David Hare*.

Ever yours truly,
JOSEPH EWART

The following is a copy of a letter written by Maharani Surnomoyee to the author of the book which speaks of itself.

Cassimbazar Rajbati,
The 11th April, 1879.

Accept my grateful thanks for your kind present to me of a copy of your excellent *Life of David Hare*,—that great man who devoted

himself to the cause of native Education, and spared no exertions to promote it. Blessed be the memory of the man whose life was one long run of humanity, and blessed also be the hand that gives us a work which keeps that memory fresh and green for ever ! Though personally ignorant of the language in which the biography of that great philanthropist has been written, I highly admire the work and esteem the present as valuable, not only because of the noble life it treats of, but also of the worthy hand that has so ably brought forward before the world the extraordinary acts of benevolence of one who is in our midst as if an angel sent from Heaven in human form. In presenting to the public your much esteemed work, you have rendered them a service which they will never forget ; for, without such publication, the posterity would have remained in the dark as to his many good deeds. I have known from translation made for my perusal the greater part of its contents, and I am glad to repeat that the work is in every respect a highly admirable one. There is only in one place a slight mistake. It is said that Raja Harry Nath Roy was the son of Kanto Babu, but the Raja was not the son but the grandson of the Babu.

In conclusion, I have the pleasure to say that your work will be a valuable addition to my humble collection of books.

Thanking you once more for the present so graciously made.

I remain, yours faithfully, .

MAHARANI SURNOMOYEE.

It has now become a matter of history that David Hare was the first to clear the road to the improvement of the native mind, which has since led to result so noble. When we observe the present state of the Hindoo society, its progress in different directions social, political, literary and intellectual, we cannot but admire the early efforts given by some philanthropic men, a prominent member of whom was David Hare. His self-denial to do good is surpassed by that few of men and richly deserves a place in the history of education in Bengal. His efforts in the cause of both English and the vernacular education in Bengal has been vividly described by the author in the book and they are too well-known to need our pen to give them celebrity.

That man in addition to having been one of the best of men for which alone he is entitled to the profuse admiration and honor of the world, was a benefactor to this country. It is not possible

perhaps to exaggerate the benefits which our countrymen individually not less than collectively derived from him. His love for India was unbounded. To our countrymen he stood though a foreigner, as the national father. He loved each individual pupil, They used to resort to him at his home and in the school. The elderly boys became his companion. He was a bachelor and had no family, the only care he took of was of his pupils. We will conclude this paper. by quoting a portion from the book in which Hare expressed his sentiments to the author, when he lost his fortunes and his brothers:—

“But the best of men are sometime shaken and tempests pass over them. After Hare made over his business to Mr. Grey he speculated, more to enable himself to do good largely than to build a fortune. Either owing to the unfavourable results of his ventures or to the failure of the houses where he had kept his money, he was in great difficulties and he told me one morning that he would have perhaps to pass through the Insolvent Court. To the good and godly, tribulation is a process of purification, leading to spiritual progression. Having met with reverses, Mr. Hare quietly finished the house he lived in and made it over to his creditors. Although in adverse circumstances, he was as regular as ever in the performance of the duties he had imposed upon himself. He continued to show the same self-abnegation—the same self-surrender—the same disinterested love for his neighbour as had preeminently characterized his career as the father of native education and the exemplar of unselfishness. He was never tired of doing good to others and sought for every opportunity for the exercise of his benevolence. If ever any allusion were made to the good he was doing, he was vexed and his occasional reply was that what he was doing he was doing for his amusement. Another proof of his possessing an exalted soul was that he showed true charity in judging of others and he never encouraged any one to speak ill of his neighbour.

“If then Hare was devoid of motive and was what the Aryas say “निर्कार” i. e. free from desire to receive return in any shape, if he deprived himself of the comforts of life and if his existence and fortune were devoted to the good of his fellowmen although belonging to a different race, was he not “laying up treasures in heaven and not looking at the things which are seen and temporal but at

the things which are unseen and eternal" ? The next shock which Mr. Hare received was in the death of his two brothers. I saw him in mourning at the Hindu college. His face showed resignation and he told me in a spirit of calmness that he had lost one of his brothers. When his other brother died, he was living at Mr. Grey's. He read to me the letter he had received, bursting into tears and was unable for some time to check his grief. Hare was a loving brother and could well realize what fraternal relation was. The man who amidst reverses, travail, tribulation and affliction, finds serenity within, sees *Divinity* in his soul—his happiness is not in the world *without*, but in the world *within*. His happiness is in the very depths of his soul—in unselfishness—in pure benevolence—in suffering for others. He realises within himself the joy and within grief of his neighbour—he identifies his prosperity and adversity with his own. Though Hare had still a brother in England, he gave up all intention of returning home and continued to work here as a "heavy laden" pilgrim looking for "rest" at the conclusion of his journey. He lived to see that the liberalising effects of education which thousands had received through his instrumentality were being extended to several districts of Bengal—that they culminated in the improvement of their moral tone—in the amelioration of their domestic and social relations and in the incipient evolution of their spiritual life evidenced by their earnest enquiry after religion."

S. M.

ALSACIAN SKETCHES.—No. II.

WHY are the French so far surpassed by the Germans in the art of railway travelling? They did not start in the race weighted, as the English companies did, who had to spend lavishly in passing, and sometimes fighting bills through Parliament. It is a strange fact, that in the country where centralization is supreme, and which enjoys, in most respects justly, a high reputation for method and order, railway matters are not so well managed as on the other side of the Rhine. Those who have tried to sleep on the hard first-class carriages of the lines between Germany and Paris, have often longed for those delightful spring-cushions which counteract the shaking of the line in the German second-class. The contrast appears strongly on the parallel lines of Alsace and of Baden; and as these lines compete with each other for the traffic between the Lower Rhine and Switzerland, the former must labour under great disadvantages. The Alsatian stations are simply disgraceful. So thought I when I took my place from Colmar to Thann in the valley of St. Amarin. The branch railway which passes Thann ends at Wärsberg, where it meets the diligence which passes the Vosges to Remiremont. I had engaged to meet at Thann in the first hotel mentioned by Beeleker, a German friend, who has just published an excellent guide to the Black Forest. The hotel in question was the Lion, but as the Lion had not only ceased to drive a roaring trade, but to exist altogether, we found ourselves lodged by adverse fate in two separate but contiguous hotels.

Thann is a town of more than 4000 inhabitants, chiefly engaged in manufactures, situated at the narrow entrance of the valley of St. Amarin. Its old walls formed an oblong, and some of the towers still remain, with many quaint old houses, which are however begrimed by modern smoke. The little cathedral church of St. Theobald is a gem of Gothic architecture, said to have been built by Erwin of Steinbach. Its tower, which is 250 feet high, resembles that of Freiburg in Baden, in having a steeple of open carved stonework or "clocher au jour," and in the octagonal design of the middle tower. It was completed in 1516. But the especial glory of the church consists in its two elaborately carved portals, the details of

which would fill a volume. In this building the ogive arch, with rich ornamentation, telling of a date which verged on the decline of architecture, is here in great perfection. To view the town and church to advantage it is well to mount the Engelburg, a vine-clad eminence on the right hand of the entrance to the valley. The Engelburg is crowned by a ruined castle, which was blown up by Turenne in 1674. This castle possesses one feature which especially fixes it in the memory, and which I never recollect to have seen anywhere else, that is, a huge wheel of stones and mortar pierced by a comparatively small opening in the middle. This was the result of the destruction of the donjon, whose tower fell on its side with the explosion, while the immense thickness of the wall, and solidity of the masonry prevented a large portion of it from falling to pieces. From the side of a mountain on the other side of the town there is also, towards sunset, an exquisite view. The cathedral is framed out by converging hills from prosaic associations, and stands against a back ground of vineyards, the rich colour of its sandstone increased by the evening beams. A fine stream passes through the town of Thann, which in ancient times must have swarmed with trout, and even produces a few still. It has been however made to supply a canal, and degraded and polluted to serve the purposes of the factories. At Thann we heard that a Scotch gentleman had just passed the town in a canoe which he had carried over the Vosges into the Moselle. He was bringing to it its conclusion a long and eccentric voyage through inland waters, in the course of which he had navigated some lakes in the Black Forest which had never been disturbed by a boat before, and astonished the natives of the Upper Danube below Dananeschingen. Foreigners, however enlightened, are far too apt to attribute to a bee in the bonnet, the love of such adventures, which are only the result of the high spirits and strong individualism of the people of our islands.

Although the railway is continued up the valley from Thann to Wasserburg, we were advised to walk thither in order better to observe the very beautifully formed hills on each side. As the primary nucleus of elevation of the Vosges corresponds to that of the Black Forest, so do the newer formations on the outskirts of it. On the side of the southern Vosges, at all events, these formations appear to be more abundantly represented, and some of the finest hills

and knolls are formed by them, greatly surpassing in picturesque variety of form the somewhat monotonous gneiss. Porphyritic eruptions also, which produce rocks of remarkably bold and fantastic form, are more common on the flanks of the French mountain-chain. I saw at Thann some very fine specimens of fossil plants in possession of a boy, who could give no exact information about them ; they appeared to have been dug out of a sandstone bed, black with contained iron. The fine highroad leading from Thann is flanked by the villas of manufacturers, some of them laid out in a style of luxurious elegance. The villages of Bitschweiler, Willer and Moosch, are passed in succession. At the second and third of these villages there are two exquisite modern churches built by the same architect, M. Langenstein of Zernetz ; whose name is also associated with the church of Herseren, now Wasserbirg, which is however somewhat inferior. The church of Willer is conspicuous at a considerable distance. It is a splendid illustration of Mr. Ruskin's *Lamp of Sacrifice*, and in every respect would gladden the heart of that great connoisseur. The arches of the interior, built of beautiful pinkish stone, branch into the roof like the trees of a forest arcade. The organ rests on a huge bracket on the right side of the nave. The capitals of the pillars are magnificent specimens of naturalistic stone carving applied to foliage : not one exactly resembles the other, and every one is remarkable for originality of conception. The pulpit is so beautiful that it must take the eyes of the congregation off the preacher. The coloured statuettes of holy persons, saints and martyrs, are all finely executed. The open seats are tastefully framed of oak with ironwork finials.

There are three windows of coloured glass in the apse : one of green and crimson panes, the other of blue and rose, the centre of many colours, with a good medallion of the face of the Madonna. The exterior of the church is unpretentiously neat, and the roof is covered with coloured tiles ; the tower, though original, harmonises in its octagonal centre with that of Thann, which no doubt suggested it. The church of Moosch is also a beautiful specimen of modern design, though less costly. Here the organ, which is larger, occupies its usual place at the west end of the nave.

In St. Amandin's Church, which is arrived at soon after, and which is a favourite resort of pilgrims, the pictures by modern artists are the chief attraction. They are all very good. The building

itself is subordinate in interest, being of the plain Byzantine style. From the village of Willer the Ballon d' Alsace, the highest of the Vosges, may be readily ascended.

It is said to command a fine Alpine view ; but as the haze resulting from the long drought rendered every distant prospect hopeless, we judged that the trouble of the ascent would not be repaid.

At Wasserbirg, a village on an eminence in a panorama of mountains, those to the left having particularly bold and rugged outlines, there is an excellent inn in the German style, where the residents of the neighbouring towns love to take up their summer quarters. It rejoices in a very good tap of beer of Lutterbach, a fine clear bitter ale such as Munich, of Burton, could not surpass, and equal to the finest of Allsopp or Bass's beverages. It would almost induce a German traveller to make Wasserbirg the limit of his tour, without tempting the unknown wilds beyond. The diligence road to Remiremont here goes up zig-zags to the left, while the valley, becoming wilder and narrower, continues to the right.

At Wasserbirg there is an immense manufactory belonging to a wealthy company of cotton-spinners, who, masters and men together, constitute the population. Attached to the manufactory is a sort of park tastefully laid out. It is curious to see at meal-time troops of women and children coming in from a distance laden with the dinners of their husbands and fathers. In this valley of St. Amarin the peasant element seems very subordinate to the manufacturing, and the hills seem depopulated to swell the centres of industry. The consequence is, that there is no beauty of costume to be seen, and that the upper parts of the hills are uninhabited, only an occasional chalet being observable. A cabriolet hired at Wasserbirg conducts us to Wildenstein.

By the side of the road stands a grand solitary hill almost inaccessible, seeming to block the gorge called the Schlossberg, crowned by a ruined castle, the original Wildenstein. Wildenstein, the village which Bœdeker describes as "a clean place," is nevertheless smutty with industrialism, there being a great glass factory there which produces immense piles of dusky green bulging bottles or can boys. The little inn seemed to be good. We found a number of guests there discussing trout by the help of a good-looking sauce made of red wine ; but we returned ourselves to an excellent dinner at Wasserbirg, and thoroughly appreciated the wine of Rangen

which grow near Thann, and which fortified us admirably for setting forth on our railway journey to Mulhouse and Basel. We only stopped long enough at Wilkenstein to visit a waterfall, which we found—not at home. It is called the “Heidenbad,” and is formed by the Thur which springs from the Grand Pentron ; but the Thur had been reduced by the extraordinary season to a succession of pools, which barely trickled into each other. In the dusk of the evening, rendered still murkier by the smoky chimneys of Mulhouse, whose aspect is worthy of that of a town in the Black Country of England, we paid a visit to the splendid Protestant church which is in progress of building, and which proves that the manufacturers of Mulhouse are not entirely utilitarian in their luxury, and know how to spend their hard-gotten gains with public spirited munificence. It will be quite equal, when finished, to the mediæval cathedrals of France, both in size and exuberance of decoration, and the franes that it has cost and will cost must be reckoned by many millions.

From Basel we passed up the valley of the Wiese, partly by railroad, to the neat little town of Schonau at the convergence of two romantic glens, and thence on foot over the Rinken or “col” of the Belchen mountain to Stanfen and the Krozingen station of the Baden railroad. But this part of our trip belongs, strictly speaking, to “Days in the Black Forest.”

NO. III.

WHEN last at Colmar, I had seen far away to the right on the line of the Vosges, the three remarkable castles of Ribeauville, and beyond them the towering eminence of Hoch-Konigsburg. As the fine weather and drought still continued on the 17th of October, I found myself breakfasting at Strassburg on that day with the intention of visiting them, and some what later in the day dropped at the station of St. Hippolyte, about two miles from the town of that name.

The interesting plateau of St. Odile or St. Otilie with its convent named after the lady who took refuge, from the persecution of a suitor, in the Black Forest, was passed on the way. It would have required at least, an additional day to visit it. St. Hippolyte, or St. Pult, is a little square town at the foot of the first rising ground, walled and gated all round. On entering it the idea of

having to pass the long night in it was anything but pleasant, for a more dingy and filthy place it is difficult to imagine. Surely that dilapidated hostel built over its stables cannot be the Couronne d'Or, mentioned as its principal hotel. A march, however, through the length and breadth of the town revealed no better; and I was obliged to make a virtue of necessity, thinking myself fortunate, however, in being ultimately transferred from the grimy public room to a very good bedroom, with comfortable spring-bed and white sheets, and a wolf-skin rug at the side. Wine furnishes the chief industry at St. Hippolyte, and the signs of the inns frequently bear "*aubergiste et gourmet*,"—the latter word meaning in general French a connoisseur in the luxuries of the table, or refined gourmand, but here a purveyor of wines. The Jesuits have a seminary here, and seem to have overspread the whole place with their black influence. Saturday evening being a vigil, there was no flesh to be had, and during mass the town seemed to be left in the charge of the children, who made mud-pies in the streets and plastered them over each other's faces. Great distress for water prevailed, and crowds of buckets were waiting late in the evening, their owners quarrelling for the drippings of the fountain. If, as the priests gave out, the drought was a judgment for the persecutions of the Church, it is singular that their own peculiar nests should be selected to bear the brunt of it.

It was pleasant to get out of the sanctimonious reek of St. Hippolyte into the freshness of the morning air on the vine-slopes above it, through which the path wound towards Hoch-Konigsburg. The objection which St. Hippolyte seems to have to clean water resulted perhaps from the fate of its patron saint, and is probably continued as a method of honouring his memory.

St. Hippolyte is said, on uncertain authority, however, to have been a Bishop of Ostia in Italy, who suffered martyrdom under Alexander Severus by being drowned in a ditch or pit full of water. He is of course not to be confounded with the Hippolytus of Euripides, who came to an evil end by his steadiness in resisting the fascinations of Phædra. Hoch-Konigsburg stands on an abrupt hill 1700 feet high, an outwork of the Vosges. The somewhat devious paths that lead up its woody steep may be cut off by clambering through the rocks and brushwood; though notices, both in French and German, forbidding this proceeding, are stuck upon poles every-

where in somewhat mysterious language, "Defense d'entrer dans les sillons," and "Es ist verboten in die Furchen zu gehen."

The grandest view of the castle appears about half-way up ; when its fine proportions and great size, as compared with its surroundings, are near enough to be estimated. The sunlight gives a rich colour to the sandstone, which contrasts well with the various greens and yellows of the autumnal woods. From the situation of the building on the very top of a high isolated mountain, it is difficult to find a point where a sketch could be made that would give an idea of the whole. The vast bastion-towers on the western side are too near to the spectator, and the palatial part to the east, which recalls Heidelberg castle, which stands over a steep slope : but an artist might spend many a profitable hour in study of details of the interior. The shape of the top of the hill on which Hoch-Königsburg stands is a rude oblong, becoming more of the nature of a ridge before it slopes away to the east. This ridge is covered with the ruins of defences which were outworks to the main body of the castle, which stands on the broader part to the westward.

A solitary oak-tree stands on a knoll beneath the huge bastion to the south-west, in so exposed a situation that it seems a marvel that it has been spared by lightning for its many generations.

The tower which hangs over it is of immense strength, and defies access at the weakest point of the ground ; inward and westward from this are loop-holed galleries and battlements, surrounding a courtyard. This was evidently the part where soldiers and horses were lodged. Beyond this to the west stands the palace, for it deserves that name, of severe and massive architecture, yet not destitute of ornament applied in the right place. This part is approached by a slanting road on the southern face of the castle, through a series of gates and many flights of stone steps. The first gate wears a heavy mantle of ivy, but in general the stone looks as if it had been cut yesterday, and the stone steps look as though they were now constantly traversed, and not as though the depressions on them were worn ages ago by the heavy tramp of mailed men.

From the smallness of the passage which leads through the several gateways, one may suppose that distinguished inmates and visitors were conducted by it to the palace, which at present stands like an architectural kernel of which the defensive husk has been broken down ; while their horses were led to the stables by another

path ; for in those days there was probably no way to the castle practicable for wheels. It is owing to the breaking down of the defences at the east end and along the southern front, that the palatial front of the castle, with its ample quadrilateral and heavily mullioned windows, is now seen to so much advantage. In the palmy days of the castle, the outer defences would have probably concealed it, and hindered the view of the inmates on the surrounding scenery. On entering the residence itself, which is effected by a key obtained at the nearest forester's lodge, one is immediately struck by the severe beauty of the pillars of the Rittersaal, which are simple columns with die-shaped capitals richly carved.

Still, the impression must have been somewhat gloomy when the roof was entire, giving to the banquetting-hall somewhat of the character of the "tomb of all the Capulets." The interior is ample in size, and contains many curious winding staircases and labyrinth of little apartments, and the whole is closely connected with the main-tower, or donjon, from the battlements of which the early risers among the knights and dames could see the sunrise lighting up the glaciers of the Alps, and the Rhine winding like a golden serpent, or rather bunch of serpents, through the long dark level below. As it was, I saw nothing but the hill itself and the surrounding mountains and woods and a few villages on the Rhine-plain glimmering through the haze. The view from Hoch-Konigsburg must be much grander than that from Marxburg in the Palatinate just above Edenkoben, which stands on a similar eminence, since it is so much nearer Switzerland. It is remarkable how very seldom atmospheric conditions favour a very distant view, and how often those who go far and climb high to see one are disappointed. When the sky is unsettled in early spring and late autumn those views boasted of in guide-books are sometimes seen, never during long-continued fine weather : but when seen, they are never forgotten.

It was late in October, 1858, that I happened to see from the top of one of the mountains south of Dublin, the whole Snowdon group in North Wales, across the fore-shortened Isle of Anglesea, and the intervening sea like a broad belt of air. It was not a deception from clouds, for there were many witnesses to its truth, and it was a vision such as many years may never bring back again.

Of the history of Hoch-Konigsburg but little appears to be known. "The high castle of the king," as it is justly called, denotes

its imperial origin, and escutcheons have been found about it bearing the lion of the Hohenstaufens, those emperors of Rome and kings of Germany whose names will go down as a glorious tradition of strength and unity when Germany, as appears likely, will cease even to be a geographical expression, and be divided between the centralized despotisms of Austria and Prussia, whose obvious rivalry is cemented into a sort of friendship by fellowship in outrage and wrong. The extant architecture tells of the latest period of pure Gothic, before the extravagances of the Renaissance were engrafted upon it; and thus the style is nobler than that of the much vaunted castle of Heidelberg, which as a whole it resembles. But it is probable, from its commanding situation and free view on all sides, that the Romans must have placed a station on this hill, and that it continued to be castellated from their times downwards. From an obscure notice in Meriau, 1663, the castle seems to have been alienated from the royal houses by sale or gift, and sold to the last Count of Thierstein and Pfiffenger; who parted with it to the house of Austria, who again mortgaged it to the Sickingen family. The Bishop of Strassburg appears to have had a joint interest in it, for the robberies of certain governors who held it for him and Archduke Sigismund of Austria occasioned a league of its neighbours and its partial destruction in 1462. It does not appear to have been again rebuilt after its final dismantling by the Swedes in 1633. It has become in modern days the property of a banker at Colmar. After leaving the castle, instead of turning down into the Leberthal, I chose a forest-path skirting the ridge, which led through pine-woods to the village of Tannenkirch; then passed over the shoulder of a height into a valley below the hill on which stands the highest of the three castles of Ribeauville or Rappoltsweiler. Ribeauville is a town of some 700 inhabitants, wine-growers and manufacturers. Its white wine has a very fine flavour, and commands a comparatively high price in the local market.

It is, however, very strong; and when drunk now, appears to cause the natives to cut all kinds of capers on the floors of the inns, such as standing on their heads, or rolling over with the head as an axis.

In the market-place stands a classical statue, representing the town with the symbols of its industry around it. Out of the

lions' heads on its basis, water spouts into a trough, from which the inhabitants are supplied. Ribeauville, unlike St. Hippolyte, is a clean and lively little place; and its friendly hotel, the "Mouton," is highly to be recommended, though somewhat deficient in accommodation in proportion to its traffic.

A commodious path up part of the old walls leads along the side of a very steep hill where the two lower castles stand. The lower part of the hill is occupied by vineyards, the higher is covered by tangled brushwood amongst which pinnacles and slabs of rock stand out, giving the whole scene a character of great boldness and ruggedness. A little carelessness in choosing the right path caused me to lose two hours in an ascent which ought to have occupied half-an-hour; such were the difficulties and obstructions of the ground out of the regular path. On the largest and boldest of the pinnacles of rock stands at a considerable elevation, perched on a tiny platform overhanging the gorge, the castle of Girsberg, or "Der Stein." This is only accessible now by a very steep path from behind, and must have been as comfortless a residence as a lighthouse is said to be, especially when beleaguered. The second castle, which is easily reached by the regular path, and is now surrounded, where the ground admits, by a sort of shrubbery containing seats and summer-houses, presents much more accommodation, and is remarkable for the beautiful row of windows in the wall of its hall. They consist each of a round arch with two smaller round arches included, and above these and the main arch a solid piece of masonry, pierced in each case with a differently shaped opening.

This feature makes this castle, when seen near, one of the prettiest in the Vosges. It is called St. Ulrich, or the Niederburg. From its platforms (for the main tower is inaccessible), there is a fine view into the valley which leads up from Ribeauville over a pass to St. Marie aux Mines; and its broken buildings, with the little court and well in the foreground, form an admirable frame for a picture of the romantically-placed and haunted-looking ruins of the Girsberg.

A continuation of the path to the top of the mountain leads to the highest castle of Hohen-Rappoltstein, the tower of which, if there were any way into it, would command a view almost equal to that from Hohen-Konigsburg. This castle, with that of Girsberg,

must have been built as outposts to defend the accesses to the other, which is the only one suitable as a residence. In the town of Ribeauville are the remains of a former hunting-castle of the dukes of Zweibrucken, inhabited up to 1782 by Max Joseph, who, from being in 1799 a colonel in the French service, died as King of Bavaria in 1825.

The house of Rappoltstein, or of Ribeauvierre, was ten centuries old, and one of the richest and noblest in this province.

The last of the Rappoltsteins, Count Jacques, died in 1673. One two daughters which he left, having married the Prince Palatine of Birkenfeld, became the ancestress of the royal house of Bavaria. Thus it appears that, to a certain extent, Germany, as well as Savoy, has made over to France the cradle of her kings.

At Ribeauville the first shower for two months came gladdening the hearts of the people as an earnest of long-wished for rain ; and as the middle of October was now past, I judged the year too far spent for further explorations in Alsace, a country but little visited, abounding in monuments of antiquity and historical reminiscences ; and, from the beauty of its mountains, and their comparative solitude and wildness, though standing above thickly peopled valleys, by no means to be despised by the mere tourist, and to the artist and naturalist possessing undoubted attractions, combined with the charm of comparative novelty for all alike.

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.—(IV)

CHAPTER VII.

The Capture.

Night had closed in. Darkness rolled in pitchy waves over the city and over the river that ran across and under its mantle a barge lay moored off a pier a short distance from the palace. The Sindian had secured this vessel. It was manned by such crew as could be counted upon in any underhand work. But however suitable they were for his infernal scheme he kept them in utter ignorance of his destined goal. Only they knew that they were having a hand in a bold game. Under colour of his office he had wrought so artfully upon some supernumerary palace-guards as to have made them believe that they were under the Governor's orders to escort two chamber-maids of her majesty to some river station. Cognisant as they were of the removal of the court ladies, by batches, out of the palace precincts they saw no reason to distrust him. A dozen armed men in full uniform kept themselves ready for service.

Having thus arranged things he wore his livery and approached the princess.

"It is surely time we made ready for leaving" announced he with a profound bow.

"What arrangement has been made for my going?" questioned she.

"I assure your ladyship of exact obedience to the royal command" replied he. "There is the State barge awaiting us by the river bank."

"Is the escort ready?"

"Please, my lady" assured he with clasped hands.

"Who are the men composing it?" asked she.

"A dozen of his majesty's bodyguards."

"You will see that they are well armed."

"We go under an armed escort," was his prompt answer. His face wore a mask of dissimulation.

Taking Chitrolekha by the hand she followed him softly down into the grounds, little conscious that in this affair lay the germs of her future trouble. Much less had her companion an intuition that a sad destiny was prepared for them."

There was now the task of getting out of the palace precincts. The gates were well-guarded but there was a postern for the entrance and exit of the domestics. Egress by it was possible, although it involved the risk of close observation. Happily the warders were just off to snatch a hasty meal, leaving a patrol to stand guard.

The Sindian bore down boldly upon him. The latter started forward the moment his eye fell upon the party and the light of his lamp flashed up and down the grounds.

"What brings you here at this hour?" demanded he recognising the Sindian.

"I have orders to conduct two more chambermaids of her majesty to the fort" replied he in an undertone.

"The men?" he questioned again, pointing to the guards.

"We start under an escort." Was the off-hand answer.

"By whose order?"

"We go by the Governor's orders."

"Governor's orders?" the patrol echoed dubiously.

"Yes," returned the other boldly, "Is not that enough. If you want reasons, why go and ask him."

The patrol growled out some answer.

"Quick, let us through, we brook no delay," urged the Sindian.

The door was thrown open and they swung out. Just then a sergeant of the patrol was returning from his rounds, followed by a half-a-dozen men just relieved.

"Where are they going?" inquired the sergeant, turning to the patrol.

The latter explained their errand. A look of relief crossed the Sindian's face as the sergeant moved away with his train.

The postern opened to a park at the back of the great quadrangular range of palace-buildings and beyond the park rolled a lawn away to the river. A grassy track across the park saved a detour of the many long avenues leading to the river side. Along it he

led the way, taking good care that the slightest observation from the warders' quarters should not detect them. As they advanced, their eyes could catch many a dull haze of light ahead, rising evidently from the sentry beats. This was dissipating to the Sindian but his quick-witted move saved the situation. Taking devious ways he managed to lead the party beyond the net-work of sentry-beats on to the lawn and then to the night-hidden river bank. It was all still and in that black atmosphere of silence accentuated by the whispered hush of wind-swept trees and the occasional screech of a night bird their slightest movements seemed intensified.

A ring of horse-hoofs echoed along the river-side.

"Horsemen coming fast, quick under the trees" the Sindian whispered to the ladies, motioning them to turn aside. They had scarce taken cover when the equestrians rode by, but not without a challenge to which the Sindian answered in suitable terms.

In a few moments they arrived at the water's edge. The barge was hailed. A sullen wash of the water broke the death-like hush and the vessel's nose bumped against the bank. Then passing over a plank the ladies got aboard and were ensconced in a nice little shed in the after-deck. The Sindian followed next and then one by one the escorts seized a trailing rope and swung themselves on board.

"Give us a drink before we start," whispered one of the boat's crew to the Sindian.

"Spoil not good meat by hurrying the roasting" hoaxed he. "Finish the job and I will put into your stomach bowls of gin and ale."

"Just a sip, man."

"No" returned he peevishly. "To drink now would but muddle your pate. Quick, the business does not admit of any fooling."

Muttering a thousand curses two men bent to the sculls, two held the litter-ropes and one seized the helm. The broad sweep of sail spread its folds over the vessel's deck and the barge was sent spinning into deep water. Then with a swirl that caused eddies of foam to leap up from under her stern she drifted with the tide, a drip of the oars serving at times to keep her in position.

The night was without hope of moon. The stars were hidden by rolling clouds. Only here and there dim lights cast streaks across the water either from the lonely wharves or from the lanterns of passing boats. Through the darkness she picked her way among the vessels in mid-stream, the oars lending an agreeable splash to the noise of the ripples. The current was swift and the full stretch of canvass lending wings to her speed she was devouring the way before her. The town was swept past, then through the country she ploughed her way. Here the river widened out and turned at a sharp angle in a north-westerly direction.

Now all was darkness; dreadful, menacing darkness. Amid the darkness she kept her course, with nothing but walls of shadow and silence before, behind and around through which the wind shrieked its weird music.

Time flew past. It was midnight. She had turned the bend of the river and swept round the acclivity on which had stood a few hours ago the proud camp of the invader. Now she passed into a very different scene, the river was shut in on one side with a long stretch of bush and on the other with cliffs that broke sheer away without bend or break. Far ahead a well of mist closed the view. The scene was eerie and a depressing lifelessness hung over it. On she pressed, with a strong flood under her, still onward, the paddles splashing, the canvas flapping. Not another sound awoke the echoes of the night, not another sail broke the placid expanse of water.

Suddenly a shrill whistle rang out upon the stillness. As by a common impulse all on board, save only the Sindian, started up with a quick suspicion of something wrong. On the heels of the sound there followed another, yet another. The stillness was so utter, so intense that the sounds seemed to fill the whole earth.

"What can this mean" broke out the guards wondering what it portended.

"Some night-bird screeching" suggested the Sindian in a tone of indifference.

Into the brooding silence then broke a quick succession of low signalling cries. All but the Sindian stared out into the blackness, with eyes strained for the first glimpse of some abnormal movement. Out of the gloom that shrouded the bushy bank there seemed to emerge shadowy swimming shapes. They loomed like

ghosts and darted back into obscurity again. The lookers leant eagerly forward, fixing their gaze on the vision, many an ill-omened supposition began to rise in their mind, their every nerve was strained in an acute tension of hearing. Then came a crashing of undergrowth, a cracking of branches.

"Robbers" cried out the guards in a chorus. Each felt his sword and braced himself up for a tussel.

From within the shed came half-suppressed cries. The princess and her companion had started up in vague terror. A shadow of some impending evil had just fallen upon them.

"Be not alarmed," jerked out Sindian, protruding his head in. "Oh Bhoyro, where are you taking us." The princess gasped out. A look of intense dread crept into her eyes.

"Why, we are nearing our gaol. The fort could be seen from here but for the haze," replied he.

"You are leading us astray," growled Chitrolekha casting a critical eye over him. Her face gleamed as pale as ivory. It must have been intuition rather than reason which led her to smell some thing wrong.

"Heaven preserve me from having such intentions as you suppose," protested the Sindian, the reply was meant to buffet her in the face.

"Look, the shadowy forms seem to be peering through the bushes" faltered out she. A sickening dread was come over her. She fancied she could discern the outline of a man crouching under the bushes, then another, a third, a fourth.

"Don't give yourselves a moment's bother" he tried to dispel their fear. "These are only village louts. If they be a score or more it will make but little odds. You will soon see how at our first shout they turn tail."

Their panic wore off though the scared look had not left their eyes. The Sindian had now a little trouble with the escort.

"Where are you leading us" questioned they sternly.

"You should ask the Governor that question. I am only carrying out his order" retorted the Sindian with a struggle to keep his discomfiture out of sight.

"Must we not know where are we bound for" snarled they.

"Don't be sour. A hillfort on the riverside a little ahead." He framed an answer,

A low murmur had not kept the men long occupied when a loud blowing on conches and blood-curdling yells crashed upon the stillness. Voices became hushed and an awful sensation ran up the spine of every one on board excepting that of the Sindian. A moment later a dark form lurched forward, followed by another, then a third, a fourth and so on. They scrambled upon a boat. It needed but a moment for the gazers to take in the situation.

"We must give them a slip," cried the Sindian in a feigned tone of dismay. "Shape a course, boatmen, straight off by the right bank."

The boat heeled slightly over, began to pitch and roll and then plunged sideward. Then burst forth a repetition of those blood curdling cries which had just filled the hearers with terror. They rang with appalling reverberations, filling the air with weird echoes.

"Oh Bhoyro, they are after us" cried the princess, cold with horror, as her sharp eyes espied dark forms leaping through the tufty tall grass into a boat.

"They come, they come" echoed Chitrolekha in trembling accents. Her hands shook as though they were palsied. Her eyes were eloquent of the terror which was greater than she could bear.

"Be quiet," cried he vexedly "whoever they may be our guards are lusty enough to beat the life out of them."

"They seem to be many," cried the princess without taking her gaze from off the shadowy forms. Her expression passed from quick alarm to a full appreciation of her position.

"Armed men." Her companion joined her tremulous voice in blind frantic terror, for a clangour of arms struck out sound in the distant darkness.

"Never mind it, we will keep the infernal knaves at bay." pretended he

Barely a few moments had elapsed when a wild screech cut and cleft the air and a flat-bottomed vessel laden with armed men was seen advancing. All in the stern craned out, straining their eyes and pricking up their ears.

"Barbarians" burst out the crew as the approaching vessel became painfully plain. They were by no means blind to the serious of the situation.

"Nonsense" snarled the Sindian "I will be dashed if they are barbarians. They seem to be some village louts, some roughs who gain their living at the riverside."

"Roughs or rufflers, we must keep out of their way" persisted the boatmen.

"Then swing off the boat's bow and head her for the other banks" said he. A spiteful grin dug into his face.

The boat laboured ahead swaying and rocking perilously in the attempt to get away.

"Oh save us if you can" cried the ladies through stiffening lips.

They were quick to grasp the details of the threatening situation. "You are needlessly alarming yourselves" fretted he.

Away dashed the boat and away rushed the vessel in pursuit. The boat's crew rowed with all their might but it became impossible for them to outdistance the pursuers. The race was a mad one for life and liberty. The timid craft seemed to fly but the chasing vessel was too hot for it. Soon it swept alongside, laden with twenty Turkish soldiers, who with a hoarse hurrah came trooping within an arm's length of its ribs.

"Confounded ruffians! Infamous diabolical scoundrels!" shouted out the Sindian affecting to take them for roughs. "Is this the way you keep the laws. Do you know what it means to stop peaceful travellers in these troubled times. Keep off or this pike shall speed through your hide." He tapped a pike significantly and made a movement as if about to hurl it.

"Dash your eyes" imprecated the boatmen. "It is a gang of barbarians as sure as you are alive."

"Oh horror!" He feigned a cry of dismay and swinging the pike over his head bawled out to the guards "Form up men. Charge out and cut them down."

The guards drew up to oppose them. The crew worked desperately to make headway.

"Oh, save us, save us." Yelled out the ladies in a frenzy of dismay. They fully realised how desperate the situation was becoming. A helpless look came on their face.

"Hush" burst out the Sindian in a tone of rebuke. "We don't care who they care. We will run them into a corner. Come on, infernal knaves, tackle us if you dare. It is with brave men you have got to reckon." The challenge was a mockery.

With a vicious grin on his face the foremost of the gang sprang upon the stern, whirling his blade aloft to cut through his opposers. In a flash the guards closed round him and the nearest

made a deadly thrust which sent him stagger back and fall like a log. Savage at the sight of their comrades laid low the rest hurled themselves within striking distance of the defenders, fell back for a moment under their sweeping blows and rallying made a furious onslaught. Blows fell thick and fast, yells filled the air, the barge swayed and rocked perilously.

"Save us while there is time yet," screamed out the princess and her companion, shaking in body and limb. They were dumb founded at the sight. Their senses swam with the terror and the din. It was a horrible spectacle.

"Fly, let us fly, any thing is better than facing the fiends," blurted the boat's crew and in an instant they threw themselves overboard to seek safety in flight.

"That's our only chance" gasped out Chitrolekha and grasping the princess made ready for a plunge.

"What are you about" cried out the Sindian stepping forward to prevent their escape. His game was going to be lost right at the moment when he was playing his trump card. "Don't risk your life. All is not lost. We have chance yet against the desperadoes."

The Princess would have fainted had he not steadied her with a hand upon her shoulders, would have fallen but for his ready arm. The companion too was more than half-paralysed with terror.

Her fight went on. There were leaping and dodging, striking and parrying. Blows fell in showers. Cries of fury, wild yells, groans of the dying made the air resound.

One by one the guards fell and with them as many as fifteen Turks. Now was the time for the Sindian to play his part. "Finish the boat's crew," he whispered to the nearest survivor. "There they swim."

Three of the surviving Turks sculled in the darkness hither and thither, pounced upon the swimmers one by one and sent them shrieking to a water grave.

He now made a show of fight. Swinging his pike aloft he stormed. "Approach but one step and I dash out your brains."

"Put down that silly thing" said they in mockery, fully understanding his meaning.

"If I prove not my word may I never handle a pike again" bullied he in a counterfeit tone. He threw the weapon aimlessly. It struck upon empty air and splashed into the water. The part

he was playing was meant to remove from the mind of the princess any the least suspicion of his complicity in the affair.

"Now down on your knees or I strangle you to death." Flash-ed out one of the man farcically.

"Secure him hand and foot and drop him over the vessel's side," added another, making a false show of decisiveness.

"Kill me if you will but spare the ladies," he made a mock appeal.

"We will not shed you blood, for it is only a savage who would hack at a craven" said a third laughing.

"For mercy's sake spare the ladies" He acted his part to a finish.

"They shall be well treated" was the premeditated answer.

The barge was now manned by the crew of the other vessel and set in motion up the stream.

Fright and despair had begun to tell heavily on the princess and her companion. It had not taken them long to sum up the situation. They understood that they had fallen into the hands of the barbarians. The horror of the future seemed to yawn before them. It made their senses reel. For a few moments their brain worked with some show of coherence, for a few moments there came and went a painful recognition of their position. Then followed a sort of dazed consciousness which by degrees culminated in a complete loss of sensibility. Losing consciousness they lost their equilibrium. Their head falling lower and lower with each convulsive breath they collapsed at last into a huddled heap.

The boat tore on at a flying pace, the men at the oars were tugging with might and main. Just then a skiff was sighted ahead. It seemed to approach and stalwart forms were discernible from its stem to stern.

"Can they be our men" The five Turks questioned one another. To make sure they shouted out their watchword. It was echoed from the approaching vessel.

"Now they come, silly lubbers." grunted the Sindian.

The vessel swept up, having on board half-a-dozen armed Turks.

"How now, what's been keeping you" accosted the survivors surcastically.

"Why, we were upon the water, roving" answered they.

"Have you taken leave of your senses? Could n't catch the noise here, it could even rouse the dead."

"We were heading up-stream, watching where you would heave in sight."

"Nonsense," cried the latter in a rasping voice "We rather expected you would strike right across."

"There was a sharp fight here." The Sindian struck in. "Look, of twenty men only five left. I am almost shaken to shreds."

"Would that you had joined us a few minutes before." The survivors regretted.

"I thought you would join in time and not keep skulking" taunted the Sindian.

"Confound you" growled they "Though all the devils from hell were here we would dare the worst. Ours is no craven heart." The taunt was gall and wormwood to them.

Side by side the two vessels pushed on, covered a couple of miles and were then made to spin towards a landing-slab "Moor there," was the order to the rowers.

The boat were made fast to a tree by the bank. The Turks jumped out and in a few minutes some Afghan women came with a litter and bore away the unconscious forms to a camp. It was the camp of General Kublai Khan. The Sindian followed on foot. The rest moved in a body, driving the boatmen before them at the point of the sword.

In a tent were the captives laid on a pile of cushions, all motionless, as though stricken dead. The women were busy working over them, the Sindian shared the watch by the bedside. Their dress tumbled in disorder, the hair streaming loosely about the face, the eyes closed, the lips tightened, they seemed entranced into a death-like swoon. For hours the watchers were in a state of strained excitement. By degrees their senses returned, the closed lips parted and slowly the eyes opened - opened on the bending faces and then wandered round the room in bewilderment, taking in naught of the surrounding. Dazed and utterly stupefied to outward things, their faculties seeming numbed, the brain changed to an awful blankness, for a while they could not think, could not reason. Then thought and memory came back tumultuously, next a feeling of terror, a stiff dumb terror, terror which tongue-tied them. If words came upon the dry lips it was only to die away. Gradually they conjured up before them the ghastly scene on the

river, realised the hopelessness of the situation, their utter helplessness. Through all their soul there thrilled agonies of dread and despair, their senses swam, everything swam about them, even the room seemed spinning round. Then sobs shook their frame, tears coursed down the colourless cheeks and in the surge of the emotions the heart beat in fierce feverish strokes, the pulse throbbed to suffocation.

"Do not cry. We may yet be rescued." Said the Sindian in soothing, consoling accents.

"Oh Bhoyro, where are we?" gasped out the princess with eyes dilated and fixed at him in a horrible stare.

"Never mind where we are," he evaded the question. "Let us fortify ourselves by patience against this unexpected stroke. Let us be bold and make the best of things."

"But who brought us here, What place is this" she mumbled out.

"A tent" wailed out her companion, casting astounded glances around. "We are amongst the barbarians, have fallen clean into their hands."

"Oh, horror!" A scream broke from her lips. Her breath seemed to fail, her limbs to give way.

"Steady your nerves, I conjure you" The Sindian joined his soothing voice. "We should fortify our heart against the misfortune. Let us consider that it is a misfortune which we could not avoid. Let us not lose heart but hope that our rescue is close at hand."

"You brought this misfortune upon us, you brought us into this scrape" moaned out Chitrolekha in quivering accents. The unhappy maiden was struck with a sick deadly horror.

"Is it just to impute an unhappy accident to one who in no way contributed towards it?" protested the Sindian to exculpate himself. "However I do not wish to lose time in justifying myself to you, only I beg you will not forbear to consider me your devoted and trusty slave."

"Oh, take us from this dreadful place." wailed the princess in a voice low and broken.

"You have nothing to fear. We are not taken as prisoners of war. Most likely the barbarian chief is not aware of our capture. He is yet completely absorbed in his operations. Our captors are but

a stray band hanging about here and there to waylay travellers. They mistook us for scouts. We could get off well enough if only we lowered the flag, but the guards were foolish enough to give fight. They struck down many of their number. This provoked the rest to seize our persons fancying we were the leaders."

"They mean to carry us away as prisoners," cried the princess. There was a tremor in the voice and a shudder in her frame.

"They cannot. It was as personal motive which made them seize us. They are bound to set us free." Stuttered the former in trying to hide his simulation beneath an appearance of sincerity.

"Is there no means of sending the news to his majesty? Oh, Bhoyro, he knows not what has befallen——"

Her voice was choked with emotion. The words she was about to utter failed upon her tongue.

"Keep cool and quiet. We need have no fear that they will work some evil. If they be so minded, I am on the alert, ready to die in your defence. I will shield you from all they may attempt."

In a stream the words broke from his lips.

"You will do all that you can I quite know," she echoed the words with a catch in her breath. "But of what avail will it be."

She looked piteously at him.

"You need be under no apprehension about your safety. They mean you no harm, they cannot do any." He repeated soothingly.

"No, no, there is no escape for us!" She burst into a torrent of tears regardless of the many expressions of condolence.

"Wipe away your tears. Can you get rid of your alarm in tears. Be calm," repeated he.

"They will never give up their prisoner" wailed the maiden, her voice shook and sank. Tears bedimmed her eyes.

In their strained excitement of terror it seemed as if they must scream aloud and cry. As often as they wiped their tears away the eyes filled again.

"It is not possible to escape from these men." The princess gasped out between sobs.

"The hope is worse than madness," cried her companion brokenly. It was a cry of dread, cry of despair.

"Don't despair. I will employ all my wit to save you. I have just been to their captain, he has promised to let us off."

He brought all his ingenuity into full play to lull them unto the belief that they were captured by mistake.

On the following morning General Kublai Khan despatched a message to the Sultan informing him about the capture and soliciting further orders. The final order confirming the previous arrangement did not reach him till evening. In the meantime preparations were rife for the transport of his contingent by river. The day passed in procuring forty-two large vessels. They were ranged in two in twenty-one rows, the pair in the middle of the flotilla were two picturesque barges, one meant for the accommodation of the captives and the other to contain the treasure. The leading boats were reserved for the General and his assistants.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Rapture.

Though the ransom was paid in the forenoon it was fairly evening when the numerous corps spread round the city were united into one army. It was nightfall when Mahmud ordered a general withdrawal and the mighty armament began its movement. By the time the princess was captured he had at least six hours start, but retarded as he was by night haze, he could not make much progress. General Kublai Khan was therefore able to communicate with him on the subject.

We have seen that after the main army had covered a distance of thirty miles from the capital, a second corps, after the separation of the contingent under General Kublai Khan, detached itself from it under cover of a flank movement but with the darker purpose of hurrying away the prince by a short cut to Ghazni. It was commanded by General Murad Bey. Its deviation from the track of the main army was effected so skilfully by a judicious selection of paths as to have kept the prince in utter ignorance of its complete isolation.

Verily a prisoner he was treated with a semblance of profound respect. His credulous spirit was so beguiled by the exhibition of many marks of adoration that he saw no reason to doubt his position as an honoured guest.

Versant in all the wiles of policy and in all the forms of deceit the Sultan had wrought so artfully upon him as to have inspired with confidence his open unsuspecting heart. His weapons

of treachery were employed with deadly effectiveness. Receiving him at the first audience with the warmest congratulations he maintained to the last the semblance of friendly sincerity. General Murad Bey, who too took a hand in the game was none the less fertile in stratagem. The farce was well acted.

At noon of the following day the detachment reached a sweep of level land covered with short springy turf. Around it a forest grew thick and wild. The weather now portended a storm. Mighty banks of cloud obscured the sky. Quick vivid flashes of lightning quivered along the horizon and thunder was heard booming away in the far distance. It was evident that a storm would break heavily upon them in the weary march.

"Do you think it will storm before evening." The general asked his adjutant.

"If not before but after evening. We have a hard night ahead" guessed he.

"Then we must camp down here" decided the former.

It was an ideal place for an encampment. Tents were pitched, the horses stabled and a stockade was drawn around.

To the prince and his adjutant was assigned the central tent. On its either side were smaller ones wherein were stowed the stores and equipments. The General chose his quarters at the back, while in the front were his guards lodged. Round the little group was a large open space, beyond which clustered a circuit of tents in promiscuous rows, intersected by alleys and avenues.

An understanding of the situation began slowly to dawn upon the prince more by intuition than from a critical view. Signs hitherto unheeded began now to assume in his eyes an ominous significance. He felt he was under way for some unknown destination by quite a different route from the one the main army was taking. Would to Heaven it were a delusion, a trick of imagination, a conception of disordered fancy? No, it was too true. He was drifting with a loose band, while the invader was away crossing some distant region with the bulk of his army. There was no possible room for doubt. His brain seemed to spin round as he tried to see light in this dark riddle. The keen vision of his companion had just swept a good deal of mystery from the surrounding. Both now scented a trap, both began to be oppressed by an uneasy sense of danger. The air seemed weighted with it.

Now were they sensible of their error. They had confided in the assurances of a consummate double-dealer, one profoundly ignorant of the refined laws of war. Their trusting nature was hurrying them into a criminal's doom. The truth came upon them with a shock that they were no better than captives, to be chained to a life of slavery in some dreary recess of Hindukush. Both were brave, nevertheless the thought of the impending fate set them shuddering. But was it not possible to stave it off by a timely slip. To their cautious prudence it was hazardous to exhibit symptoms of suspicion while on the other hand to wink at the game was the reverse of sound policy. The prompt course their mind suggested was to slip away unperceived.

"We can find our way out" said the adjutant decisively.

Both issued from the tent, crossed the open space.

While they were casting about for some method of escape through the engirding tent rows, their keen eyes discovered a lonely pathway, it zigzagged away to the open grassy stretch outside the encampment. Down it they slipped, dodged abreast and making quick time over it, found themselves at last on the outskirts of the camp, face to face with the stockade.

The shuffling footsteps caught the keen ear of a patrol. A voice rose shrill into the air and the next instant a huge Afghan stepped up, then another.

"Where are you going?" challenged they, with scant regard for ceremony.

"Why should you ask this?" demanded the adjutant, meeting their gaze with a dark scowl. It flashed upon him and his royal companion that there were sentinels guarding every possible avenue of escape.

"We know who you are and have no order to let you pass." replied they with a slight toss of the head.

"Whose order do you need?" asked the former.

"The General's" was the firm reply.

"Are you posted here as look outs" interrogated the adjutant in a stern voice.

"Just so."

"Say to him that we start out for a stroll in the open."

"Stay where you are while I go and inform him," said one of the men. With speed of his heels he broke the news to the general.

"What can this mean," demanded the adjutant, turning upon the other a look of hot inquiry.

"I refuse to answer," was the impertinent reply.

"If you don't, your life is not worth a pin's fee" rasped he.

In a few moments Murad Bey appeared on the scene followed by the informant.

"We would gladly know what reason have these men to bar our way," the prince politely asked him.

"They act by my order." Murad Bey spoke with cutting coolness.

There was a peculiar glitter in his eyes.

"What is your reason?" The tone of the prince sharpened a bit.

"I carry out the Sultan's order. This is my reason." Cold and measured were the words, beneath which the prince's ear caught the surge of treacherous design. He read the truth in his face.

"What is your Sultan's order?" Demanded he flushing angrily.

"To keep you in close custody" replied the former. An insolent smile came to the corners of his mouth. An evil light flamed up in his eyes.

"And then."

"To carry you to Ghazni."

"As a prisoner, do you mean" grated the prince. His rage began to mount.

"Of course" said the General. The sinister expression on his face became more marked.

"Is this a trap, a stratagem laid to ensnare the unwary? Is this a trick of your master? I see all now. I am wheedled here to be played against with the cards in his hands," roared out the prince, his mind was worked up almost to frenzy.

"Villainous base treachery?" The voice of the adjutant uprose in fiery protest.

"Do you fancy we will keep faith with aliens, pshaw?" gibed the general. A peculiar smile shot over his features.

"What," roared the prince. "Is it your code of honour to break treaties and inveigle men unto your power by knavish tricks?" His rage flared up all the more fiercely.

"Of what avail are treaties," jeered the general with a comic shake of his head.

"Death and the Devil, we have been tricked," cried the prince.

The angry blood played like a flame over his countenance.

"We meet cunning with cunning" retorted the former with a sinister smile.

"Your cunning has overreached itself, servile scoundrel" burst out the prince, his eyes were gathering fierce fire.

"Shut?" frowned the general "I am in no humour for your impertinence."

"But you have humour to play villainous dirty tricks" frowned the adjutant. His voice vibrated with passion and hatred.

"What sort of hound do you call yourself that you dare bark at me?" protested the general, bottling up his wrath. "Know you not that to treat me with a faint vestige of disrespect is to dishonour the Great Sultan?"

"I denounce him too. I will blazen his name throughout the world as that of a coward, a cheat, a villain." grated the former. The furious words coursed swiftly on each other.

"What, dare you offer affront to his royal person? I will revenge your insolence," thundered Murad Bey.

"The man who swears an oath and does not respect it is a rogue, a blackguard" the prince rapped out.

"An oath given to swine is not binding" the general sneered again.

"Re-call what you said or I would force the words down your throat, prating ass," stormed the prince, hot blood mantled to his face. His eyes were aflame. There was a touch of haughtiness in his tone.

Murad Bey cowered under that look, but he owed it to his self-respect to assert himself.

"Reflect you are talking to a Turk general" warned he.

"I cannot speak otherwise than as I have" returned the prince haughtily.

"You shall answer me afterwards for this. Now say what apology have you to offer for your insolent language in reference to the Sultan.

"None" was the haughty reply.

"Words are empty. Here is my sabre to repay your insolence." He touched the hilt of his sword menacingly.

"If I had a hundred lives and each was to be taken from me by torture, no threat would prevail, I denounce him a villain, a black demon, a scoundrel" roared the prince, stamping his feet fiercely.

"Have a care how you let off your tongue," pealed out the former with a look of outraged authority. "I am a devil when my blood is up and it is boiling in my veins just now."

"I hurl defiance in your teeth" the prince answered defiantly. He was shaking with rage.

"You are doomed. Your head is on the block. Nothing short of a miracle can save you," pronounced Murad Bey.

"The vision of the block has no terror for us. If we must die, we shall die fighting hard. But know, vile blackguard, there is our sovereign to avenge us. The hand of vengeance shall not rest till it wipes out your race and leaves no living soul to tell the tale" cried the prince, a lurid fire burnt in his eyes.

"Pooh? I laugh at your threat. So spare yourself the trouble of uttering it." The General broke out into a scornful mocking laugh.

"Revenge, deep and deadly revenge!" thundered the adjutant glaring fiercely. "If this treachery be not paid for with the blood of your country may I never mount steed again."

"If man can avenge, our sovereign will do it, all his people will do it. The brunt of his rage shall fall with double fury on you, on your master and on your race." The prince repeated his threat.

"There will be those who will ravage your land, harry the homesteads and destroy your race root and branch." The adjutant joined his fiery voice.

"Rave and rant and repeat the wild nonsense. I don't listen to such crazy stuff as these. But will you give me a straight answer." asked the General.

"What?"

"Will you submit to my authority?"

"No, a hundred times no" vociferated both.

"Drive me not to use force. I hold in my hands the key of your life and death."

"We defy you. Do your utmost. We fear not the issue" returned they haughtily.

KALI KUMAR GHOSE, B.L.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 9—SEPTEMBER 1915.

THE WAR AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Among the many surprises of the war now raging is the enormous power of resistance and aggression developed by Germany. That a mystic born in the purple should aim at universal domination, and find ignorant dupes eager to promote his insane ambition, is quite intelligible. Such things are in the normal course of social evolution; and they will recur until democracies are sufficiently advanced to guide their own destiny. We stand aghast at the spectacle presented by 65,000,000 highly-instructed Europeans, consenting to be used as a battering ram against civilisations far older and finer than their own. For such a phenomenon as this there is no precedent in history. Some light is cast on the problem in racial psychology which it offers by a bird's-eye view of German Universities, which was published in Paris just before William II shot his bolt from the blue. It proves conclusively that the nidus of the present war must be sought for at the centres of higher education throughout the Fatherland. The author of this profoundly interesting work is Dr. René Cruchet of Bordeaux. After attaining the M. D. degree in 1900, he devoted his vacations for thirteen consecutive years to a study of Germany's twenty universities. He enriched his own Alma Mater with two reports on their inner working; and crowned his long labours with an exhaustive survey entitled *Les Universités Allemandes au XXe siècle*.

Dr. Cruchet entered on his self-appointed task with an open

mind, and the power to weigh evidence which a scientific training confers. He has given the world a perfectly impartial account of institutions which are but little understood in Western Europe and America. For, although German universities numbered many hundreds of foreign alumni, the true inwardness of their teaching was sedulously hidden from all who stood outside the Teutonic pale. Dr. Cruchet renders ample justice to the scientific training, self-sacrifice and self-devotion which the youth of Germany owes to her system of higher education. He contrasts the vigorous organic life enjoyed by every German University with the torpor which attends excessive centralisation in France. But deeper knowledge compelled him to charge a glowing picture with shades. Efficiency on the material side of life is dearly bought if it involve an abject surrender of one's personality. All Teutons exaggerate the ovine instinct which attends and checks the advance of civilization; their youth is indeed "wax to receive and iron to retain" the lessons of the classroom. On the other hand self-interest forbids their instructors to pursue the main object of education, namely formation of character. Teachers, from the self-important Herr Professor to the humblest pedagogue of a village school, are part and parcel of that sinister machine which has oppressed Germany for a hundred years. Their curricula and text-books are prescribed by central authority; and the slightest display of independence is severely punished by Disciplinary Courts from whose decision there is no appeal. Standing in mortal dread of the espionage which dogs every German from his cradle to his grave; and confronted with the alternatives of implicit obedience or ruin, the Professoriate has made itself an accomplice of the military caste. It inoculates German youths with overweening racial pride, with lust of conquest, and hatred or contempt of foreign nations who thwart Germany's heaven-appointed mission to rule the world. Thus the stream of knowledge, which should fashion human raw material into citizens of the world, is poisoned at the very source.

In 1909 Dr. Cruchet visited the aristocratic University of Bonn, where William II became a convinced Chauvinist by consorting with the descendants of Prussian robber-knights. Its leading spirit was a Professor Siebert, who received our author with effusive cordiality, and piloted him through the hospitals and laboratories

of the Medical School. After expatiating on their unrivalled efficiency, Siegert passed abruptly from "shop" to politics, remarking—

"If there be one consummation which all of us Germans long for from the depths of our hearts, it is a complete understanding with France. Ah, Germany and France arm in arm, what a splendid combination they would make! Between them they would rule the world."

Then, after a slight pause, as though he could read his young colleague's innermost thoughts, he went on:—

"Yes, I know all about that—you lost provinces; Bismarck is accused of having engineered the war of '70 with his famous Ems telegram; but all that is falsehood, nothing else than falsehood. The truth is that Napoleon III wanted war at all costs; the fault lay with him, and him alone. We can well understand your hatred of that man of evil destiny; rest assured that we sympathize with you. But why hark back to an old, old story, in which we Germans were nowise to blame? Why cast it in our teeth against all evidence to the contrary? Our fathers and yours did their duty nobly in dying for the Fatherland; let us honour their memory. If we beat you forty years ago owing to your Emperor's blind folly, that is surely no reason why we should remain at daggers-drawn. Friendship with France is our golden dream, our most cherished desire. We love France as deeply as we hate England. Yes, these English are a selfish, commercialised race, free from all prejudice, friends to-day, enemies to-morrow, as their own interest may dictate. Intensely jealous of our rapid maritime progress, they long to ruin us, root and branch. But our Navy, though still young, is not afraid of theirs; we have perfect confidence in our brave sailors. As for the Italians, let me warn you against that fickle and faithless race. No one can count on their friendship. Be on your guard in dealing with them; they will play you a dirty trick one of these days! On the other hand Austria knows what your hearty co-operation with her would mean; she is leagued with us by language, policy and aspiration."

It is superfluous to animalvert on the gross travesty of historical fact revealed by Professor Siegert's remarks. The self-same lack of moral sense is conspicuous in the Manifesto, packed with sophisms and perversion of truth, which so many lights of German science were not ashamed to father. And Dr. Cruchet found that Siegert's

opinions were shared by his colleagues throughout the Fatherland. They preached Pan-Germanism of the most uncompromising type; and made no secret of the means by which they hope to secure its triumph. Their common talk was of engines of war, explosives, espionage, and military efficiency. In conversing with foreigners they put on a mask of Pacificism because it was in fashion throughout the non-Teutonic world, and enabled them to lull their neighbours into a fallacious sense of security.

It is said on all sides that pacific ideas are gaining ground among the younger general officers. People who hold such language must be wilfully blind to facts; and they would find ample evidence to the contrary at Bonn. There everything seems to smell of villainous saltpetre; army officers reign supreme; the students adore them, and slavishly copy their peculiar manners. It is true that every Teuton, whether he be a professional man, merchant, manufacturer or artist, follows his Kaiser's lead in proclaiming a love of peace. One may fondly hope that they are sincere; but when one finds a great medical authority holding such views as Professor Siegert one cannot help doubting the good faith of their pacific professions.

At Heidelberg, which ranks with Bonn as a focus of junkerdom, Dr. Cruchet lived the life of a student for four months, and was at first received with open arms by his German colleagues; he writes:—

"I noted a marvellous spirit of order and discipline in the young fellows with whom I associated. They were punctual in attending the classes, and never indulged in noisy demonstrations at the beginning or end of a lecture. For hours together they listened without betraying impatience, and testified approval by guttural laughter. About 1 p. m. I used generally to breakfast at Schiff's Restaurant with a couple of young chemists who seemed to take especial pleasure in my company. They arrived on foot or bicycle, devoured every course in silence and with elbows planted on the table; and left in ample time to pursue their daily routine. Such conversation as I had with them possessed very limited interest; my friends' culture being quite superficial. Like all South-Germans they affected a dislike for Prussia; but their inain theses were universally German greatness, English perfidy, and deep regret that Frenchmen should still refuse to grasp the olive-branch extended to them by the Kaiser."

They showed the cloven hoof, however, on finding Cruchet impervious to their hypocritical professions, and inclined to suspect that Germany sought the friendship of France solely in order to use it as a weapon against Great Britain. They began to hark back to the war of 1870, and allowed him to perceive that his countrymen were regarded as suffering from national paralysis since that terrible year. On a certain afternoon the worm turned and rent its ignoble persecutors.

"One of the young chemists with whom I was wont to breakfast, boasted for the hundredth time of the indisputable superiority of the German Army over all others, our own included. At last I lost patience. In accents trembling with suppressed wrath, I took up the cudgels on behalf of our splendid soldiers. I enlarged on the prowess of our frontier troops, especially praising the Alpine battalions, in which my military service had been spent. I declared that no artillery in the world could compare with that of France, and waxed enthusiastic in describing its mobility and range: its rapid and deadly fire. I quoted anecdotes in support of my contention, and multiplied facts, demolishing in a few minutes every argument *contrà* which had been dinned into my ears for weeks together. At first my adversary was simply incredulous, but he soon squirmed beneath my torrent of burning words. His features contracted, revealing the fury that possessed his soul. When I paused, glad to have relieved my mind, but just a little ashamed of my vehemence, I saw his eyes flashing deadly hate as he gasped out, "Your artillery, yes your artillery; we all know what it did in 1870."

At Freiburg-in-Brisgau a house surgeon on the university staff directed Dr. Cruchet's attention to one of the countless monuments with which Germany keeps green the memory of 1870. It consists of a rectangular granite column, crowned by a colossal Victory and flanked, like our Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner, with four bronze figures typifying the cavalry, artillery, line and reserve-forces. Its inscription recounts the exploits of the local army-corps at the battle of Belfort and the siege of Strasburg. "Are you pleased with this monument?" asked Dr. Cruchet's guide with truly German tactlessness and bad taste.

Our author's wanderings ended at Strasburg, which boasts of possessing the most up-to-date University in all Germany. Its perfect appliances for relieving pain seemed the result of vainglory

rather than of sympathy with human suffering. Buildings which should have been dedicated solely to peaceful ends were "contrived a double debt to pay," like the chest in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. A professor who conducted Dr. Cruchet over the hospitals blurted out an admission that its electric bakeries could supply a whole army corps with bread.

Dr. Cruchet's peroration fully explains the genesis of the volcanic conditions prevalent in Central Europe. He waxes enthusiastic in describing the equipment of German Universities. He tells us that each is an organic growth with its roots thrust deeply into the past, but ever ready to assimilate new ideas that germinate in other countries. Governing bodies spare no pains to improve on imported models. They are perpetually rebuilding and enlarging hospitals and laboratories, for the greater glory of the Fatherland and with a fixed resolve to make its people the first on the habitable globe. But our author asks--

"Does this marvellous organization give foreigners the same conception of its devisers' incontestable superiority as every German feels? To deem one's self first in every walk of life is, to say the least of it, unusual. Such arrogance may be excused in early youth; displayed by middle-aged pedants and grave university dons, it simply takes one's breath away. Converse with any given Professor, and you will hear not only that his clinical installations are the finest in the world, but that the German fleet fears no other—not even England's; that the German Army is an unrivalled war-machine; German commerce and industry lead the universe; every German musician and painter is founder of a school; Zepplin is by far the greatest aviator alive, and so on *ad nauseam*."

The state of the Teutonic mind was reflected in that of a man under treatment for general paralysis in Kiel University Hospital. He laid claim to the gift of tongues, and on hearing that Dr. Cruchet hailed from Bordeaux he stammered out a few words of French: "then, suddenly raising his voice, while every feature was distorted by a ghastly grin and a pair of bony arms swung menacingly, he said, 'Ah, you're a Frenchman: well, let me tell you, Mr. Professor, that the Germans are the greatest nation on earth, and I am the greatest German: Your army is no longer to be reckoned with; your manufactures and commerce are dead; your navy is rotten—completely rotten. But Germany is grand, the grandest of nations,

and I—' My guide hurried me off, but the poor maniac's ravings gave me a cold shudder! Had he not blurted out opinions which vast numbers of his fellow-countrymen—and the sanest among them, too—cherish in their heart of hearts?"

Yes, it is beyond all question that the poison distilled in University classrooms has deepened German brutality into acute megalomania; from which, alas, there is no remedy but copious blood-letting.

FRANCIS H. SKRINE, F.R. HIST. S.

THE SAKTAS,—THEIR CHARACTERS AND PRACTICAL INFLUENCE IN SOCIETY.

OF THE DHAKSHINACHARIS.

When the worship of the S'akti is publicly performed, and in a manner quite harmonious to the Vaidik or Puranik ritual, and free from all obscene practices and impurities, it is termed the Dhakshina or right hand form of worship; and those who adopt this pure ritual are termed Dhakshināchāris. The peculiarities of this sect are described at length in a work compiled by Kasiuath, and entitled *Dhakshināchāra Tantra Rāja*. According to this authority,—the ritual declared in the Tantras of the Dhakshināchāris is pure, and conformable to the Vedās. The general character of the form of worship embraced by the Dhakshinās, being, as already hinted, in many respects similar to the Purānic ritual, or that which is common in all the ordinary modes of worship, it does not appear necessary to enter upon a full detail of its particulars. A general statement of its leading parts will be quite sufficient for our purpose. These are as follows:—

1st. *Auchmana*.—The object of this, as well as some other ceremonies that follow, is the Purification of the Worshippers. It consists in taking up water from a copper vessel, with a small spoon of the same metal, by the left hand, and pouring a small quantity of it on the half closed palm of the right hand; in sipping up this water thrice with the lips, and in touching with the fingers in rapid succession, the lips, the eyes, and other parts of the head along with the repetition of proper formulae. With respect to the quantity of water to be sipped, it is directed and strictly enjoined, that it must be such as to run down the throat to the mouth of the cesophagus, and no further.

2nd. *Svasti Bachana*.—This part of the ceremony is performed with the view of rendering the Result of Adoration Beneficial to the Worshipper. Mention is now made of the month, the age of the moon, and the day in which the ceremony takes place, and then

appropriate Mantras are repeated, such as, like good omens, are believed to prognosticate happy results.

3rd. *Sankalpa*.—This is like the prayer part of a petition. In this the Adorer discloses the immediate Object of his worship, mentioning again by name the month, the fortnight, whether dark or bright, and the age of the moon. He mentions also his own proper name and his *gotra*, which is always the name of some *Rishi* or Saint. A fruit, generally a betelnut or a *haretaki*, is necessary, which is held in the water contained in the copper vessel called *koshā*.

4th. *Ghatasthapana*, or the placing of a pot.—This consists in placing a pot or jar, generally made of earth, but sometimes of brass or any pure metal, on a small elevation formed of mud,—the mud of the thrice sanctifying Ganges is of course preferable to any other. The jar is filled with water, a bunch of mango leaves, with a green cocoanut or a ripe plantain, is placed on its top, and the sectarian mark called the *gotra*, is painted with red lead on its front. This is to serve for a temporary abode of the goddess, whose presence in it the worshipper fully solicits.

5th. *Sāmanya Argha Stthipana*.—This part of the devotion is opened by offering prayers to the ten cardinal points, which, according to the Hindus, are the East, South-East, South, South-West, West, North-West, North, North-East, Zenith and the Nadir, presided over by Indra, Agni, Yama, Nairit, Baruna, Bayu, Kubera, Is'a or Mohadeva, Brahma and Ananta. After this, what is called an *Argha*, composed of a small quantity of soaked rice and a few blades of durva grass, is to be placed on a dumb-conch-shell, on the left side of the worshipper: and if, besides the worshipper, any Brahman, or Brahmans be present, a few grains of rice must be given to each of them, after which, they all throw the rice on the pot.

6th. *A'shan Suddhi*, or literally the Purification of the Seat, but technically of the Posture in which the Worshipper is to sit or stand while engaged in his Devotion.—This varies according to the immediate object of worship. The Tantras prescribe eighty thousand different sorts of postures. In order to receive clear notions on the point, we requested the learned Pundit who favoured us with a full explanation of the right-hand ritual, to show some of these by act. He did so, and we found them to be all ludicrous, some very

painful and others impossible. These last were of course merely explained and not exhibited. One in particular, the object of which, he said, is the enjoyment of continual soundness of health, struck us more than the rest. In this posture, the body half-bent, is supported by one leg; the other being drawn up to the waist, the arms are crossed and the hands folded. We took the liberty to ask the Pundit, what possible connection can there be between this posture and preservation of health? On which he very smartly replied, "Try for a few minutes, and you will feel your appetite sharpened by the exercise: and what can be a better preservation of health, than that which improves the appetite?" The mode of sitting which is most frequently adopted, is called the *Kamalāsana*, or the lily seat. In this, the devotee, by folding both legs, supports himself on the posteriors. After taking this or any other position, he must purify it by repeating certain incantations.

7th. *Bhuta Suddhi*, or the Purification of the Body.—It is called *Bhuta Suddhi*, for the body is believed to be composed of the five elementary substances called *bhuta*. *viz.*, earth, water, fire, air, and ether. In this observance, the worshipper is to conceive that his old body is consumed, and that a new and purified one is put on. It is declared that fire and nectar (*Amrita*) are deposited in every man's forehead: and it is by this brain-fire that the old body is to be conceived to be reduced to ashes, on which nectar being mentally sprinkled over, a regenerated body must be conceived to come to existence by virtue of the Mantras.

8th and 9th. *Pranayama and Rishyadhyas*.—These are introductory prayers, inviting the presence of the goddess. There is one thing in them which deserves particular notice. The worshipper, while repeating the Mantras, stops his breath by shutting the nostrils with his hand and tries to continue in this state as long as possible. This exercise is said to lead to miraculous results. By persevering in it, the devotee first begins to feel him self light, he feels gradually lighter and lighter, till he perceives within himself a tendency to rise upwards. And if he can so far succeed by the aid of the Mantras, as to live without breathing for a few hours together, he at last conquers his gravity, tramples upon the laws of nature, and, by his inward buoyancy, ascends into the air in the sitting posture. Many persons are at this day believed to possess this unnatural power, the wonderful effect of devotional exercise.

10th and 11th. *Matrikanyas and Barnanyas*.—These are singular rites, in which the worshipper repeats in order all the letters of the Sanskrit alphabet, both vowels and consonants, from अ to क् and from क् to ञ, each with the Anuswāra combined, as *ang, āng, kang, khang, gang, ghang*, and so on with the rest. And as he repeats these letters, which are fifty in number, he touches fifty different parts of his own body, according to directions minutely laid down in the Tantras: and when an earthen image of the goddess is to be worshipped for the first time, the officiating priest touches also the corresponding parts of the idol.

12th. *Dyan-t*.—In this the worshipper is required, by closing both his eyes, to form the image of his guardian divinity in his mind and to fix his mental vision upon it for some time. The Mantra, which he has to repeat on the occasion, gives a full description of the form, shape, and all the bodily features of the goddess.

13. *A'bahon, Chakshudān and Pranpratish'tha*.—When the worship is performed without an image of the goddess, she is invoked to vouchsafe her presence in the jar. This is simple A'bāhan (invitation), and the Mantras used in it are, "Oh goddess! come here, come here; stay here, stay here. Take up thine abode here, and receive my worship." But when there is an earthen or any other image to be vivified or made alive, the two last rites, Chakshudān and Pranpratish'tha are to be performed, or the acts of giving eyes and life to the dumb clay, which now becomes an object of worship. Here the worshipper touches with the two fore-fingers of his right hand, the breast, the two cheeks, the eyes, and the forehead of the image. As he touches these places, he repeats the Mantra, "let the soul of the goddess long continue in happiness in this image."

14th. *Pujah*, or the Presenting of Offerings of Rice, Fruit, Incense, etc.—The Pujah is of two kinds, Pāñchopachāra and Shoras'opachāra. In the first, which is less expensive, only five things are required, viz., dhupa, incense: dipa, lighted lamp: gandha, powder of sandal wood: pushpa, flowers: and naibidda, soaked rice in the form of a cone, adorned with fruits, grains, curd sweetmeats, etc. In the second, sixteen different sorts of offerings are presented, which, besides the five already mentioned, are:—A'shana, meaning a seat, and being a small piece of square gold or silver for the goddess to sit upon;—Swagata, a kind of reception, in which the adorer asks

the Devi, if she has arrived happily; adding the answer himself, "very happily :"—Pādya, water for washing the feet, offered by taking it with a spoon from one vessel and pouring it into another;—Argha, consisting of ten or fifteen blades of durva grass, sandal-wood powder, rice, etc., presented as a mark of respect,—A'nchāmanī, water for washing the mouth :—Madhuparka, a small copper pot containing ghee, honey and sugar :—A'nehmanī, water to wash the mouth a second time; Snāna, water for bathing;—Basana, wearing apparel;—A'varan, ornaments for the feet, arms, fingers, nose, ears;—Bandanā, in which the Brahmanical priest walks round the image seven times, repeating forms of petition and praise. Besides these two regular methods of Pujah, there are others, very simple and inexpensive, intended for persons of no capacity or fortune, in which nothing but water, flowers and sandal-wood powder are deemed sufficient for the purpose: and when even these are not procurable, water alone becomes the substitute for all the necessary articles. And the Hindus of the present day, too frequently avail themselves of this last and simplest method, and without expense or trouble, satisfy their own consciences, and the appetites and desires of their gods and goddesses, with cold water!

15th. *Lelehi Mudra*, or the Performance of the Gesticulation called Lelehi, which consists in putting the palm of the right hand upon the back of the left, and shaking the fingers;—There are no less than sixty-four thousand different sorts of Mudra prescribed in the Tantras.

16th. *Abarana Pujah*, or the Worship of the Attendants of the Goddess.—These are the D'ākinīs, Sūkṣhinīs, Bhūts, Pretas and other infernal and monstrous beings, who form the retinue of the S'iva-S'akti.

17th. *Mahakala Pujah*, or the Adoration of Mahākala, a form of S'iva. In every form of the worship of the S'akti, the paying of divine honours to S'iva, her husband, forms an essential part. To worship the S'akti alone is declared to be a great sin, and is threatened with severe punishments. Thus, "the joint form of S'iva and S'akti alone is to be worshipped by the virtuous. Whoever adores S'akti, and offers not adoration to S'iva, that person is diseased: he he is a sinner, and hell will be his portion."

18th. *Balidan*, or the Offering of Sacrifice, commonly a blood offering.

19th. *Kabajan Patheth*.—Reciting the Glorious Exploits and Deeds of the Goddess, and Extolling Her by Praises.

20th. *Homa*.—This concluding ceremony consists in pouring clarified butter upon the consecrated fire, made for the purpose, on a bed of sand about one foot square. The leaves of the vilwa tree, and one or two plantains dipped in ghee are also consumed. The ashes are worn on the forehead, and the residue carefully deposited or buried in a corner of the house.

Such being the ritual of the pure S'aktas, the question may be asked, do they go through this curriculum of rites every day? The answer is, no; not all. The Hindu system which is perfectly conciliatory, consults the time, case, and convenience of its followers as much as their eternal welfare. After presenting to them the complete form of any sort of worship, and requiring them, if possible, to go through all its rites, it gradually mitigates its demands according to their circumstances, till the man of business is required to do nothing more than repeat his Mula Mantra a hundred and eight times.

Of all the rites observed by the followers of the right hand ritual, that which can be supposed to form an exception to the general rule, and which places the Dhakhinās almost on a level with the Vāmūchāris, is the blood offering. In this barbarous practice, a number of helpless animals, generally kids, but not unfrequently sheep and buffaloes, are decapitated. Here we may observe in passing, that, according to the Hindu S'āstras, there are two kinds of *Bali*, the Rūjasa and Sātвика: the first consists of meat, and includes three kinds of flesh,—the second of edible grain and rice-milk, with the three sweet articles, ghee, honey and sugar. The Purānas, or the most part, though not all, recommend the latter and condemn the former as involving the person who offers it in sin. Thus the *Brahma-Vaivertta Puran* observes,—“Let the Brahman, always pure, offer only the Sātвика Balis.” and again, “The animal sacrifices, it is true, gratify Durgā: but they at the same time subject the sacrificer to the sin which attaches to the destroyer of animal life. It is declared in the Vedās, that he who slays an animal, is hereafter slain by the slain.” But such is not the language of all the Purānas, some of them do not only recommend the offering of animal victims, but enforce the sacrifice of human beings; and to show how minute and definite they are on the subject of Bali, as

well as to illustrate the creed of the S'aktas, we quote the following passago from a section of the *Kalika Puran*, called the *Rudhira-dhaya*, or the sanguinary chapter, the whole of which is devoted, as the name implies, to the subject of blood-offering.

SHIVA ADDRESSES BETAL BHAIRAV AND BHAIRAVA.

"I will relate you, my sons, the ceremonies and rules to be observed in sacrifices, which being duly attended to, are productive of the divine favor.

"Birds tortoises, alligators, fish, nine species of wild animals, buffaloes, bulls, he-goats, ichneumons, wild boars, rhinoceroses, antelopes, guanias, rein deer, lions, tigers, men, and blood drawn from the offerer's own body, are looked upon as proper oblations to the goddess Chandikā, the Bhairavas, etc.

"It is through sacrifices that princes obtain bliss, heaven, and victory over their enemies."

"The pleasure which the goddess receives from an oblation of the blood of fish and tortoises, is of one month's duration, and three from that of a crocodile. By the blood of the nine species of wild animals, the goddess is satisfied nine months, and for that space of time continues propitious to the offerer's welfare. The blood of the wild bull and guanā gives pleasure for one year, and that of the antelope and wild boar for twelve years. The *sarabha's** blood satisfies the goddess for twenty five years, and the buffalo's and rhinoceros's blood for a hundred, and that of the tiger an equal number. That of the lion, rein-deer, and the human species, produces pleasure which lasts a thousand years. The flesh of these, severally, gives the goddess pleasure for the same duration of time as their blood.

"By a human sacrifice, attended by the forms laid down, Devi is pleased one thousand years: by a sacrifice of three men, one hundred thousand years. By human flesh, Kamakhya, Chandikā, and Bhairava, who assumes my shape, are pleased one thousand years. An oblation of blood, which has been rendered pure by holy texts, is equal to ambrosia; the head and flesh also afford much delight to the goddess Chandikā. Let therefore the learned, when paying

* A fabulous animal said to have eight legs.

adoration to the goddess, offer blood and the head, and when performing the sacrifice to fire, make oblations of flesh.

"Let the sacrificer repeat the word *Kāli* twice, then the words *Devi Bajres'wari*, then *Lauhā Dandāyai Namah*." (which words may be rendered, hail ! *Kāli*, *Kāli* ! hail ! *Devi* ! goddess of thunder, hail ! iron sceptered goddess ! "Let him then take the axe in his hand, and again invoke the same by the *Kālātrya* text as follows:—

"Let the sacrificer say, *hrang, hring, Kāli, Kāli. O ! horrid-toothed goddess ; eat, eat, destroy all the malignant, cut with this axe, bind, bind : seize ; seize ; drink blood ; spheng, spheng ; secure, secure. Salutations to Kāli. Thus ends the Kālātrya Mantra.*

"The *Kharga* being invoked by this text, called the *Kālātrya* Mantra, *Kālātrī* (the goddess of darkness) herself presides over the axe uplifted for the destruction of the sacrificer's enemies.

"The sacrificers must make use of all the texts directed previous to the sacrifice, and also of the following, addressing himself to the victim :

"Beasts were created by the self-existing himself, to be immolated at sacrifices. I therefore immolate thee, without incurring any sin in depriving thee of life." (*Sir William Jones Works, Supplemental, Vol. II.*)

Such being the creed of the Saktas, the question may very naturally be asked, what is their actual practice, in the offering of sacrifices ? Of all the animals named in the above passage, only four sorts are now known to be offered, viz., he-goats, sheep, buffaloes, and a particular species of fish called the *māgura*. After the animal intended for a victim is bathed either in the river, or in the house, the officiating priest puts his hand on its forehead, marks its horns and forehead with red lead, and reads an incantation, in which he offers it up to the goddess thus, "O goddess, I sacrifice this goat to thee, that I may live in thy heaven to the end of ten years." He then says a Mantra in its ear, and puts flowers, and sprinkles water on its head. The *kharga* or the instrument with which the animal is killed, is consecrated by placing upon it flowers, red lead, etc. and writing on it the incantation which is given to the disciples of the goddess. The officiating Brahman next puts the instrument of death on the neck of the animal, and, after presenting him with a flower as a blessing, then into the hand of the person appointed to

slay the animal, who is generally the blacksmith, but sometimes the worshipper himself, or any other person dexterous in the business. Here we may observe in passing, that the Hindus covet the honor of cutting off the head of an animal dexterously at the time of these sacrifices. The assistants put the goat's neck into an upright post excavated at the top, so as to admit the neck betwixt its two sides, the body remaining on one side of the post, and the head on the other. An earthen vessel containing a plaintain, is placed upon a plaintain leaf, after which the blacksmith cuts off the head at one blow, and another person holds up the body, and drains out the blood upon the plaintain in the basin. If it be not done at one blow, they drive the blacksmith away in disgrace. The Sâstras have denounced vengeance on the person who shall fail to cut off the head at one blow : his son will die, or the goddess of fortune will forsake him. If the person who performs the sacrifice does not intend to offer the flesh to the goddess, the slayer cuts only a small morsel from the neck and puts it on the plaintain, when some one carries it, and the head, and places them before the image, putting on the head a lighted lamp. After this, the officiating priest repeats certain prayers over these offerings, and presents them to the goddess. At the time of the public festivals, in which the worship of the S'akti is performed, a large number of goats, sheep and buffaloes are sometimes sacrificed, at the close of which, the conduct of the S'âktas is such as to remind us of the horrid dances of the naked savages round their human victims described in *Robinson Crusoe*. If a stranger, unacquainted with the character of the Hindus, were for the first time to meet the S'âktas, while engaged in the rite called *Kudamati*, their faces besmeared with blood, and their bodies covered with clay, he would most likely either fall flat on the ground giving up all hope of his life, and expecting every moment to be devoured by those whom he could not but take for a set of cannibals; or if his courage prevailed over his fears, he would run with the utmost speed, just as he would fly from the mouth of a ferocious beast of prey. Every thing goes on slowly, silently and solemnly, till the animal's neck is put in the excavated block called the *Haraka*, and formed like the letter Y, when all the spectators and assistants cry out as loudly as they can, O ! mother, Durgâ, O ! Kâli, Jagadambâ ! etc., and continue crying till the stroke of death falls on the neck of the victim. And no sooner is the stroke given, than the tumultuous

or cymbals strike up, the pipes are blown, and the whole assembly, shouting, daub their faces with blood; they roll themselves in it dance like furies and demoniacs, and accompany their dances with obscene songs and indecent gestures. When a number of animals are slain, a dead calm follows at each interval, and this savage practice is reserved for the last. In a state of high intoxication as it were, the S'aktas, bidding farewell to shame and decency, dance along the streets, leading to the river or to a neighbouring pond, where they bathe themselves, and then return to their homes in a more decent style.

N. L. D.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.—(V)

"I will tame your proud spirit or I am not a general of Sultan Mahmud" thundered Murad Bey.

"I challenge that ill-bred varlet to cross swords with me," pealed out the prince. "If he does not accept it I will proclaim him coward and recreant throughout the world."

"Keep a silent tongue in your mouth if you don't wish me to slit it in ribbons."

"I challenge him to your face," went on the prince heedless of his threat. "If he comes I will rip the scalp from his head or may I never handle a sword again." His eyes flashed fire, his limbs shook.

"Silence!" hissed the general. "Soon I will play a hand that may not be a pleasant one for you."

"Mine shall be the first to strike, saucy knave," menaced the prince.

"No more nonsense, I say. Back to your quarters. If you do not, my men will show you where to go" roared Murad Bey. There was a note of command in his voice.

"You call your men off or by Heaven we will cut down all who oppose us," pealed out the prince with a gesture which was not pleasant to look upon. His sword flashed out. The blade of his companion sprang from its sheath.

"What ho, my guards?" The General's cry rang far out over the medley of tents.

"Hoarse cries echoed from behind, followed by a rush of feet."

"Stand back." The prince roared out to the two patrols who had barred his way. They stepped off at a brisk pace to fall into line with the men coming. In a moment nearly twenty men surged down with an unearthly screech.

"Come on screech-owls and tackle us if you dare." Challenged the prince. He planted his feet firmly on the ground offering them a picture of stalwart defiance.

"Put your blade down or by the stars above, I dash out your

vile brains" cried Murad Bey. The gleaming teeth showed under his dark monstacho. His right hand gripped a spear.

"Sordid scoundrel, I have first to reckon with you" pealed out the prince, turning on him with a fierce menacing gesture. "Come on, bear yourself before me face to face like a man."

Quick as lightning he made a furious charge at him that would have settled his account had he not leapt nimbly aside. The blade rang harmlessly past his head.

"Look out for your life" the prince cried again and plunging forward aimed at him another blow. Half-way was it parried with a quarter-staff by one of the men.

"Here take your reward." The adjutant rasped out, as his blade clove the wretch in twain down to the shoulder.

"Seize them!" The general roared out his command.

With murder in their eyes the men pressed forward on all sides. A fierce encounter began. The blades rasped savagely together.

All was now bustle and excitement in the camp. Axes and maces were looked to. The lancers reached for their weapons. The spearsmen were never more on the alert. Above the grating of steel and the babel of excited voices rose the General's frenzied shouts "Hit out, hit out straight."

Trained in the use of warlike weapons, the prince and his companion were skilful beyond the average. Their youth and constant exercise in the chase now stood them in good stead.

With wriggling spring they precipitated themselves forward and charged down upon those in front. Down went the men one upon another and ere they were again on their feet the young fighters had sent some more reeling under the force of mighty blows. Taking advantage of their confusion and hastily following it up with a succession of blows they promptly wiped out two of the number.

The scattered men reformed and not daring come within reach of their sword formed a cordon round, yelling and screeching. The cries spurred the valiant youths to greater effort. To cut their way through, they circled round and round, first on one side then on the other, feinting, striking and springing but always warding off or eluding sword-thrusts by their wonderful quickness.

Foot by foot they drove the rabble backwards, their blades were playing around like lightning and doing good work as ever did blade in conflict.

Again and again the General urged his men to attack. "Dogs, cowards, craven?" What, two men keep at bay a host" cried he in anger.

Furious at the charge of cowardice they made a desperate rush to fence them round again. The fight went briskly on. Now shoulder to shoulder the young warriors stood up under a shower of blows. Redoubling his efforts to break down the barrier of steel the prince smote right and left, struck so hard and true that blades shivered to the hilt and men dropped as if struck by lightning. His companion too made furious lunges, cuts and deadly thrusts and his blade had already crashed into the skulls of two men.

"Head them off, do head them off," the general piped a shrill voice.

The men made a fresh charge. Sweeping forward one of them gave the adjutant a stunning blow. Down he dropped but in a trice sprang upward and bringing his weapon down with a sweep sent his assailant sinking to the earth a hacked bleeding mass. His weapon sent death to two more of the attackers. The line wavered. The men nearest broke into a wild stampede.

"Down with the blood-hounds, cut them down." Cried the prince frantically, now drawing quickly to his side. His blows made deadly music and the recipients reached the ground with sounding thumps. The mode of attack and defence of the trained youths scared the men. Not daring get to close quarters with them they hung about, swaying backwards and forwards.

"Ah! cowards, you hang back" upbraided Murad Bey, almost beside himself with rage.

With a frantic rush the men hemmed them in again, charged, dodged and shifted about, their weapons were flying around, hissing, leaping and wriggling in the air. The brave youths fought desperately, cut and maimed not a few, lunged and stabbed freely and their sabres played havoc with many a clashing steel.

The air resounded with the rattling of swords and the ground seemed to shake with the thud of rushing and receding feet. The horrid yells were louder. The oaths curses and groans of the wounded contributed to the din. "Seize them, close in upon them" shouted the General.

More men came dashing from all sides, ranged themselves together and closed up in the rear. The fight became desperate.

Whirling about or swaying to and fro, the prince and his comrade rained down blow upon blow. Many a time did they escape instant death by a hair's breadth.

"Seize them, seize them" the General taxed his lungs.

One foremost dashed forward madly and with a mace dealt the prince a terrific blow on the right shoulder. The force of the blow hurled him backwards. Simultaneously with this move another came rushing into close quarters but the adjutant met him half-way. His keen blade driven sharp and true sank deep into the man's heart who straightened out and lay still. With a return stroke he knocked another off. The prince profited by the situation and gave his assailant his due. Whirling round the latter fell senseless on the ground. With a flank movement he hit another. Down went he with a flop.

The men now packed themselves tightly in a solid mass, and drew closer and closer. Panting exhausted and overpowered by numbers the young warriors were slowing down in their movements. They slackened up in their mode of attack and began now to act on the defensive. Their sword-thrusts seemed to lack the power which they had put into them at the outset. Now were they with greater ease hemmed in by a ring of steel.

"Seize them, my men, take them alive," bade the General.

Then followed a violent struggle. They made a frantic effort to hold the men off but it was useless. Their swords were sent flying through the air and in spite of their endeavour to wrench themselves free they were firmly secured.

"Bind their hands and take them to the guard room," rang out the General's clear command. A gleam of joy now flashed in his eyes, however much he might be smarting under the loss of many lives.

The brave youths were manacled and firmly secured.

"Villains? worse than assassins? This is your just reward, you shall be strung up to a tree and put to death inch by inch" taunted the General.

"Keep your cackling tongue between your teeth, scurvy knave, I defy you. I spit on your face," blustered the prince, there was a flash of scorn on his face, a fierce glare in the eye.

"Take them away. Put them in chains" roared the former. His frame shook afresh with passion.

They were marched off to a tent where they were chained to iron rings driven into the ground. The tent-flap was carefully fastened and a strong guard was posted outside.

The losses were counted up. Eight had perished and a dozen lay bleeding. Swords, poniards and cutlasses, broken into splinters, strewed the ground. The scene was dreadful to behold. By the General's order the wounded were removed to the camp doctor's quarters and the dead interred. Hastily scrawling a note the General charged two of his body-guards to carry it to the Sultan. It was to inform him about the incident and solicit his orders relative to the treatment of the prisoners. In no long time two equestrians cantered away upon their mission in spite of the gathering storm.

CHAPTER IX.

The Slip.

The night was dark and dismal. A storm was raging in all its fury. Trees sprawled by hundreds, cut clean at the trunk or uprooted; many had huge branches snapped, many lost their crest of foliage. Homesteads tumbled, roofs were blown away, walls crumbled to the ground. The rivers dashed and foamed and fished. Even the hills seemed to shiver. On the wings of the wind came blinding, pelting rain and hail. The gulches were filled with a flood of raging water and the ground became crusted with a coat of ice. At times a long flash flooded heaven and earth and on the back of it came a rumbling peal.

Most awfully did it break upon the encampment. The wind whirled round the tents in furious gusts, howled through the avenues and roared overhead. The rain and hail beat tremendously upon the domes and against the walls of canvas. The flags dropped on the flag-posts, the tent guys creaked and the ridge-poles rattled ominously.

There was trembling within. Even the stoutest hearts quailed. Voices rose in clamour. Hoarse calls and cries of alarm pierced through the din of the storm and upon the uproar broke in bugle blasts and whistles piping shrill. At intervals a bell added its brazen note to the medley of sounds. Then followed confusion and with confusion a general disorder. The lights went out, the tents were plunged into a thick murky gloom. Over the passages settled

a heavy, pitchy darkness. Every thing was in a bewildering tangle every thing was adrift. There was rushing in and out, to and fro. Men swayed and surged about, stood clustered or scampered into the sheltering side passages, for the tents were horribly shaking.

The prison tent was threatening to settle down. There was rattling of the corlage and the poles creaked. Water swirling in, flooded its floor of rushes and huge rain drops were percolating through its dome. It was dark, dark within and in this abode of misery, in the chilled dreariness that filled it, in the sickening odours that permeated its atmosphere, lay the captives, chained to iron-stakes and rendered powerless to roll over or shift from side to side to ease an aching limb. The irons upon their ankles, wrists and waist made every bone in their body ache, but more poignant was the aching within. No merciful slumber gave them a temporary relief, only a few moments of stupor had been their blessed respite. Too thrilled by dread and despair their brain seemed unable to work, only vaguely were they aware of the war the elements were raging without.

The door was guarded by a dozen blacks. Chilled to the bone and drenched through and through they could not long remain staunch to their post. The big splashes multiplied a hundred-fold over their heads, making nice little pools at their feet, while the hail dashed against them in solid sheets. They dodged and ducked fruitlessly awhile and then crept behind the flaps of the tent-fly, pressing closely against the sodden canvas wall.

"A wild, devilish night," cursed one: "By the deuce I am stiff and cold."

"The devil of a wind can blow one's hair off" echoed another.

"It has chilled me to the marrow of my bone. Look how I shiver like a bag of Jelly" chattered a third. His puffy body was trembling.

"This is about the roughest bit of work we have had for a long time" grumbled a fourth.

"I don't care a fig for the wind though I am wet through to the skin. Only the deuced hail-stones have knocked me out, made me a mass of aches from head to foot," murmured a fifth, shaking the particles of ice from his shoulders.

"They almost cracked my crown and beat my senses out" joined another.

"Oh! my skull would have been cleft in twain had n't I ducked in good time" another voice joined its bitter note.

"But if we keep here, there will be no skin left on us" struck in a timid voice.

"Nonsense" cried the head of the band. "Where the hell shall we go."

"Any place is better than this" grumbled he.

"Nonsense" re-iterated the headman. "Sit tight here, pick up your feet rather than go heels over head in the infernal darkness."

"Oh, I should n't a bit mind it if only I can get away from this durned place." He vented an oath under his breath.

All at once there was a loud crash and a louder yell surged up from the neighbourhood. Two tents had been blown down.

"It is time we thought of saving our own skin" cried one frenziedly. "This one totters, won't hold up long."

Verily the prison-tent was shaking.

"Hang me if I don't take to my heels when I hear a pole give" swore an one-eyed Ethiopian.

"Do tip me the wink to trundle with you" muttered the man at his side.

"Shut you fools" the headman cut them short brusquely. "We shall dauple from yonder tree before the night is out, if we stamp away leaving the prisoners under our lock and key."

If the tent falls and takes away what little breath they have, our heads will pay for it, mind, this" spoke a burly mate.

"The general will make us sup off a yard of steel each" echoed another.

"And string us up to a tree" the headman repeated.

Another fearful crash rang out, it rang ahead and above the roar of the storm rose shrill screams.

"Hist, what's that?" exclaimed a young moor, holding up a finger.

"Go and see if you have not lost your nerve" a voice cackled.

"Oh, he is a perfect firend for dash and daring" complemented the one-eyed.

"And the oddest fellow I ever tumbled across." The headman cut a yoke. The rest chuckled at it.

"I will just show you I can be a help, not a drag" asserted the youth. "Here I go. Look out of your fishy eyes."

"Oh! my skull would have been cloft in twain had n't I ducked in good time" another voice joined its bitter note.

"But if we keep here, there will be no skin left on us" struck in a timid voice.

"Nonsense" cried the head of the band. "Where the hell shall we go."

"Any place is better than this" grumbled he.

"Nonsense" re-iterated the headman. "Sit tight here, pick up your feet rather than go heels over head in the infernal darkness."

"Oh, I should n't a bit mind it if only I can get away from this durned place." He vented an oath under his breath.

All at once there was a loud crash and a louder yell surged up from the neighbourhood. Two tents had been blown down.

"It is time we thought of saving our own skin" cried one frenziedly. "This one totters, won't hold up long."

Verily the prison-tent was shaking.

"Hang me if I don't take to my heels when I hear a pole give" swore an one-eyed Ethiopian.

"Do tip me the wink to trundle with you" muttered the man at his side.

"Shut you fools" the headman cut them short brusquely. "We shall dangle from yonder tree before the night is out, if we stamp away leaving the prisoners under our lock and key."

If the tent falls and takes away what little breath they have, our heads will pay for it, mind this" spoke a burly mate.

"The general will make us sup off a yard of steel each" echoed another.

"And string us up to a tree" the headman repeated.

Another fearful crash rang out, it rang ahead and above the roar of the storm rose shrill screams.

"Hist, what's that?" exclaimed a young moor, holding up a finger.

"Go and see if you have not lost your nerve" a voice cackled.

"Oh, he is a perfect fiend for dash and daring" complemented the one-eyed.

"And the oddest fellow I ever tumbled across." The headman cut a yoke. The rest chuckled at it.

"I will just show you I can be a help, not a drag" asserted the youth. "Here I go. Look out of your fishy eyes."

"Oh! my skull would have been cleft in twain had n't I ducked in good time" another voice joined its bitter note.

"But if we keep here, there will be no skin left on us" struck in a timid voice.

"Nonsense" cried the head of the band. "Where the hell shall we go."

"Any place is better than this" grumbled he.

"Nonsense" re-iterated the headman. "Sit tight here, pick up your feet rather than go heels over head in the infernal darkness."

"Oh, I should n't a bit mind it if only I can get away from this durned place." He vented an oath under his breath.

All at once there was a loud crash and a louder yell surged up from the neighbourhood. Two tents had been blown down.

"It is time we thought of saving our own skin" cried one frenziedly. "This one totters, won't hold up long."

Verily the prison-tent was shaking.

"Hang me if I don't take to my heels when I hear a pole give" swore an one-eyed Ethiopian.

"Do tip me the wink to trundle with you" muttered the man at his side.

"Shut you fools" the headman cut them short brusquely. "We shall dauple from yonder tree before the night is out, if we stamp away leaving the prisoners under our lock and key."

If the tent falls and takes away what little breath they have, our heads will pay for it, mind, this" spoke a burly mate.

"The general will make us sup off a yard of steel each" echoed another.

"And string us up to a tree" the headman repeated.

Another fearful crash rang out, it rang ahead and above the roar of the storm rose shrill screams.

"Hist, what's that?" exclaimed a young moor, holding up a finger.

"Go and see if you have not lost your nerve" a voice cackled.

"Oh, he is a perfect firend for dash and daring" complemented the one-eyed.

"And the oddest fellow I ever tumbled across." The headman cut a yoke. The rest chuckled at it.

"I will just show you I can be a help, not a drag" asserted the youth. "Here I go. Look out of your fishy eyes."

He shook off his shoes and pitched up his trousers.

"But keep clear of the pegs when you roll" jested another of the band.

"Don't let your tongue wag if you have not the pluck to let your heels grate on the snow." was the sharp retort.

"Let him go, if his will be crossed he will sulk" said the Ethiopian.

He moved fearlessly in the direction of the sound.

"You are flinging your life away" cried one jocosely.

"Never mind about me. Look to your own skin" returned he.

Presently clatter, clatter, rose a tearing rattling noise, increasing the spell of horror. It rolled round in a perfect volley of eddies. The horses had broken loose and were helter-skeltering. They plunged and kicked, rushed madly hither and hither giving expression to their terror by ceaseless whining.

"Stake them, stake them, stay their flight." rang frenzied cries in all directions, cries which were smothered in the combat of the elements. There was a scurry of feet, a panic rush. Men ran pell-mell, hurry-scurry, bumping against tent-cords or knocking themselves against pegs. Yells, groans and screams rolled over the chaos and confusion.

"Let us go and see what's up" cried some of the guards excitedly.

"Keep a look out here" frowned the headman.

Now a heavy smashing thump told in fearful language that some timber in the prison-tent had crashed.

"We had better put the captives in the General's quarters. I feel alarm for their skin" cried the headman agitatedly.

"It is time we did it though the business is rather tough" echoed some voices.

"Cut them loose" jerked out the former.

The young Moor now came back almost breathless.

"It is mercy I am alive" he gasped out "The horses are crushing through the crowd. I was within an ace of losing my life."

"But what noise was it" asked all eagerly.

"The guard's tent has fallen. I went a bit too near, was fixed up right there. I am blessed if I could move a foot for a few minutes."

"No more creaking, cut loose the thongs" the headman whooped.

The tent-door was in a moment opened. Six men stamped in and began to work on the fetter.

"Cut the cords?" shouted the headman.

"They are a bit hardened by the water, can't be cut through" complained one of the workers.

"Then wrench the stakes first."

The stakes were drawn bodily from the ground.

"To the thonga now" directed he.

Their busy fingers became busier still. 'Slash, slash' the knives went through the cords. The prisoners made a slight movement.

"Don't strain, you fools. The knives may cut into your flesh" they warned.

They made no more movement.

"Pull when you feel the thongs give" was the instruction given.

In a few minutes the cords were removed from their limbs and the prisoners had free use of their hands and feet.

"Get up" bade they.

Calling into play the remnant of their strength they staggered up to their feet in a positive state of bewilderment. It seemed for a second that their senses were playing them a trick.

"Follow us, quick but keep your mouths shut."

With reeling brain they staggered about.

"Come along." The headman's voice rose to a higher key.

Then all at once there was a sickening crash, the sound of rippling timber and one of the poles came down. With a scream of terror the six men bounded off. As though by a common impulse the rest joined in the mad stampede. The captives were now left to themselves. For the space of a laboured breath, they stood staring at each other and then with an effort marshalled their benumbed faculties for rational thought. The situation made itself felt in a flash.

"Fly, let us fly" whispered the adjutant.

Another breathless moment they stopped, then plunged out into the night and storm.

The guards turned swiftly back and as they neared, there rang out another splintering crash, next a rattle of tumbling beam. The ridge-pole was down. Up flew the tent-fly with a thundering flap; the tent guy snapped and with an awful thud the canvas edifice sprawled on the ground. Away darted the guards at full pelt, away,

away and were in the break-neck speed engulfed in the vortex of a rushing, surging crowd. Caught in its eddies they fell into a lot of trouble to wriggle their way out. Their movements were further checked by two more tents falling and blocking the way.

With a quick movement the captives slipped away into the gloom. For a few frightful seconds they were at a loss to grasp the nature of their surrounding. After making many rough casts amidst the maze of tents they could note a pathway. It was lonely, being too narrow to receive a wave of the rolling, whirling human sea. Into it they broke, toiled along, too blinded by wind and rain to pick their steps. Advancing at a snails' pace they got at last beyond the precincts of the encampment. The sky continued to burst with a vengeance. The clouds were pouring down their wrath mercilessly. The wind howled, the hail crashed and the thunder rolled. Concentrating all their remnant of strength they laboured on, vaulted over the stockade and was fairly in the open. Then guided by occasional flashes of lightning moved on and on. Fearing pursuit they did not cling to the roads but dragged themselves through brake and bramble, wriggled through thickets and forged their way through the outerbelt of the wood, along tortuous paths and across fields coated with ice. All night they pedalled.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.L.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF COMUS.

To the county of Salop commend us for the loveliest of English scenery ; and where can anybody point out a prettier town than the ancient borough of Ludlow ? Planted on the heights of a steep line of rocks which form the western extremity of the extensive knoll on which the town is built, in a position which at one time must have been all but impregnable, the towers of Ludlow Castle present to us from their summits, in a grand sweep of country from west to east, one of the noblest and richest of panoramas. In the latter direction rises the bold mass of the Titterstone Clee Hill. More to the north we look over Corve Dale and the picturesque mixture of wood and bank which conceals from our view the pleasant village of Stanton Lacy, while our eyes wander over hill after hill which form its background, until they are almost lost in the distance. More directly north, the valley of the beautiful Teme lies before us, and we see beyond into that of the Oney, with their no less picturesque villages of Bromfield and Onybury, and a still more hilly background, ending in the Stretton mountains. Westwardly, immediately on our left, the distance is more restricted, and the prospect is bounded by the wooded hill of Whiteliff and the other line of hill and forest which stretches through the sylvan wilds of Bingewood to the lovely scenery of Downton. Behind us, to the south, the Teme suddenly enters a deep and narrow ravine, formed by some convulsion of the ancient world, which cut off the knoll on which now stand castle and town, and gave it its picturesque character. Truly, with such attractions, and, I may add, many others of varying character, Ludlow ought to be the queen of our inland visiting places.

We will not on the present occasion loiter in the town, but let us for a moment look into the castle. A dark, stern, and not lofty or very shapely tower, fronting the open place of the town called Castle Street, and approached under the shade of a few trees, forms the portal to this noble ruin, and introduces us to the outer court—a vast space, surrounded on the north-east by a line of wall supported by towers, which joins the gateway tower just mentioned, and in its continuation round the southern side is lined by the ruins of buildings which are said to have formed stables, barracks, and other

offices; while the north-western side of the court is formed by the line of the outer walls of the great mass of buildings which formed the Castle more properly so named. The walls are separated from the outer court by a wide and deep fosse, which was formerly crossed by a drawbridge, now superseded by a bridge of stone with two arches. We no sooner enter this great court by the outer gateway, than we behold opposite us a striking mass of buildings to which this bridge leads. Most conspicuous is the ancient Norman keep, rising in massive solidity above all the other towers of the castle. Adjoining to it, and opening upon the bridge, is the entrance to the interior of the castle, a gateway of much later date than the keep, and having over it windows of that style of architectural construction which points to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In fact, this portion was built, or rebuilt, by one of the most distinguished of the English gentry of her reign, Sir Henry Sydney of Penshurst, who held the high office of Lord President of Wales and the Marches, in which capacity he resided and held his court in Ludlow Castle, and who has told posterity, in a Latin inscription placed over the gateway arch, of querulous feelings, excited no doubt by popular ingratitude. It is hardly necessary to say that Sir Henry was the father of Sir Philip Sydney, the *preux chevalier* of his age, the poet, and lover of letters and men of letters, who was no doubt a frequent resident in Ludlow Castle, and probably there collected at times around him the Spencers, and the Raleighs, and the other literary stars of his day. This building appears to have been subsequently connected with English literature through another of its celebrated names. Sir Henry Sydney held the presidency of Wales from 1559 to 1581; during the Commonwealth period the court of Wales ceased virtually to exist, but it was revived at the Restoration, when the Earl of Carbery, the friend and patron of Butler, obtained the appointment. The earl took Butler with him as his secretary, and subsequently gave him the office of steward of Ludlow Castle, which he is known to have held in 1661. It was an old tradition that "Hudibras" was partly written in the room over the gateway of Ludlow Castle, as the residence allotted to the poet, and it seems to have been taken for granted that this meant the outward entrance by which we have just entered from Castle Street. But this must be a mere mistake. It is hardly probable that a room like that of the outer gateway tower, which is barely good enough for a porter, should have been

given to a man who, besides his reputation as a poet and scholar, held the important office of secretary to the Lord President; and it is much more reasonable to suppose, that the room "over the gateway" inhabited by Butler, was that over the gateway into the inner court in the buildings for which the castle was indebted to Sir Henry Sydney.*

The gate is opened to us, and we pass through it into the inner court. Our first impression is that of being confounded with the view of the noble masses of ruins which surround us; but we will not stay to examine these in detail, or to mount the great keep tower on our left to contemplate from its summit the glorious panorama of plain and mountain which I have described above, or even to visit the beautiful and interesting Norman circular chapel in the middle of the court. Right in face of us we see a vast pile of buildings, consisting of what we may perhaps call two great agglomerations of towers, joined together by a curtain-wall, all exhibiting a high excellence of building and architectural ornamentation—probably built under the great and notorious Roger de Mortimer, the favourite of the queen of Edward II, who was lord of this castle. They constituted the state apartments of the Edwardian castle, and the apartments which they contain are all connected traditionally with names of princes and princesses, and lords and ladies of high degree in the olden time. And that curtain-wall, with its handsome polished windows, and its no less handsome doorway, approached by a long flight of steps, attracts us even more than the other parts of this pile of buildings, and we will visit it. As we approach it, we perceive that all the steps have been taken away,—they are said to have been made of marble. Through the arch of the doorway, singularly elegant in its forms and mouldings, you see the bare walls, floorless and roofless, of the grand hall of Ludlow Castle, the stage on which was originally performed the most beautiful masque in our

* In the inventory of furniture found in Ludlow Castle when it was in the hands of the Parliament, in 1650, printed in my "History of Ludlow," pp. 422—434, the steward's chamber is evidently spoken of as within the castle, and is described as so full of furniture that it must have been rather a large room. Adjoining to it were a closet, the steward's man's chamber, and the secretary's man's chamber, meaning, probably, what we should now call the assistant or under steward and the assistant-secretary. This would quite exclude all question of the outer gate-tower being Butler's residence.

language, the "Comus" of Milton. We have no evidence whether Milton was or was not at Ludlow when the Masque of "Comus" was performed, but we know certainly from the title in the original edition, that it was "presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales." The occasion is said to have been to celebrate the appointment of that nobleman to his high office. The opposite wall of the hall of Ludlow Castle now remains only as a curtain wall between the two masses of towers; it stands upon the edge of the rock, and forms a very characteristic feature of the castle itself in the views taken from the outside, and especially from a distance. Now descend to the present floor, which is that, not of the Hall of Comus, but of the cellar beneath it; cross it, and clamber into one of the windows of the outer wall; and you will then see below and before you another scene, so lovely that it will hardly fail to snatch from you the exclamation that this was indeed, when in its glory, a hall worth assembling in. Their nearer proximity than when seen from the keep tower, makes the features of the landscape look richer and fairer as you trace Temè winding his course from Oakley Park down to the spot where he is going to throw himself into the ravine between the town and the hill of Whiteliff, before continuing his wanderings towards Worcestershire. We get a glimpse, too, of a part of the hill itself, and especially of that fine old fragment of a primeval forest which still conceals at some distance within its deepest recesses a spot more to be hallowed than the tower of "Hudibras," or the reminiscences of Sydneys and Spencers, or even than the Hall of Comus itself,—I mean the scene of the incident on which the plot of "Comus" was formed. We will, for the present, leave behind us castle and town, and pay a visit to this spot: it was my intention to lead my reader thither when I began writing this paper.

It was early in the autumn of 1865 that I last visited this spot, in company with that which makes all such excursions pleasant, a small party of agreeable friends. It was the time when the leaves begin to change their tints, and when a country like this, so covered with woodlands, is perhaps seen to most advantage. The nearest way to the wood is by the road which crosses the Temè by the bridge under the castle, and instead of going up Whiteliff,—we are of course on foot, the only way to enjoy forest scenery,—we turn along the high road to the right, which, for a short space, borders upon the river.

and then makes a turn by the side of some extensive stone quarries, a favourite point for a distant view of Ludlow Castle. The quarry is of interest to geological excursionists, for it is one of those Silurian beds of which Sir Roderick Murchison has told us so much, and which give so much interest to the Ludlow district, which are here capped by the Downton sandstone, and it is rather celebrated locally for the shells which are found abundantly in the latter. A few paces further, and we are at the edge of the wood, and we enter it by a gate of a country lane; but instead of pursuing this, we turn short to the left, and mount a steep and rather laborious path, but this is compensated by its shortness, which leads us into the upper road, the high road from Ludlow to Wigmore. We merely cross this road and again strike into the wood, bearing for some time along a much better path, which runs for a considerable distance parallel with the edge of the wood, though almost concealed among the thick bushes which line it on either side. When we have followed this path for somewhat more than three-quarters of a mile, we leave it at an angle to the right, and must trust for the rest to our own knowledge of the ground, or to that of a friendly companion who will be our guide. We are now indeed in the thick of the forest, with no path to guide us in our wanderings, and no prospect beyond the next bushes; and we cannot help experiencing somewhat of that elasticity of spirits and that feeling of mental and bodily freedom which made our forefathers in their enthusiasm give vent to such sentiments as those expressed by the early ballad-writer in language simple yet at the same time poetical:—

In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,

And leves be large and longe,

Hit is fulle mery in foyre foreste

To here the foulis songe.

To se the dere drawe to the dale,

And leve the hilles hee,

And shadow hem in the leves grene.

Undur the grene wode tre.

So sung perhaps the earliest ballad-writer of the Robin Hood cycle whose compositions now remain—he belonged probably to an early part of the fifteenth century. All the ballads of what have been so long popular under the title of “Robin Hood’s Garland,” belong to a much later date hardly any of them are older than the

seventeenth century, and they have no doubt lost all the poetry which probably gave more grace if not more interest to those of an earlier period, yet for ages they preserved their popularity. The love of the "grene wode" seems to have continued so deeply planted in the heart of our race, probably since the time when the old Teuton looked upon the wild forest as his only natural place of residence, that even now,—when there are few driven to live in the green forests, and few forests are left for them to live in,—the "grene wode" still seems to convey to all people's minds those feelings of freedom and happiness which it did ever.

Yes, the shaws were 'sheyne' (bright), and "large and long" were the leaves, as we sped on our way through the "grene wode" of Whiteliff on that pleasant September day; and full merrily did the "foulis" sing in every bush. We shall soon, too, see the completion of the old songster's picture, in the rushing of the wild deer of the forest to "shadow" themselves in the "leves grene." We meet with few other of the animals which formerly haunted these wild woods, except when we startle from its rest an occasional squirrol, or one of the smaller animals of prey. Now we cross a little open glade; next we have to push our way through masses of trees and underwood. These groups of trees and underwood, which surrounded and separated the glades, are what our forefathers called "shawes"; in the early romances especially those which related to the wanderings and exploits of King Arteur's knights, when a knight conceals himself among the trees to withdraw from the view of other adventurers who are strangers to him until he has had the opportunity of reconnoitring them, he is said to "hile under shawe," or to "stande under shawe."

The tree most abundant in our forest is the oak, which has been termed the weed among trees in this part of the island. The oak trees in general overtop the shaws, but with them rise a multitude of other trees of less importance, and mostly well known. The sycamore also grows to considerable size. Among others more especially may be seen here the graceful birch, concerning which, Gerald, the father of herbalists, has handed down to us from the days of Elizabeth, as forming one of its chiefest "virtues"—for what plant or tree was without its virtues in those days?—"that its branches were then considered to be a very valuable corrective for boys at school;" and the no less elegant mountain-ash, with its clumps of bright red

berries, beloved by birds. Hence the Germans call this tree *Vogel-beerbaum*, the bird-berry-tree. Under all these are great masses of trees of lower growth, and most conspicuous of all the hazel. Under our feet we are trampling upon the mass of bilberry bushes, which cover the ground in immense quantities, and look prettiest when they are covered with their small purple berries, of which, when we passed, only a few stragglers were here and there to be seen. I confess that I enjoy the peculiar feel and sound produced by trampling over the bilberry bushes as we wander through the solitude of the forest. They call them *whimberries* in Shropshire: they are named *blaberries*, or blueberries, in the North and in Scotland: and they have other names in other parts of the island. They seem, indeed, to have been from early times a favourite shrub among the peasantry. They are supposed to be the *vaccinia* of which Virgil speaks as being prized in spite of their insignificant appearance, while the better-looking *ligustra* were treated with neglect—

O formose puer, nimum ne crede colori:

Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

Eclog. II., l. 18.

The word *vaccinium* was certainly interpreted by mediæval writers as meaning a bilberry. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have considered the berries to have been a favourite food of the deer, for they called the fruit *herot-byrige*, or *heart-byrige*, the hart's berry,* and *heorot-crop*, the hart's bunch (the Anglo-Saxon word *crop* meaning a bunch of berries). The later English names of *whorts* and *whortle-berries*, given to the bilberry by the old herbalists, was perhaps a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon name.* The name of *whortle-berry* is now given to a species of blackberry, representing perhaps the *heorot-brambel* or hart's bramble, of the Anglo-Saxon physicians. The old herbalists recount numerous "virtues" of the bilberry; but two only appear now to be acknowledged: they are useful for making tarts, and for giving a fine rich purple tint to the fingers and lips of children. The latter quality is very apparent in the districts where they abound, during the period of their ripeness. Bilberries are not the only edible fruits produced in the wood. Large straggling bramble-bushes, scrambling up the sides of the thickets, are laden with such rich bunches of extremely fine blackberries that we are tempted frequently to stop and rob them: wild strawberries of delicate flavour are

abundant, and in some of the less frequented corners are found wild raspberries and barberries.

On we pass, now through wider glades where, in the forests of older times, a party of Robin Hood's men might perhaps have been found enjoying their meal; and now through smaller openings, in which we might almost expect to see Robin Hood himself start out upon us. It must be kept in mind that we have been all this time going up hill, though by a gentle slope. At length, after we have advanced through glade and through thicket, we suddenly emerge from the close wood, and find ourselves at the summit of a lofty and steep bank facing the south-west. Opposite us rises a much loftier hill, called the Vinnal Hill, the highest point of which, known as the High Vinnall, and celebrated as presenting from its summit one of the most magnificent views in this beautiful country, is just in front of us. Below us is a deep and beautiful valley, very narrow at first, but widening somewhat as it stretches eastward, and as thickly covered with wood as the part of the forest from which we have emerged, having a small trickling stream, abounding in trout, running down its bottom. This stream bears the suggestive name of Sunny Gutter; the valley is the scene of "Comus." It may well be called, in the words of Milton an "ominous wood," in which the enchanter dwelt.

In thick shelter of black shades imbower'd.
And in looking down into it we might imagine that still
Fairies at bottom trip.

By dimpled brook and fountain trim.
We might even suppose that the guardian Shepherd must have occupied the very spot on which we are now standing, when he is made to describe himself as.

Tending on flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade.

This "brow" continues westward until it becomes a part of the line of hills of Bringewood Chase. Hard by, the high road, which has just emerged from the wood, passes on its way to Wigmore, over a piece of the ground on which there is said to have been placed in former times a small cell with the figure of the Virgin, at which the traveller paid his devotions and made his offering; and hence the spot was called St. Mary's Knoll, corrupted into Maryknoll, the name

by which it is still known. The scene of "Comus" is usually spoken of as a Maryknoll Valley.

We have ourselves, as just stated, emerged from the wood upon a sufficiently extensive open space, which, as it extends on our right towards the head of the valley, begins to be divided by hedges; while, to the right, it is soon clothed with wood again. Our sudden appearance has roused a small party of wild deer, which dart off till they reach a secure distance, and then turn and scan us with curious eyes. Trees and masses of bush are only scattered here and there over a grassy surface; and this circumstance, the character of the ground, and its significant name of Sunny Bank, indicate its richness in the wild flowers with which this locality abounds, and which are no longer concealed by the bilberries. We might well suppose, if we could believe that Milton had visited this scene, that this was the spot frequented by "a certain shepherd lad," who was
well skill'd

In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray.

Among these "virtuous" plants, perhaps the most noticeable at the time of our visit was the agrimony (*Agrimonia eupatoria*), which seems generally believed to be the *hermony* of the poet.

Among the rest, a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil.

* * * * *

• He call'd it *Hermony*, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I am not aware of any quality of this kind ascribed to the plant agrimony by the early writers on herbs. It was looked upon, from a very early date, as a sovereign remedy against wounds, and hence our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called it *stie-wyrt*, meaning literally, pain-wort (*stie* was the Anglo-Saxon name for a sharp shooting pain, whence our *stitch*—as in the side). This quality it retains to the present day. Among our peasantry on the border they use it "to strengthen the blood," as they say that it is a tonic, and also to

stances. These qualities appear to have been known to animals as well as to mankind. Coles, in his "Adam in Eden" (1657), tells us, "It is said that deere, being wounded, cure themselves by eating hereof." The Anglo-Saxons had another name for agrimony, and apparently the name more generally in use, *garcelife*, the first part of which appears to be the word *gar*, a spear, and no doubt therefore it bore allusion to its form. It is a spiry plant, rising straight up from the root, with small yellow flowers in a spike. The name, *garcelin*, continued to be given to it till the fourteenth century; but in the fifteenth it had been already superseded by its modern English name Agrimony, derived from the French herbalists. Another of the prettiest flowers to be seen in our route was Wood Betony, the queen of all "virtuous plants," the various qualities of which fill the pages of the old herbalist, and in some of them it resembles much more closely Milton's Hermony, than agrimony. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have had no name of their own for it; they merely used the Latin *betonica*. The oldest of their books on plants, of the tenth century probably, tells us that the plant betony "is good either for a man's soul or for his body;" and adds, that "it shields him against nocturnal apparitions, and against frightful visions and dreams." For this purpose it was to be gathered in the month of August, without the use of iron. It seems to have been considered a safe protector against spirits of another description; for we are informed in the same treatise, that if a man taste of this before he begin drinking strong drinks, he will not become drunk. The most graceful and fairy-like of all these plants is the *pyrola*, which, a little earlier than our visit, might have been seen about our sunny bank in abundance, though generally a rare plant, with its drooping bunches of bells like pearls tinged with pink. Though not in blossom at this time, its elegantly-formed leaves retain their glossy green the whole year round (whence its English name of winter-green), and show prettily among the yellow ferns and fallen foliage. Nor must we forget, among rarer plants, the Herb Paris, called in English, True-love, from its one pretty little flower, rising in the midst of its four curiously-placed leaves, set like love, according to rustic sentiment, in the centre of its affections. It is tolerably common in these woods in damp and boggy places.

I must not dwell longer on the various interesting plants which are so abundant in this district, for we must make an effort to reach

that lofty summit we see on the other side of the valley—the High Vinnall. I will not therefore describe the various wild flowers which are seen climbing over the hedges and bushes ; one of the wild roses which had still a part of its bloom remaining, had strongly-scented leaves of bluish green, and very deep pink flowers. The wood-pimpernel shows its gem-like yellow flowers and trailing stems hardly rising from the ground. We are regaled as we pass along with the odours of the wild thyme, of a very large size, and of the wild spikenard. Ferns of the rarest kind, mosses, and lichens, abound on the banks of the valley, and by the margin of its diminutive stream. All these plants once had their virtues ; some of them have lost them entirely, and there are others which, I am sorry to say, have become mischievous, and will not hesitate on an occasion to play their tricks upon travellers. Beware especially, O visitor to the scene of “Comus,” of descending incautiously these banks, for their plants, however beautiful they may be to the sight, will sometimes conspire together to trip you over. Even the pretty little bluebells will turn treacherous on occasion, and not hesitate at times to lay their heads together to catch you by the toe. I know somebody who had experience of this, and might have said literally, in the words of Milton’s Shepherd—

“Then down the lawns I ran with *hædullong* haste.”

But enough. We reach the foot of the bank with safety, push through a hedge, perhaps two, cross the Sunny Gutter by a jump or a stride, and make a turn to the left in order to mount the High Vinnall on the side where it appears to be most easily accessible. As we labour upwards, and from time to time halt to recover our breath, we cannot but feel the beauty of the scene, looking down, as we do, upon the tops to the trees, which are moving backwards and forwards like the waves of a green sea. At length we reach the top, and are amazed at the view which presents itself. To the north, the long line of Bringewood just before us, and over it distant sweep of Shropshire scenery ; to the west and south, some of the richest and most picturesque districts of Herefordshire, stretching out to an extent which seems almost interminable ; to the south-east, Shropshire again ; even over the wooded hills on the other side of the Gutter, the Clec Hill presents itself to our sight in all its bulk. We remain till evening, and then descend to the ridge of the Vinnall Hill, where a short walk down the side conducts us to the Hay Park,

and we meet with a kind reception from excellent Captain Salwey, its proprietor. Hay Park is a very old house, beautifully situated on a considerable elevation, with fine distant prospects nearly all round. The park borders upon the wooded valley of the Sunny Gutter at its further extremity, the adjoining part of which is commonly called Hay Wood. The family of Salwey has been settled in this neighbourhood, at Richard's Castle and the Moor Park, from a rather remote period, but to whom the Hay Park belonged at the time when the Earl of Bridgewater was made lord president of Wales, I am not prepared to say. According to the traditional story, as I have heard it told, the earl's two sons, the Lord Brackley and Sir Thomas Egerton, with their sister, the Lady Alice, were on their way from Herefordshire to their father's court at Ludlow Castle, when they stopped at the Hay Park, and were detained there till night. In crossing through the wood at Ludlow, they lost their way in it, and the lady was for awhile separated from her brothers.

We, like them, were belated at the Hay Park, and night was already setting in when we left it. A few steps from the house brought us to the Wood, and by dint of following wise directions, we escaped their fate, and found our way through it, in spite of

Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

It was fortunately still too early to expect the appearance of *Comus* and his band of revellers, and we reached the Hereford Road at Ludford, to re-enter Ludlow by a different side from that whence we started, less fatigued than delighted with our day's excursion.

THOMAS WRIGHT, F. S. A.

**KABIKANKAN CHANDI AND GLEANINGS FROM
IT OF THE INNER LIFE OF BENGAL.**

Kabikankan Chandi gives an exact picture of the inner life of Bengal of the period at which it was written. It gives details of every day life of all classes of men from the humblest peasant to the crowned king. Thus it is endeared not only as a book showing genuine poetry, but it is interesting as a work containing in its full form the details of the social customs and manners prevalent at the time.

To see to the historical side of the epic, it is necessary to know the date at which it was written, so that we would be in a position to know the time of which the manners and customs of society are so clearly delineated. Kabikankan gives the date when his book was written. He says :

শাটক বস বস বেদ শাটকগদিতা ।

সেই কালে দিলা গীত হরের বনিতা ॥

The first line literally comes to 9941. But according to the rule, of transcribing in the reverse order when date is to be calculated it comes to 1499 *shak*. Thus it was written about 300 years ago.

From what we see in our own age, it can be said that manners and customs of different places are quite distinct from one another. The same can be guessed of the period 300 years back from our time. The scene of this Bengalee epic has been laid in the Katwa Sub-division of the Burdwan District. Katwa had not as yet come to be known by its present name, but was a part of the then existing big town known as Indrani. It was through this town that Dhanapati, and long after him, his son, Sreemanta, passed *en route* to Ceylon, then known as Singhal. The Ajoy was then a flowing river. It is now a wreck of its former self, with expansive bed of sand all the year round, except during the rains. Dhanapati passed through it in boats big enough to take him over the sea to Ceylon and so did his son, Sreemanta. The course of the river was almost the same as it is now. Sreemanta passed through Hatori, Ajarpur, Nabagra m

and Bogunkola, and keeping Uddhanpur and Naihati in front reached Sankherighat where he entered the Ganges. These villages are on the Ajoy, and near the present Katwa on the other side of it. It is at the confluence of the Ajoy and the Ganges that Sankherighat, now known as Sankhai, is situated. Katwa is just on the other side of the Ajoy at the confluence. It was at Sankhai that the first engagement took place between Clive and Sirajuddoulla before the battle of Plassey, which is known in history as the battle of Katwa.

The geography of the locality being known, let us see how the people led their family life. The first thing that attracts our attention is how polygamy was widely prevalent. It was in vogue not only amongst the *kulin* Brahmins, with whom about a quarter of a century ago it was the custom, nay necessity, to marry a large number of wives, but it found favour with other castes also. Dhanapati was a Gandhabonik by caste. He was married to Lahana. But while chasing a hawk, which pursued one of his favourite pigeons, he chanced to see Khullana, and was instantly fascinated with her beauty, and made every effort to marry her. Khullana was the cousin sister of Lahana, the first wife of Dhanapati; but Khullana and Dhanapati did not know each other.

পরিচয় পেয়ে ভাবে খুলনা সুমতি ।

কোঠার ভাষাতা বটে সাধু ধনপতি ॥

Dhanapati sent his priest Dhonai Pandit to negotiate the marriage. But Khullana's mother was averse to give her daughter in marriage to a man already having a wife living. Monetary consideration, however, prevailed, and she was made to give her consent to the marriage. The evils of having several wives at home were felt in every house, but the custom had taken so firm a root that every one had recourse to it. Of course the first wife tried to stand in the way, as it was only her interest that would primarily be affected by another marriage. But polygamy was so universal at that time, that women got accustomed to it, and could be made to give their consent to it without much opposition. Dhanapati induced Lahana to assent to his marriage with Khullana with the following words:—

রূপ নাশ কৈলে প্রিয়ে রক্তের শালে ।

চিকিৎসি নাশ কৈলে কাচের বদলে ॥

হান করি আসি শিরে না বাও চিরণী ।

মৌজ না পার বেশ শিরে বিদ্ধে পানী ॥

অবিরত ঐ চিত্তা অন্য নাহি গণি ।
 রক্তের শীলে নাশ হইলে পদ্মিনী ।
 বাঁশী পিসী মাঝুলানী ভগিনী সতিনী ।
 কেহ নাহি রহে বরে হইয়া রাক্ষসী ।
 বৃদ্ধি যদি লহে মনে কহিলে প্রকাশি ।
 রক্তের তরে তব ক'রে দিব দাসী ।
 বরিষা বাসলেতে উনানে পাড় হুঁক ।
 কর্পূর তাহুল বিনা রসহীন সুখ ॥

Hearing these kind words of her husband and after receiving a silken *sari* and 5 *pals* of gold she acceded to the marriage.

Thus Lahana commerged to the marriage and was satisfied with such common things as a silken *sari* and 5 *pals* of gold. Practically she lost her control over her husband, and gave up par to Khullana. At last she got a partner of her husband's heart. This she would not have so easily allowed to have done had not the custom of polygamy so wide been so wide-spread at that time.

The black side of woman's character includes her quarrelsome spirit. It is this that has ruined many families and is still ruining many more. The natural tie and affection exist at first, but soon evil genius comes in and interferes. Lahana and Khullana were living very peacefully, but this was interrupted by the wiles of their family maid-servant, Durbala who thought—

লতনা দুগ্ধনা যদি থাকে এক বেগি ।
 পাটট করি মরিব ; ত'জনে বিবে গণি ॥
 বেই বরে চু-স-ভ-নে না হয় কন্ডল ।
 সে হরে বে দাসী থাকে সে বড় পাগল ॥
 একের করিয়া নিন্দা বাব অগ্নি স্থান ।
 সে ধনী রাখিবে হোরে আগের সমান ॥

It is these evil spirits, these lowbred women, the maid-servants who breed disaffection in the household at all ages. It was the maid-servant who disturbed the peace of Raja Dasaratha's family and caused the sacred Rama to be sent to the forest with his consort, Sita, which brought about the great war of the Ramayana. Thus, as we find Manthara, currying favour with Kaikaye and procuring banishment of Rama, son of her co-wife, Kausalya, this wily and crooked-minded Durbala tried to induce Lahana to form adverse opinion against Khullana and in this she soon succeeded. Then followed forgery and perjury which are so prevalent now in law courts, and

Khullana, single-handed, was put to all sorts of troubles as keeper of goats.

The sting of envy is very keen amongst co-wives, the one can not brook the praise of the other. After Dhanapati came back from Gaur, he invited all his relatives to partake of a feast at his house. Khullana was given *pan* and *supari* for cooking the food. This is an honour done to the person who is deputed on a particular business. This custom is now extinct. Lahana became jealous of her, and her pride was really mortified when the relations of Dhanapati praised the preparation of the dishes. This also shews that cookery was not then looked upon with so much derision as it is now. The ladies of well-to-do men felt it an honour to cook food on a ceremonial occasion, and they vied with each other to cook the best. Even now in the villages of the Katwa Sub-division, when a feast is held, and men are seated to take their food, the ladies who have cooked come forward with the *baries* which they call *বোনে বড়ি*, and those who can shew the largest number of *baries* unbroken, are applauded much. It is a pity that ladies are gradually contracting a hatred for culinary operations. On the contrary, the kitchen should be attractive like the laboratories. Khullana thus cooked for the guests—

পঞ্চাশ ব্যঞ্জন ভাত হইল রন্ধন ।

and they departed full of praise for the cook which rent the heart of Lahana—

প্রশংসা করয়ে বহু সকল ব্যঞ্জন ।

কুনি লহন'র গণ নহনে অঞ্জন ॥

Chewing of betel-leaf with camphor was then considered a very fine delicacy. No other dainties being known, the people were very simple in their habit. Flower and *chandun* and *chua* were the cosmetics often used. The peculiar sweet-meat preparations of the Katwa Sub-division such as *khunda* and *nabat* have also been mentioned in this epic, and these can even now be found there.

Leaving aside the dark side of female character, and turning to its bright side, we find that education formed one of its features. Khullana and Lahana were acquainted with the dicta of the *astras*, and they spoke of the same with close precision: even the hunter's wife, Fullara was familiar therewith. As to the direction in which education was imparted to women, it is seen that fiction did not find

much favour then, and those that were written at that time took the form of religious works. Women were instructed in the rules of the *sutras*, and as the joint-family system of the Hindu household taught them to respect and obey their husbands and guardians, they used to feel proud at the idea that they were allowed to cook food for them and look after their comforts. Thus we find that the family life was simpler than it is now though we quite feel the scourge of some of its evil taints.

SURENDRA NATH ROY.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN TIBET.

MR WILLIAM CAREY, who lives in India, crossed into Tibet in 1899, and during the time of the trip felt the need of a readable book giving a picture of the land as a whole, and dealing with "the missions besetting its borders." Since then he has read extensively of the Forbidden Land, and he has been lucky enough to secure Miss Taylor's diary. His present volume deals with Tibet, and he proposes to give the world another on the Border Missions. While not priding himself as a pioneer he has made industrious use of the labors of the pioneers. His outlook is not broad, he does not aim at literary distinction, but he is decidedly interesting, sometime painfully so. Tibetan studies well may make radiant world-theorists more modest.

Two persons watch the border with sleepless eyes. One is a Chinaman and the other a Lama. The Lama guards his monopoly in religion, and the Chinaman his monopoly in trade. . . . With the Chinaman it is partly a question of political supremacy. He is no less anxious than the Lama, and no less angry; but he is far more able and far more quiet. Some assert that he is the real master of Tibet, and there are facts which go far to support such a contention. He is always alert and present at the critical moment, though he prefers to keep in the background at other times. He is sinuous and insincere. He will write you a passport, commanding all men everywhere to meet you with submission and assist you to the full extent of their power, under penalty of the serious displeasure of the Emperor; and he will seal this document officially, and place it in your hands with every profession of friendliness and support, only to seal another and dispatch it by secret courier, the moment your back is turned, conveying exactly opposite instructions, ordering the people to stop you, turn you back, and put every obstacle in your path. He maintains an amban, or resident, at Lhasa, and his mandarins are stationed in all large towns. The gates of the country, even on the Indian sides, are guarded by his soldiers, and it is he who concludes treaties with foreign Powers. He is a prominent figure, especially on the trade routes up and down the land, and a privileged person wherever he goes. He affects to despise the people. He is the porcelain, they are but common

clay. And in many parts they yield him the homage he is forward to claim. For all these reasons it is better to travel with a Chinaman than with more Tibetans.

The Tibetans consume vast quantities of tea. It is poor stuff (from China), but they could not live without it. Mixed with butter and barley-flour it forms the staple food of the country. Sundry housewives keep the pot boiling all day. Generally the beverage when cooked is poured out into small wooden bowls. Every Tibetan carries in the folds of his ample robe or sheepskin, one or more of these little cups, and also his own bag of tsamba, from which he thickens the liquid according to his taste. The bowl is replenished with tea again and again, until he has had enough. Then he invariably licks it clean before replacing it in his bosom. It is never washed. Nor is he. His greasy fingers are merely rubbed on his hair or drawn across his gown. Rich and poor alike eat this common food out of this common cup.

Tibetans have something like a passion for silk. In the form of a ceremonial scarf the article is universally used. It is exchanged on all social occasions, friends giving it to friends, a stranger presenting it when he calls, and those who conduct negotiations using it as the preliminary sign of civility. But there are many other things to be thought of in regard to ceremonial presentations. Tea cups are offered, so are tents; in fact, any and every portable commodity:

You must call on the chief of every town or tent settlement you pass and present him with the best you have. It does not at all follow that you will get an equivalent in return. He will give you something, but it may be the merest trifle: is it not supplemented by his superior rank? Every official in the country has to be propitiated, either to let you alone or to help you along. And this is how it happens that the box or package marked "Presents for Chiefs" is one of the most necessary items in the Tibetan traveller's kit. But, bribe as you will, you cannot progress beyond a certain stage. The jealous guards dog your steps and keep sleepless watch.

Tibetan family life, as Mr. Carey says, is undoubtedly peculiar:

Their family life is peculiar. One woman has generally several husbands, but the husbands are always brothers. It seldom happens that more than one of them is at home at a time. The others are absent with the cattle or for purposes of trade. A belle is purchased from her parents, and sometimes costs 30 yaks. The

Tibetans like and defend this custom of fraternal polyandry. They regard it as economical, and as tending to keep the family together and to build up the estate. Moreover, it releases a certain number of the males for necessary pastoral work away from home, and for the long journeys they have sometimes to take. It would be difficult to find an asylum for the wife if she was not also the wife of the wanderer's brother. The women especially appreciate the arrangement. With only one husband they would become widows at his death : having many, they are never widows. As for the absent trader, he usually contracts a "temporary marriage with some one else. A period is fixed : it may be merely a month, or it may extend to one or two years, and the marriage is binding till the period expires. There is very little polygamy, however, in the true sense, though some of the wealthy practice it in the southern parts, influenced by the Indian habits.

The administration of what is called justice is described as barbarous. Only Lamas are allowed on the bench. The culprit has his choice of paying a fine or being maimed. Any criminal can purchase immunity from punishment. The most common offence is stealing. It is said to be a "fine art" in Tibet.

Miss Taylor's remarkable journey in 1892-93 was the result of missionary enthusiasm. Most fiction of the time seems tame when contrasted with her record of actuality. As Mr. Carey says :—

For twenty nights she slept in the open air. A cave would have been a luxury. For months she could not change her clothes. Of the three Chinamen who accompanied her, one turned back, another died on the road, and the third tried to take her life. A Tibetan youth, Pontso, followed her through it all to the end. . .

The story reaches its climax at the trial scene three days from Lhasa. For fifteen days after her arrest, Miss Taylor stood at bay, fighting for her life and the lives of the two Tibetans. There were several preliminary hearings by inferior chiefs, and finally the biggest man of all travelled from Nag-chu-ka to try the case.

Miss Taylor's defence was every slight, and she won. She did not, of course, get leave to go on to Lhasa, but the chief by way of compensation, gave her a tent, horses, and provisions for the return to China, which she reached after many more adventures. Her diary shows all.

STAGE THUNDER.

It must have been an early task of the theatrical machinist to devise a method of simulating the sounds of rain, and wind, and tempest. Audiences have always suffered themselves to be impressed by storm-effects, however inadequately represented. Thunder and lightning, like Mr. Puff's favourite expedient of a clock striking, have seldom failed to "beget an awful attention in the audience." Shakspeare himself, though he reprobated the groundlings who, for the most part, were "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise," was fond of enlisting the strife of the elements in the service of his plays: probably following the example of elder dramatists in his frequent recourse to the functionary behind the scenes, whose duty it was to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Thus the "Tempest" and "Macbeth" both open with thunder and lightning: there is "loud weather" in the "Winter's Tale;" there is thunder in the "First Part of King Henry the Sixth," when *La Pucelle* invokes the fiends to aid her enterprise: thunder and lightning in the "Second Part of King Henry the Sixth," when *Murderer Jowell* conjures up the Spirit; thunder and lightning in "Julius Cæsar": a sea storm in "Pericles," and a marvellous hurricane in "King Lear." The post-Shaksperian play-wrights introduced storms into their dramas with a frequency that drew upon them Pope's memorable rebuke in the "Dunciad."

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of NOISE.
 To move, to raise, to ravish every heart
 With Shakspeare's nature or with Jonson's art
 Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.

Further esteemed stage tricks being censured in the subsequent lines, —

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell:
 Now sink in sorrow with a tolling bell:
 Such happy arts attention can command
 When fancy flags and sense is at a stand!

A note to Warburton's edition of the "Duncial" explains that the old ways of making thunder and mustard by means of grinding and pounding in a bowl, were the same, but that of late the noise had been more advantageously represented by troughs of wood with stops in them; doubt being expressed as to whether this was the improved thunder of which Mr. Dennis claimed to be the inventor. In our days John Dennis is more remembered by the well-known story about his thunder, and by the stupid virulence of his attacks upon the great men of his epoch, than by anything else. His thunder first made itself heard on the production, at Drury Lane, in 1709, of his "Appius and Virginia," a dull tragedy, which not even the combined talents of Booth, Wilks, and Betterton (in the last season of that great actor's performance) could keep alive for longer than four nights. But although the play died, the thunder survived, a favourite appliance of the theatre: and upon its peals resounding on a later occasion,—some say at a performance of "Macbeth": others, at the production of a play of a rival author,—Dennis, who was present, rose from his seat in a violent passion, exclaiming with an oath,—“See how these villains use me: They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder.” The "Duncial" did not appear until nearly twenty years after the performance of Mr. Dennis's tragedy. Pope either purposely ignored the merits and method of Mr. Dennis's thunder, or did not really know that the old mustard-bowl style of stormy had gone out of fashion.

When De Louthembourg, who was for a time scene-painter at Drury Lane under Mr. Garrick's management, opened his dioramic exhibition, which he called the "Eidophusicon," we learn that the imitation of thunder with which he accompanied some of his pictures was very natural and grand. A large sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, and being shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the sound as of a distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon: and as the clouds rolled over the scene, approaching nearer, and nearer, the thunder increased, peal by peal, "until," says an enthusiastic eye-witness "following rapidly the lightning's zigzag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead." Tubes charged with peas, and gradually turned and returned on end, represented the fall and patter of hail and rain: and two hoops, covered with silk tightly strained, tan-bouquine fashion, and pressed against each other

with a quick motion, omitted hollow whistling sounds in imitation of gusts of wind.

Appliances something similar to these are still in use at the modern theatres when a storm has to be represented. The noise of storm has been simulated, however, by other methods : notably by rolling to and fro a large empty cask on the floor of the room above the ceiling of the theatre; a plan rather calculated to excite the anxiety of the spectators lest the thunder should come down bodily, device rushing through the roof into the pit. Another ingenious once adopted at the Edinburgh Theatre, about half a century ago, brought with it rather ludicrous results. The manager, bent on improving the tone and volume of his storms, procured a parcel of nine-pound cannon-balls; these were placed in a strong wheel-barrow, and ledges being placed here and there along the back of the stage, a carpenter was instructed to wheel the loaded barrow to and fro over the ledges. The play was "Lear," and the rumbling upon the hollow stage as the heavy barrow jolted along its uneven path, did duty efficiently as the storm in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the King was braving in front of the scene the pelting of the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter-thunderer's foot slipped, and down he fell, wheel-barrow, cannon-balls, and all. Straightway the nine-pounders came rolling quickly and noisily down the slope of the stage, gathering force as they rolled, struck down the scene, laying it flat, and made their way towards the footlights and the orchestra, amidst the amusement and surprise of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the *Lear* of the night. He had been prepared for the thunder, but not for the thunder-bolts, which rolled towards him from all directions, compelling him to skip about to avoid them, with activity singularly inappropriate to his years, until he was said to resemble a dancer accomplishing the feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians had to scale with their instruments the spiked partition dividing them from the pit; the cannon-balls were upon them dropping heavily into the orchestra; there was real reason for their consternation. Meanwhile, at the back of the stage lay prostrate beside his barrow, the innocent invoker of the tempest he could not allay : not at all hurt, but very much frightened and bewildered. After this catastrophe the cannon-ball and wheel-barrow style of storm was abandoned in favour of safer and more approved patterns.

DUTTON COOK.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 10—OCTOBER 1915.

PYTHAGOREAN REMINISCENCES.

Oh India! India! How have I wept to behold thy fallen state!
How hath my spirit sighed at the degradation of thy sons!

Where now are thy regal cities—Ayoodhya, Gour, Patalipootra, Hastinapoor, Kanouj? Where are their marble palaces with their gardens and terraces, their groves and fountains? Where are the superb temples glittering with gold and gems, the magnificent halls in which assembled the sages of the world, "the wise men of the East?" Where are the thousand princes who once ruled the fertile and luxuriant land, and where are the noble and intrepid bands who opposed the armies of Sesostris and Alexander? Alas! thy cities are level with the dust—their very sites unknown or known only by their ruins—thy gardens are tenanted by the tiger, the elephant and the rhinoceros—thy wise men have sunk to the supporters of a miserable superstition, and the descendants of thy princes and those whom they ruled over, are alike the slaves of the foreign merchant.

Often, while wandering among the broken pillars and deserted walls of some ancient city, has my imagination carried me back to the days when my spirit remembered it to have been the seat of splendour and prosperity. Again I have beheld its lofty and superb buildings glowing in the last rays of the setting sun, while a thousand various instruments and ten thousand voices paid adoration to the departing lord of day. Again have the streets been peopled with brave men and beautiful women, while hundreds of elephants, horses and chariots added to the animation of the scene. Again have I been present at the magnificent feasts where the daughters of kings bestowed their hands on whomsoever they

chose ; at the great chariot races where the rolling of a thousand wheels shamed the thunders of Indra ; or at the solemn horse-sacrifice, where a hundred thousand voices united in one magnificent chorus. The howl of the jackal or the rustling of the snake recalls my wandering thoughts, and I turn from what thou wast to what thou art.

Wonder not, gentle reader, that I should thus apostrophise what is now a foreign country ; for the greater number of bodies tenanted by my soul since the word of the Omnipotent first called it into existence, have been inhabitants of this once glorious land ; and never, never shall that soul forget the days of peace and prosperity which once blessed it, and which are gone, alas ! for ever.

At some future period I may relate the manner in which I obtained the wonderful knowledge I possess - the knowledge of the past—remembrance of events which even time has forgotten, and of which not a vestige remains to record ; at present I will string together a few fragments of one of my most happy reminiscences.

The birds had awoke, the stars had faded and the faint light in the East had slowly given place to a more rosy glow ere I mounted the chariot which was to convey me into the holy city of Kashi (Benares). With the vanity of youth I had decked myself in the most costly habiliments ; even my crimson quiver was studded with jewels, and my child glittered with bosses of gold and steel ; my chariot was covered with purple velvet with silver ornaments, and bells of that metal adorned the trappings of the three jet black horses, whose impatient prancings and snortings told how uneasily they bore the restraints of the rein.

"Away !" said I, leaping into the car and taking the reins from the hands of my charioteer, who was my foster-brother also. The noble animals bounded forward with delight, and the next moment we were among the crowd, who, like ourselves, were journeying to the approaching festival. We started at a rate which would soon have brought us to the end of our journey, but I had no wish to be so hasty ; I was too young and too proud of my handsome person, elegant car and beautiful horses, not to take every opportunity of exhibiting them. Reining in my eager steeds to a more easy pace, I gazed with unalloyed pleasure on the lively scene which the road presented. Numerous chariots, covered and

uncovered; elephants loaded with heavy trappings and large bells at their sides; richly caparisoned horses and pedestrians of every description, were proceeding slower or faster in the direction of the city.

We had proceeded some miles, amusing ourselves in remarking on the various noble objects presented to our view, when our attention was drawn to the front by the rattling of wheels, approaching at a most rapid pace, and the next moment beheld a four-horsed chariot coming towards us with fearful velocity, the reins flying among the horses' heels and the passengers, two females only, shrieking with terror. To stop them, as I could have done, by placing my chariot across their path, would have been fraught with danger, perhaps certain destruction to all. Adopting, therefore, the only course likely to succeed, I turned my horses' heads and giving them the rein they retraced their steps at a pace little less rapid than that of the guideless car behind us. The latter soon came up with us, and we then flew side by side along the road: when, causing my chariot to approach as near as possible to the other, I gave the reins to my companion and sprang to the side of the terrified females, and addressing a few words to mitigate their fears, grasped the front rim of the chariot and throwing myself half over, succeeded in regaining the reins, and in a few moments obtained complete mastery over the foam-covered steeds.

I now turned to gaze on those whom I had so fortunately rescued. They were both young, and by the fineness of their attire and the valuable ornaments on their persons, I knew they must be of rank. The elder of the two had thrown herself at my feet, and it took a little persuasion to induce her to rise, and even then she was most voluble in her thanks: the other, though she spoke less said far more; for her eyes, still glittering with the tears which terror had wrung from them, told most eloquently her heart's feelings as in a voice, as soft and gentle as woman's ever should be, she expressed her gratitude. She now veiled her face, but it was too late, for I had seen enough of her lovely features to retain their impression for ever on my heart. I would fain have known her name and family, but as she did not voluntarily make the disclosure I could not ask it; all I could with propriety do was to ask, as I turned the chariot towards the city again, whither it was her pleasure to be driven. The elder lady would

have spoken, but her companion signed her to be silent. "We will," said she, "return slowly towards the city, and shall, I doubt not, meet our charioteer, who must be on his way to meet us, and you will then be relieved of your troublesome charge."

"Nay," said I, "you cannot think I can possibly so consider it; except for your own sakes I cannot regret the accident which has blessed me with the company of so much beauty."

She changed the conversation by asking if I had come as a competitor for the hand of the Princess! "Yes, lady," I replied, "the fame of the lovely Oosha has drawn me here, though I have scarcely the vanity to expect her choice will fall on one so insignificant as the poor Thakoor of Deogurh, when the Princes of Ayoodhya and Hastinapoor, and other great and noble ones in the land, are here to choose from. Report says she is very beautiful."

"Report," observed the lady, "is often false, and tastes vary in beauty as in all things."

"Rather envious," thought I, but continued aloud: "they say, too, she is as good as beautiful."

"She may be so, but so few can know her real character that report must be mistrusted."

I had rather she had spoken otherwise; for few things are more unpleasant than to hear envious or detracting expressions from those whose beauty or accomplishments should place them above such feelings; and she seemed to be aware that her opinions were not the most generous, for she spoke with hesitation. I now addressed her companion and enquired how they had been placed in the dangerous situation in which I met them.

"Oh!" said she, half laughing, "you must know we are attendants on the Princess, and we came out this morning to amuse ourselves by observing the crowds flocking to the city. Not liking our covered chariot we changed it on the road for an open one; but our attendant being in no such hurry as ourselves, allowed us to mount first, and no sooner were we seated than the wicked horses started off ere their driver could check them, and had we not been assisted by your courage and skill I know not what would have become of us. All we can do in return is to speak favourably of you to our lady the Princess, and doubt not we shall endeavour to persuade her that there is none more deserving her hand than the Thakoor of Deogurh."

"Brave stranger," interrupted the other lady, "we may chance to meet those who know us, and our chariot being under the guidance of a stranger of your rank might attract attention; think me not, therefore, uncourteous if I ask you to resign us to the care of your chaitooteer; at some future time we may show our gratitude for your courageous assistance."

"Lady," said I, "your wish is law, but ere I obey your commands, let me gaze one moment on those beauteous features; I ask no other reward for the service I have been fortunate enough to render you." I thought she sighed, as slowly turning towards me she drew aside the veil which concealed her face; a slight blush was on her cheeks, and her looks were cast downwards, but the lids slowly rose and for an instant her eyes met mine; the next moment the cruel veil had again interposed.

I had stopped the chariot, and as my own joined us I bent low and with a sign exchanged places with my foster-brother; they stopped till I had gained a few score yards and then followed.

I had this last time seen her face but for a moment, and her eyes had beamed on mine for a still shorter time, but the effect was the same as though I had gazed for hours. From my childhood I had loved all that was beautiful: the morning sun rising in unobscured brilliancy or setting surrounded by huge masses of fantastic-shaped and rosy-tinted clouds: the silent, cloudless night with the pale moon in mid heaven, like a guardian angel watching the sleeping earth, were favourite objects of my admiration. The wilder scenes of nature, too, partook of my love: the mountain brook bounding from some projecting rock and then pursuing its way less noisily, though scarce less rapidly, over glittering pebbles and through glowing flowers: even the devastating storm, bending to the earth the strongest trees of the forest, and rousing the gentle ripples of the mighty Gunga to foam-crested waves—even this I loved, for it was beautiful. No wonder then that my heart was more than ordinarily susceptible, that it worshipped with more than ordinary fervour that which of all Heaven's works is most entitled to our homage—woman. Sun of our life: more dear than night when moon and stars are hidden would be our existence but for thy smiles; and undrinkable would be the bitters of Life's cup if untempered by the honey of thy love.

New feelings sprung up in my breast. I had often thought I

loved ; for I had seen others as beautiful, perhaps, as she who now engrossed my thoughts ; but my heart had been a stranger to the indescribable emotions which now swelled it. I no longer noticed the groups which thronged the roads, and the rattle of the wheels and the heavy clang of the elephant bells fell on my ear unheeded. I thought only of the speaking glance of those brilliant eyes, and the lovely, though somewhat sorrowful, expression of those glowing features.

I know not how long I mused ; but I was roused from my reveries by the sound of drums and conches, mixed with the clang of cymbals and gongs, which told the vicinity of the holy city. To my surprise my charioteer was by my side.

"How came you here ?" asked I, "and where are the ladies and their chariot ?"

"Your cogitations must have been abstracted indeed," replied he, "as for the last half hour you have been unconscious of my presence. My place was taken by one whom the ladies recognized, and they shortly after turned into a bye-road, which is the last I saw of them."

"Fool," said I, angrily, "why did you not follow them, or why not tell me when you joined me ?"

"For the first, Thakoor, they expressly forbade me ; and for the second, you made no reply when I did speak to you, and it was not my place to force my conversation on you."

To have searched for them would have been vain, so I trusted to chance to bring us again together, determining, however, to endeavour to gain information of them from some of the palace attendants, as they said they were in the service of the Princess. We soon entered the city, and the novelty of the scene almost banished even her from my mind. The broad and even road ran along the high bank of the Gunga, and every few score yards, magnificent ghats of alternate successions of terraces and stairs, led to the water's edge, forming easy and commodious places for ablution in the sacred stream. Inward from the road rose numerous temples, some so lofty that the golden tridents which surmounted their pyramidal pinnacles seemed to reach the clouds, while the lower parts of the buildings were formed of masses of stone so enormous, that they seemed the work rather of the gods to whom they were consecrated than of the comparatively diminutive beings who worshipped in them. All was life and animation. Groups of young and beautiful women, clothed

in the graceful and flowery-bordered *saree*, stood in the porticoes filling the air with sweet sounds; others led to the altar kids garlanded with flowers; and others again tripped lightly, with all the elegance of nature, down the marble stairs leading to the stream, or returned slowly and gracefully, bearing on their heads the loaded vases of polished brass, with one hand drawing their flowing garments around while the other slightly raised its folds in front to prevent its entangling with their feet. In one temple might be heard the tinkling *ghoongroos* on the feet of some unwearied dancer; from another came the sound of the holy *Vin* as some devout priest chanted from the sacred books the actions and praises of his patron deity; while at a third, the shouts of the spectators and the frequent falling of the sacrificial knife, told where some chieftain offered up whole flocks as a propitiation for sin, or as invocation for assistance in the coming fray. Characters of all kinds were intermixed in the motly crowd:—here might be seen a mail-clad warrior with battle-axe at his saddle bow, his prancing steed bedizened with silver belts and silken tassels corvetting among the crowd; the sleek and cleanly priest, his forehead, arms and breast covered with the distinguishing marks of his sect; and by the river side the gloomy ascetic, sitting motionless, with closed eyes, in the meditative attitude, never betraying by sign or motion the slightest interest in aught around him.

I was so much amused with what I saw that it was long ere I reached the residence appointed by the King for those who came from distant parts, and where, with the hospitality of the times, they were lodged free of expense. I at last arrived and was received by my followers who had prepared apartments for me adjacent to those occupied by princes and rajas of my own rank.

The day at last arrived on which the Princess was to choose in public from among the assembled rajas and chieftains, him who was to be the lord of her future destiny.

I had come to Kashi with the intention of devoting all my powers to gain reputation sufficient to induce her to fix her choice on me. In the warlike amusements of the day I was uncommonly expert; my elephants and horses were among the strongest and swiftest, and to a handsome person was added a nature generous in the extreme. After the lapse of ages I may be excused this vanity. My

followers were numerous, and though less wealthy and powerful than several of my princely rivals, my family was of the highest caste and renown. Possessed of these advantages, I thought I had a fair chance of success, and with the vanity and eagerness of youth, had formed a thousand plans of future happiness. I built mighty piles of visionary castles, destroyed them and raised on their ruins others far higher, which in their turn were demolished to give place to new ones still more magnificent. Reader, hast thou never done the like ?

My adventure with the attendants of the Princess had deranged all my plans and overthrown all my schemes of ambition. I could think of *her* only whose features were the first to leave an indelible impression on my heart. My chariot-wheels were rusting and my horses stood idle in their stables : even my friends and retainers became dull and dispirited from my continued abstraction, the cause of which they were totally unable to divine. My foster-brother had searched in vain for some clue which might lead to the discovery of the fair cause of changed manners—all was useless and I was left to despondency. I but seldom attended the *sabhas* or meetings of the princes, and was a stranger at the feasts and sacrifices. Rumour began to speak of me—the vulgar asked, “Is this the man whose generosity and benevolence have been so lauded ?” The warriors asked with sneers if I dreaded competition, and if the fear of defeat had extinguished the hopes of success—and the women looked scornfully on one who seemed so careless when the prize to be gained was the brightest of their sex. .

I now dreaded, as much as I had formerly hoped for, the choice of the Princess falling on me, and with this feeling resolved not to join the chariot races nor to attend the *Swayambar*, where the bridegroom was to be selected. In this, however, my friends over-ruled me : it would be disrespectful to the king of Kashi, ungallant to his daughter, and a blot on my own reputation :—such were their arguments—I went.

My faithful charioteer had selected for my conveyance the lightest and handsomest of my vehicles, and had yoked to it a pair of my swiftest and most beautiful horses ; I almost mechanically mounted and signed him to proceed.

To the north of the city a level plain, unbroken by ravine, unrelieved by tree or village, stretched away for miles, and this spot was chosen for the races. On the border of the plain nearest the

city stood a palace, whence the king and his court were to enjoy the spectacle. On each side, at right angles to the front of this edifice, the spectators formed two extended lines, slightly converging as they became more distant, leaving a space of several hundred yards between them. The right line was formed of pedestrians, all gaily dressed in the brilliant colours for which India was so famous :—warriors with plumed helmets and shining breastplates, peaceful citizens unencumbered with arms or mail, and the homely cultivator in his rough habiliments, formed a dense and variegated crowd ; but the chief beauty and attraction of this side were the thousands of graceful females, in their flowing robes of pure white, or some glowing dye, that with bright eyes and smiling lips, mixed with the countless throng. On the left were arranged the equipages of the noble and wealthy : in the front rank were innumerable chariots of various kinds, from the war-car of iron with its lofty sides, massive wheels and rough but powerful steeds, to the lighter and more elegant *rath* used for pleasure only, canopied with silk or velvet and drawn by horses of more beauty than strength. Among these mixed numerous horsemen, and behind them stood the elephants, some bearing the war towers surmounted with the banners of their owners, others with open howdas and all covered with gorgeous trappings of various colours. The glitter of gold and silver, the flashing of steel and the glowing hues of the flags and draperies gave the earth the appearance of one immense sheet of embroidery while the prancing of the horses and the stately paces of the elephants on one side, and the graceful motions and happy faces of the pedestrians on the other, gave additional life and beauty to the scene.

The roll of a hundred drums and the shrill sound of as many trumpets drew all eyes in the direction of the palace, in a balcony of which the king and his retinue took their places, and from the windows above, the ladies of the court looked down on the assembled thousands. I in vain endeavored to discover aught that might enable me to trace either of those I had formerly met, and with a sigh of despair turned my eyes to the open space where the chariots for the race were gathering. When a sufficient time had been allowed for those who intended to join the race to collect at the starting place, a trumpet sounded, on which the chariots, about two hundred in number, formed a line as even as the impatience of the horses and the eagerness of the drivers would allow.

They who had least chance of success appeared most eager, while those who fancied themselves sure of victory, looked proudly, perhaps scornfully, on their rivals ; all however, seemed anxiously awaiting the signal to start. This was at last given ; the reins were loosed, the lashes waved in the air, and the next moment the rattle of four hundred wheels rose above the joyful shout of the multitude. At this instant a stranger leaped into my chariot, and ere I could enquire the reason of his intrusion, he said in a low voice, "If you have any hopes of her favour, show yourself worthy of it." He pointed to the flying chariots and saying emphatically "Follow" left me. My fosterbrother, who had heard his words gave the reins into my hands and leaped down, and flew with the fleetness of the wind after the as yet unbroken line of races. My friends and followers shouted as they saw me once more in action, though wondering why I had allowed the rest to gain such an advantage as a few chariot lengths ere I started. A few hundred paces and the line, till then even as when they left the starting place, began to lose its regularity ; some few slightly headed the rest and many were falling behind, and long ere we arrived at the pillar round which we were to turn, one-half withdrew in despair. We reached the pillar and wheeled rapidly round it, and now came all the excitement of the race. Our numbers were fast decreasing, when three parts of the way back were passed, but twenty competitors remained. I was still last ; but I only husbanded the strength and wind of my horses till necessary to exert them to the utmost. The sound of the lash became more frequent as I slowly increased my speed, and guided my chariot among the others till I gained the second. The car before me was driven by the Prince of Srikoth, known for his haughtiness and pride, and doubly did I enjoy in anticipation the pleasure of conquering him. Side by side we arrived within two hundred yards of the goal neither gaining or losing a span only a dull murmur was heard from the crowd, except now and then a half-suppressed exclamation from our immediate followers as they imagined either of us gained a little.

N. L. D.

VESTIGES OF THE CORNISH TONGUE.

It is held by some philologists that the syllable *Corn* in "Cornwall" and that in "corner" is one and the same root. Whether or not, it must be allowed that Cornwall is *par excellence* the *nook* of southern Britain. After the advancing foot of civilisation had trodden out the main part of local dialects and customs in other portions of our England, both speech and manners held on tenaciously in Cornwall and in Wales, and defied the impending invasion.

The Cornu-Britannic tongue is one of the great Keltic family. Of the numerous remains of the Keltic, there are three branches which are properly classed with the Cornish, for they are as like it as Gaelic is like Irish, and as Shakespeare is like Chaucer. These are the Armoric (which still lingers in Bretagne), the Manx, and the Welsh. An educated Welshman can make out pretty well any of the other branches : and for this reason Cornish has suffered perversion since its virtual extinction about 150 years ago. The eminent Keltic scholar and antiquary, Lhuyd, was perhaps the greatest offender in this way. But the offence is excusable, since the very similarity between Cornish and Welsh is a fruitful occasion of error.

Of the gradual decline and ultimate extinction of Cornish we have the best evidence. Beginning with quaint old Andrew Boord, whose "Breviary of Healthe" was in the sixteenth century an esteemed repertory of medicinal prescriptions, and Norden, the antiquary, who made his survey of Cornwall in 1584, down to the partly trustworthy and partly fabulous accounts of Dolly Pentreath, who enjoys the melancholy fame of being the *last woman* who spoke Cornish, we have a tolerably complete "History of the Decline and Fall" of the little Cornish empire. Boord tells us of "many men and women the which cannot speak one word of the English, for all is Cornish ; and Norden marvels that "though the husband and wife, parents and children, master and servants, do mutually communicate in their native language, yet there is none of them in manner but is able to converse with a stranger in the English tongue, *unless it be some obscure people that seldom confer with the better sort.*" The old tongue must even then have been straitened, and the tyranny

of English already felt throughout the length and breadth of Cornwall. Still, up to the 1640, and probably a little later, there were remains of these "obscure people ; " and we are happy to learn that their ignorance of English was no bar to their enjoyment of the consolations of religion : for William Jackson, says Hals, "was forced for divers years to administer the sacrament to the communicants in the Cornish tongue, *because the aged people did not well understand the English*, as himself often told me." Whether Jackson was fond of boasting of his skill in Cornish, or was given to grumble at his being "forced" to read the Communion Service in Cornish, is a matter of conjecture. Ray, the naturalist, who visited Cornwall in 1662, and again in 1667, was so fortunate as to find two men of some education, one Dickan Gwyn, and one Pandarvis, who were skilled in Cornish : and he testifies to the fact that "few of the children could speak Cornish." Seawen, who wrote about the same time, mentions some "old people who could only speak Cornish ; " and records the fact of a sermon having been preached in Cornish at Landawidnick.

Turning the corner of the seventeenth century, we find Lhuyd recording that Cornish still lingered in five or six villages towards the Land's-end. In 1720 it was still spoken by a few fisherfolk and tanners at St. Ives, St. Just, Mousehole, St. Paul, and Newlyn. In 1736,* one old fisherman at Mousehole, William Bodener, and a little later one old fishwoman at Paul, Dolly Pentreath, were raked up by the curiosity of antiquaries, as being able to jabber a little Cornish, and who probably made a pretence of talking it well. This old woman seems to have survived the old man : and when she died in 1777, there remained not one vestige of the old tongue unobliterated by Civilisation and Death.

This old fishwoman has suffered, as I have said, a melancholy immortality. In her name the memory of Cornish is personified. Her portrait is shown at St. Michael's Mount ; and Prince Lucien L. Bonaparte, and the Rev. John Garrett, Vicar of St. Paul, erected a memorial of her in the wall of Paul churchyard. The likeness is probably faithful : we wish the memorial inscription had been so too. Mr Halliwell (to whose "Western Cornwall" the writer is indebted for references to the works of Norden, Lhuyd, &c.) detected two serious errors in the inscription.

Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1772, &c.

Dolly was buried in the old cemetery, not in the churchyard ; and she died in the month of December, 1777. She has long enjoyed the repute of having lived to the age of 102. To have ever spoken Cornish as her everyday speech, and to have survived all her contemporaries who spoke it, she need have lived to that age. Probably the need was father to the tradition ; for Dolly must have lived on till 1805, at the very earliest, to have justified the report of her extraordinary age ; for the entry of her baptism was found by Mr. Halliwell among the registers of Paul parish, where she is stated to have been baptized on May 17th, 1714 (*i. e.* May 28th, new style) : but dying in 1777, she could not have completed her sixty-fourth year. Are we to believe that of all the Cornish-speaking inhabitants of western Cornwall in existence in May, 1714, there was not one who survived a woman who was not sixty-four when she died ? To credit that we must first believe that there were but *a small few* who spoke it about the time of her birth : but this is expressly repugnant to her own statement to Dr. Borlase, that up to twelve years of age she sold fish in the Cornish language, "which the inhabitants in general, even the gentry, did then well understand." This, however, is already disproved. But on the other hand, if she was born when Cornish was virtually extinct, how came she to speak it ?

Such is the cluster of difficulties surrounding the traditional story of Dolly Pentreath. The fact is, the fishwomen of western Cornwall have at least one of the three qualities attributed to the Cretans by Epimenides : they are liars ; and in this respect I fear poor Dolly must go down to posterity in company with Mary Kelynack, who walked to London to see the Great Exhibition of 1851, and visited the Queen at Windsor. This adventurous dame ever afterwards obtained great profits on a stock of straw hats, which she sold at enormous prices to visitors, each one in turn being warranted to be the very identical hat in which she had visited the Great Exhibition and Windsor Castle.

If the Land's End district is not the land of liars, it is at least the land of fables. Visitors are everywhere introduced to the scenes of a mythology which was never believed in till modern times. In one place they are shown a hurly-burly of boulders which the gigantic Cornu-Britons of "those days" employed in what might well be called a *pitched battle* ; in another, they see the

stone circles where equally fabulous Druids were wont to worship; in another, the holed-stones through which the pious mothers of Cornu-Britain used to pass their children, in deference to a rite imported from India or Phœnicia. In every mining district of the west, the visitor meets with the evidences of an equally fabulous Jewish settlement. The old disused smelting-houses are familiarly called "Jews' houses;" and the round pieces of tin-slag, or tin, often found there are called "Jews' pieces." Penzance has a dirty back street near the harbour, called "Coinage Hall Street," where doubtless the Jews of "those days" had their mint; and "Market Jew Street" (the principal street in Penzance) is significant of the commerce carried on by that ancient people in the neighbouring village of Market Jew, or Marazion. Here we are in the very thick of Jewish traditions: the very name of the place is Hebrew! "Here," it has been said, "the Jews once dwelt among a hostile and fanatical people; and, as tradition has it, they once, in their despair, when driven away from one town, turned and looked back upon it, and with mingled tears and imprecations, gave it the name of Marazion: ('Bitter Zion,' in contrast to Zion, the once beautiful 'city of the Great King,') which name it bears to this day." Curious, if true, that the place should have acquired the name given to it by a people who had already left it! If this mode of interpreting Cornish names is to be allowed, we ought to be told that the Jews on leaving Marazion settled on the north coast; but being once more driven forth, they "turned and looked back upon it with mingled tears and imprecations," and gave it the name of Piran-Zabulon (in contrast to the Zabulon of Palestine), and it bears the name of Piran-Zabuloe to this day!

But the spell of such fictions is soon broken. Piran Zabuloe (or P'errian-Sabulo), is St. Perran's on the sands, and is rather Latin than Cornish! The sands there are two miles long, and as level and hard as a bowling-green. The Church of St. Perran's, like the house in the parable, was founded on the sand, and fell a victim to the floods. It is now wholly buried in the sands. The same fate befell St. Gwithians, in the eastern part of St. Ives's Bay.

But if Marazion be not Hebrew, what is it? Why, Cornish, and, I do not greatly mistake, presents a common Cornish inflection. Some Cornish substantives have two plural forms. *Marth* is Cornish for a *wonder*. Its plurals are *marthys*, and strangely enough, *marthagyon*; each means *wonders*. Yet I cannot help believing

that *marthagyon* must have been derived from some obsolete form, as *marthak* or *marthek*, just as *marreyyon* (*knights*) is from *marrak*, or *marlung*, a *knight*. Now the usual plural of *marhas*, a *market*, is *marhasow*. But, by analogy, *marhasion*, *marazion* or *marghasyon* (for the spelling was for the most part phonetic), also would mean *markets*. That this is the meaning of the proper name Marazion, is rendered extremely likely by the certain fact that Market-Jew is partly a translation and partly a corruption of *marhasow*, or *marghasow*; for the name of that little town (for such it once was) is spelt Marghaisewe in the Charter of Incorporation, 13 Elizabeth. My conclusion is that Marazion and Market-Jew (i.e. Marghajew) are plurals of the Cornish word for *market*, so that the proper name means *the markets*. Pryce, however, gives the derivation of *marhaszián*, the *market on the shore*. This is a fanciful conjecture, wholly unsupported by evidence. The name, in fact, was never so pronounced, to judge by the various orthographies which have come down to us.

Those who find Hebrew in Marazion will doubtless be rejoiced to find in Cornish names almost every language under heaven. The Scilly Islands have a rich crop of extraordinary names. There is a place in the west called *Santasperry*: this, in Mr. E. Norris's opinion, is French, (*Saint Esprit*). On the west also are *Gorregan*, which sounds like Irish; and *retarrier*, which is rather French, and *cudelno*, on the west, may well be Welsh (*Cuer-dydn*, the Fort of St. Tydn), since it is doubtless Cornish. The family name of *Culamansack* should be German (*Kielmannseg*); *Vounder-voor* might be Dutch; *Rouffignac*, French, and *Kessel*, Belgic. *Hugo*, *Carolan*, and *Catran* are Spanish; as they may well be, since the Spaniards invaded the Land's End district near the end of the last century; of which evidences may be seen in the registers of burial for Paul parish, and in the old house at Mousehole, now called *The Keigwin Arms*. But unluckily for such speculations, some of these names are pure Cornish: e.g., *Hugo*, which means a *hew*. There is no more slippery ground for the exercise of conjecture, than the proper names of an extinct language.

The modern speech of Cornwall, even in the west, is remarkably pure English, but with a peculiar intonation, which may be heard in parts of the Highlands. Its purity, however, in some

villages is marred by the admixture of two other elements, viz., the modern Cornish dialect (which of course is, for the most part, of Anglo-Saxon derivation), and a modicum of genuine Cornu-British words and phrases. Prince Lucine L. Bonaparte has issued the *Song of Solomon* in the modern dialect: and there are various vocabularies of extant words, Anglo-Saxon and Cornish of various degrees of completeness and accuracy. The visitor at Newlyn and Mousehole may still hear an enraged fishwife threatening her wretched infant thus, "I'll scale thy brains out!" where the mother of Dolly Pentreath would have said "Squallys yw dhe ampydgnan!"

Of the literature of Cornwall there are extant, besides some translations from the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, a multitude of proverbs, and four miracle plays, all of which are probably translations from works originally composed in a foreign language. These are (1) the Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood, of which there are two editions, that of Davies Gilbert, 1827, and that of Mr. Whitley Stokes, 1864: (2) Mount Calvary, edited by Davies Gilbert, 1827; (3 and 4) Ordinalia, edited by Mr. Edwin Norris, with a Grammar of the Language, 1859. To each of these there is a translation in English. Besides the MSS. of these dramas, which are in the British Museum, and the Bodleian, the Cottonian Library contains a MS. vocabulary of the older Cornish, of about A.D. 1000. But for the acquirement of the language in which these dramas are written (*circa* 1500), the *Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum* of Mr. Robert Williams of Rhydyroesau, is of high value.

When it is considered that so scanty are the materials for learning Cornish, one is at first surprised to see that tongue registered among the century of languages said to have been acquired by Cardinal Mezzofanti: but on second thoughts we remember that he had acquired the Bas-Breton; and doubtless by the aid of that he would be able to understand not a little of the structure of Cornish. But at most his knowledge must have been insignificant.

C. M. INGLEBY.

SANKARACHARYA'S HYMN ON THE GANGES.

[*Translated from original in Sanskrit.*]

O Goddess, O Guide of celestials, O-mighty One, O Saviour of of three worlds, O Passer through Sankara's head, O Holy One, O Ganges, may my mind (always) rest on thy lotus feet (1).

O Mother, bliss-giving Bhagirathi, the glory of thy water is described in the *Sastras*. I do not know thy glory ; I am ignorant, O Gracious One, mayst Thou save me (2).

O Ganges, Thou hast sprung up from the lotus feet of Hari (one of the Hindu Trinity). Thy waves are as (transparent) white-coloured as the dew, the moon and pearls. O Mother, may my heavy sins be cleansed ; kindly help me to cross the ('sea of troubles') ocean of the world (3).

One who has drunk Thy holy water, surely, has attained the feet of Bishnu. O Mother, one who is devoted to thee, even Pluto is not able to catch hold of him (4).

O, Saviour of the degraded ; O Ganges, the offspring from the thigh of Janhu Muni ; what unspeakable beauty Thou hast, assumed in the Himalayas, the king of mountains, from which Thou hast risen. Thou art mother of Bhishma, thou art the daughter of Janhu ; Thou art Saviour from Hell and Thou art object of praise in the three worlds (5).

Thou canst give desired end of all like the all-fulfilling tree of desire (the word used is *वृक्ष*). One who makes obeisance to Thee has not to fall into the sea of sorrows. O Ganges, Thou art sporting with the sea, seeing which the wives of Gods cast a longing lingering look towards Thee (6).

If any body bathe in Thy holy stream, he has escapes re-birth (in mother's womb) through Thy grace. O Saviour from hell, Daughter of Janhu, thou Ganges, Thou art destroyer of sins and foremost and first in glory. (7).

Thy frame is bright ; thy waves are pure ; thy glance is full of kindness. O Daughter of Janhu, Thou reignest supreme. Thy feet are adorned with the brilliance of pearls of Indra's (Jupiter) coronet ; Thou art giver of all bliss and boon and refuge of all devotees (8).

O mighty One, mayst Thou save me from all diseases, sorrows, sins, anxieties and evil tendencies. Thou art supreme in the three worlds: Thou beautifyest the breast of the earth like necklace. Thou show'st my way in this world (9).

O Alakananda (the joy of the Himalayas), O blissful One, O the worshipped of the distressed, mayst Thou be kind towards me. One who resides on your bank, surely lives in Boikunta (the abode of Bisnu) (10).

It is better to be a tortoise or fish in your water, or a weak chameleon in your bank. Rather I would be a poor *chandala* within 4 miles from thee instead of being a scion of royal family at a distance (11).

O Goddess of earth, O Purifier of the universe, O praise-worthy One, O Watery manifestation of God, daughter of the greatest Rishi Janhu: the man who daily reads this holy hymn on the Ganges, undoubtedly attains supremacy (12).

In whose hearts there is devotion towards the Ganges, they invariably attain bliss and emancipation. Let the worldly man read this hymn on the Ganges which is the best and full of blessedness, composed in sweet and mellifluous *चण्डिका* metre by Sankaracharya the servant of Shiva—this is the only substantial thing in the world and capable of conferring your desired object. Finis.

KRISHNA LALL BONNERJEE, B.L.

A TURKISH TRAGEDY.

Midway between Constantinople and Barossa to which latter place I had made an excursion in the spring of 18—, stands the romantic village of Emir Keng, built round the borders of a small clear lake, forming the source of a pretty river, which winds through a rich valley to the sea. This village is surrounded by forests of olives and gigantic wal-nut-trees, which almost bury it beneath their thick foliage during the summer, when the air is impregnated for miles in all directions by the delicious perfume of the fields of violets cultivated for the Stamboul market. The extensive vineyards and luxuriant cornfields impart an additional softness and richness to the gently undulating landscape, while the humble minaret peering through the woody curtain that all but envelopes it, and the snow-white houses with their glittering gardens, still further enhance the rural beauty of the scene, and complete a picture of at least apparent contentment and pastoral innocence rarely equalled in my experience. At Emir Keng I had taken up my quarters, for four and twenty hours; and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, together with the extreme hospitality lavished on me by the single-hearted inhabitants of this delightful hamlet, made me resolve to linger there for a longer period on my return to Constantinople. Foremost among those who had loaded me with civility and kindness, was Sahir Agha, the principal personage of the place, who, greeting me with more than courtly grace, had insisted on my transporting my scanty luggage from the *gahvé* at which I had dismounted, to his own abode, vowing in his expressive dialect that the house was not his, but mine, so long as I condescended to remain in it, and exacting from me a promise on my departure, that I would, as I re-passed, spend three or four days as his guest. My impaired health and wasted strength requiring pure air and rest, I readily enough assured the old Agha that I would tarry with him, the more so that the charms of this little paradise had imbued me with a desire to explore it more fully.

For a week I admired Barossa, loitering amid the splendid localities of the neighbourhood, and losing myself in the snows of

Mount Olympus. From those classic regions I then started on my return to the "Beautiful Stamboul," the fond epithet bestowed on it by the Moslem, who deems it, not only the centre, but also the pearl, of the whole earth. In due time I arrived, and alighted *sans cérémonie* at the door of the Agha's mansion, to which he was no less delighted to welcome me, than I was to enjoy the cool shade and the repose of his *parmaylig* (balcony), after an eight hours' ride under a scorching eastern sun. Sahir Agha, who must have numbered some seventy or seventy-five winters, was one of the most patriarchal figures I had ever seen, majestic to a degree unusual even in that majestic race, the Turks of Anadoly. In height he was upwards of six feet, and though so advanced in age, he was erect as the tall cypress of the adjacent Mezalig (burial-ground); a little inclined to *embonpoint*, just enough to impart an air of additional dignity to a man of his years; his luxuriant beard, white as the Olympian snows, fell to within an inch of the shawl of many folds and many hues which encircled his loins; a turban of capacious dimensions, and of a shade of green denoting his claim to be reckoned among the Emirs or sheriffs (the descendants of the Prophet), shielded his venerable brow from the burning rays of the summer sun, and from the piercing, northern wintry blast, adding to the highly picturesque appearance of the Agha. His dame, some fifteen or twenty years his junior, hospitable as her lord, was moving quickly about, superintending the completion of the arrangements in the room destined for the musafir (guest), ordering the dusky damsel who occupied the important post of *chef de cuisine* in their primitive establishment to hasten the evening meal, to look well to the *pilaff* (chickens boiled with rice), to put some spice into this dish and some honey into that; and ever and anon pausing in her erratic evolutions to ask some question regarding Stamboul, or to express her surprise at the acknowledgment I had been compelled to make, that I had never become acquainted with, or even met, her son, who was "reading" there; while at each recurrence of such expression of wonderment on her part, she would incur a bantering reproof from her amiable old spouse.

"Those foolish women," he would say to me, by way of explanation, "cannot form a conception of the immense size of our Stamboul; they think it is like their own villages, where every individual is the neighbour of the other and of all. My wife has never had the

good fortune to behold the pomp of the city, or the majesty of our lord the Sultan, on whom be the glory of God and salvation. But, Inshallah! when you go back you will do me the favour to bear a letter from me, and a present from his mother to our son: and certainly you will look upon no common man. His native village may yet have to boast of one who will throw dust in the eyes of the very masters of science of our days; had he been born in the olden times, I verily think that he would have sat not far from the side of our lord the Sultan in his Divan. Inshallah! he will be a great man yet. He has now been reading in the College for three years, and we never see him except at the Ramazan when he comes to bring joy to our hearts, and new light to our old eyes."

Four days of peace and tranquility did I pass in that still and beautiful village; forgetful of the turmoil and the crosses, the struggles, and the bitter disappointments and heart-burnings of the busy world. Reclining luxuriously on the soft rugs spread on the flooring of the *parmayli*, gazing on the lovely landscape of the verdant plain below, the calm, bright Marmora beyond, and in the further distance the mountain peaks of Roumelia, how contented could I have imagined myself, thus to dream away the few remaining years of my earthly pilgrimage in that peaceful abode, and to bid a long farewell to the petty pride, the cold selfishness, and the heartless etiquette of "Franguestan." These fanciful reveries were occasionally interrupted by the master of the house, who would place himself by my side, and question me for the hour together about the war then being waged with Mehomet Ali, and the unfavourable state of affairs at Stamboul, pathetically lamenting the distress of the peasantry, the burden of the heavy taxes, and the depopulation of the country arising from the drain of all the village lads for the army and the fleet.

"Those," he said, "who did not die resisting when seized by the press-gangs, or sink beneath fatigue and grief on the road, were sure to fall victims to the plague before they had been shut up in the capital for a month; and as for those who did survive to face the enemy, how could they expect such soldiers to fight? With regard also to the war in Egypt, Mussulmans will never fight against Mussulmans—they are all brothers, and care no more for Mehomet Ali or the Sultan than I do for this wisp of straw. Ah!" he would add, stroking his long beard. "it was not so in the ancient times,

before the magnificence of the Gates of Felicity was superseded by the indecent dress of those Russians; the whole land was then but one garden of peace and plenty, and every man had his own yatagan and his gun to defend the home of his fathers if ever an enemy dared to show the tip of his nose. Allah Kerim! may we soon reach the end of these troubles, and by the mercy of God we shall see everything smooth and peaceful once more."

The dame would sit and listen in silent admiration to these political disquisitions of her lord, but after awhile she would generally change the topic of discourse by reverting to her son, and wishing he were back again in their tranquil village, cultivating the paternal acres, instead of wasting his life over books that were of no use to anyone, and she would end by imploring me, as I "loved God," not to fail to go and ascertain if he were in good health, and to tell him to leave all and be at home again before the next Bairam.

Ere I quitted Emir Keng I availed myself of any stray opportunity to make some enquiries among the villagers and neighbours regarding Sahir's son; and I did this, partly on account of the interest excited in me by the truly hospitable and hearty kindness which dictated every word and action of my good host and his worthy helpmate, and partly owing to a shade of nervous anxiety and apparent foreboding in the mother's manner and countenance whenever the name of one so dear to her was mentioned, coupled with her extreme desire that he and his affairs should form the frequent topic of conversation. I found that different reports and opinions prevailed: some said that he was too proud for them, that he held them vile; others declared that the young man did well to read and study, that he would become one of the luminaries of the faith and "one of the men of the age;" but all agreed that he was too delicate in body and too refined in mind to be aught but a student. Some, again, foretold that his end would not be happy, and that his horoscope would prove an unlucky one.

On my arrival at Constantinople, I lost no time in calling on Latif, the son of Sahir, but I was informed at the door that he was engaged in his studies within the mosque of Mehemet Pasha. I sent to him the letter with which I had been charged, adding a request that he would favour me with his company outside the building as

quickly as possible. I had not long to wait, for no sooner had he discovered, not only that the epistle was from home, but also that honourable mention was made therein of the bearer, than he hurried out, and invited me to his house—a small, but very neat and even luxurious one, hard by. Sipping my coffee, I had leisure to survey my host, his attention meanwhile being wholly engrossed by the contents of the letter, which he perused with evident delight and avidity. The *tout ensemble* of the man before me was certainly the most peculiar and the most striking I had ever seen. In age about six or seven-and-twenty, he was rather above the middle height, his form verging on slightness, but compact, and evincing by the depth of chest a great degree of bodily strength and muscular power: his hands and unslippered feet were exceedingly small and delicate, the former, indeed, more resembling those of some fair damsel than of one of the rougher sex; his features were of wonderful beauty—the eye of his native land, large, soft, and black, the complexion brilliant, and the nose and mouth so finely chiselled, formed a whole so passing fair that only the bushy, curling, dark beard, and the long moustache that shaded it, relieved his face from an unpleasant taint of effeminacy.

Having finished the letter, and paid me a few conventional compliments, he made numerous inquiries respecting his parents and different members of their household, and also asked for some of their neighbours: questions which were put with a simplicity and an earnestness almost boyish in their tone. Then, for a few minutes, he fell into a deep reverie, during which a change so entire and startling overspread his countenance, that I could hardly believe in his identity with the placid and somewhat feminine-looking student, who had but just before welcomed me so gracefully to his house. The brow contracted and lowered until it all but hid from view the eye that had previously so impressed me with its mingled brilliancy and softness, while the strong and iron compression of the mouth threw so much of determination and ferocity into his aspect, that I was suddenly struck with the idea that he was liable to attacks of temporary insanity, and that one of the paroxysms of his malady was at hand. Desirous of avoiding anything like a scene, I uttered a few common-place phrases, and rose to bid him adieu; whereupon his face instantly resumed its natural wonted expression,

and the beauty, so spiritual in its style, again shone forth in every lineament—

As the stream late conceal'd
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes reveal'd
 In the light of its billows ;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the dark cloud that bound it,
 Flash'd, the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.

He begged me to prolong my stay ; to call again ; and he offered me his services as *cicerone* round the environs of the mosque, promising to show me some ancient tombs and sarcophagi in the neighbourhood. I agreed to his request, and took my departure, rather perplexed by my new acquaintance, his normal appearance, and the mystic nature of his metamorphosis.

After the lapse of about a week, I proceeded to fulfil my engagement by paying Latif a second visit. I found that he was at home, and, as I ascended the stairs, my ears were assailed by the high and angry tones of his and another voice engaged in some vehement discussion or altercation ; but the sounds died away in hissing whispers, and on my entering the small anteroom, both the disputants immediately assumed a placid and unembarrassed air, and the stranger, saluting us courteously, passed out. He was a man of about Latif's age, and apparently of some rank in one of the government departments : at least, so I judged by the style and richness of his dress. The *Sokhta** talked on trivial subjects for a few minutes, but soon grew excited ; and turning the conversation on his late visitor, with seeming reluctance, he gave me to understand that the individual in question was his rival, and more—a successful rival ; but whether in the path of science and ambition, or in the thornier mazes of love, I was unable to determine. All I could glean from Latif's words was that the stranger was about to wrest from his expectant grasp the prize he had been struggling to attain, and had been on the point of attaining, when the man I had just seen stepped in between him and his soul's desire.

"But," said he, rising and pacing his small apartment with

* Vulgarly called "Softa," a term designating a Turkish divinity student.

rapid strides, while he gesticulated with all the wild energy of madness ; "but I will drag his soul from his polluted carcase, if he continues to intrude his odious presence between me and the object I have toiled for so long !"

Then, apologising for this rude behaviour to his Frankish guest and his father's friend, without an effort he resumed the noble and winning deportment which had so impressed me at our former interview, and in the course of our ensuing discussion on general topics, he displayed such accurate and extensive information on matters totally unconnected with the Koran and its manifold commentaries, and quite unknown to the majority of his countrymen, that I was both greatly and pleasurably surprised. Our discourse ended by his pressing me to accompany him during the next vacation on his visit to his paternal house, and to spend some time among those scenes, the praise of which from the mouth of a Frank had so much gratified his *amor patriæ*. I cheerfully accepted his friendly invitation, with the proviso that my occupations should allow of my leaving the capital when he did.

In a few days I again knocked at his door, my curiosity and interest having been strongly excited by my new friend's conduct, and by the indefinable cloud of mystery in which I fancied him enveloped. I was answered by an Armenian, who told me that the Effendi was from home, and would not return till late.

"But," he added, "you must be tired after your walk : come in, if you will so far condescend, and while you are taking a little repose, I will cook you a cup of coffee."

Impelled by the desire of hearing something of Latif's history, and of the cause of the enmity existing between him and the above-mentioned stranger, I entered, and did not wait many minutes ere the coffee and the pipe were presented. Reclining on the divan, the garrulous Armenian on a low stool at my feet, as I sipped and puffed, I gradually led the way to his master and his master's concerns.

"Ah, Effendim !" said the valet, "Latif Effendi is a man of great head, and as much superior to the other dogs of Turks as his Smith will permit, but—" Here the servant paused, touched his forehead with the tip of his finger, slowly shook his head, and recommenced in a soft whisper, "Latterly there is something wrong here—you understand me, *Tchelcbi* ?"

I nodded; and, after a few pantomimic gestures on either side, doubtless meant to convey a world of meaning, I asked him the name of the gentleman for whom his master appeared to entertain such bitter hatred.

"Effendim," replied the Armenian; "well, I will tell you all, for are we not brothers? I, too, am a Christian, a Catholic" (making the sign of the cross); "but, by your mother's soul and your own two eyes, let not a breath escape you, or I shall die under the stick!"

I promised inviolable secrecy, and my companion thus began:—

"You know the large red building you pass at the corner of the street leading into the square of the mosque? Well, it is the dwelling of the chief Imaum of our mosque here—a curse on all mosques! That harem contains a white rose, a lily, an unpierced pearl; but I cannot describe her—how could I? her beauty is as far above words as the sun is above the fire of your pipe. I have seen her, for my brother is head groom to the old Imaum, and when I go of an evening to smoke a chibouque with him, I can gaze on her unveiled as she lounges in the rose garden, the fairest flower in it, like a Houri in Paradise, but a thousand times better, since you know there are no such beings. Well, Tchelebi, our Latif Effendi, who often visits the Imaum, happened to see her one day unveiled as she came in, not being aware that a *Namharem* was with her father: from that moment Latif's liver became a *kebab* and now he burns so, that he has lost all recollection of sleep, meat, or drink. Now, Tchelebi, you have seen the Effendi's father and his place, and you know that his inheritance is something, and indeed everyone who understands these matters says, that if he becomes an Imaum, 'Sheik el Islam' is a title that he has more right to expect to enjoy hereafter than any man of his time. Well, then, Latif, having considered the position of affairs, deemed that, should he propose a marriage with the Imaum's daughter, nobody could call him 'presumptuous one'; so he goes like an upright gentleman to the head nurse of her father's harem, and gives her his word for two purses if she will bring about an union between the rose-bud and himself. Latif's prospects and qualities being pretty thoroughly known in this quarter, the old woman said, 'Inshallah! the thing should be!' Not that she cared for the piastres, but because she loved him as

her own son, and she would not wish her 'milk-child' to be in the harem of a better spouse. So she spoke to the maiden's mother, who in her turn spoke to the father; and as he took care not to repel the proposal, it was soon understood and agreed among all parties that, when Latif should become a regular Imaum, and procure a good mosque, he was to set up his house, and the damsel was to be demanded for him by some respectable mutual friend, according to the custom in these countries. Things were going on in this manner, and the heart of our good Latif was glad and full of hope that his fondest dreams of happiness were shortly to be realized, when that individual you saw the other day (may God bestow his curse on him!) came to our neighbourhood, strutting and twirling his moustache, and cast a black shadow over Latif's horoscope. Tchelebi, this world of ours is a very astonishing one, and who can resist the decrees of heaven? The fellow came, I say, and hired a house close by, which he furnished like a man of substance, and lived in it like a man of wealth (misfortunes on him here and hereafter!) He quickly heard that there was a 'fair face' in the harem of the Imaum; and as soon as he had ascertained, through an ill-omened daughter of thirteen, his agent in the business, that the fair one's beauty and her father's riches were not exaggerated, he sent his mother as his ambassadress in this work of evil. She repaired with many slaves and much ceremony to the Imaum's harem; and having been admitted to the presence of the lady of the house, she began by inquiring after her health, paying numerous compliments in honeyed words; and thus skilfully leading the way to the real object of her visit, she opened the cause, enlarged on her son's good qualities, alluded to the caiques that he would keep on the Bosphorus, enumerated the Arab horses and the slaves that he would be able to place at his wife's disposal, and finally suggested that the Imaum's daughter should become that wife, winding up her insidious discourse with the hint that the post then occupied by her son—that of secretary to the paymaster of the arsenal—was but the first step in the ladder of honours, riches, and distinctions, which he was destined to ascend. These offers were carried to the father directly the old lady was gone; and he, the wily fox, looking more to the wealth of this world than to the treasures of the life to come, as greatly pleased and flattered by so brilliant a prospect, and

thenceforth began to show a sour face to Latif, the unhappy one, who was given to understand that his presence and his proposal were alike unacceptable. Thus the thread of his hopes was cut asunder—he eats misfortune, and since that time he has wept rivers of blood, being no longer himself. He has striven with all his soul to make that man of evil augury forego his pretensions—in vain! God show mercy to him!”

“Oh! he will forget!” said I.

“He will *never* forget!” rejoined the Armenian.

Shortly after the above narrative had been confined to me, I was called away to a distance, and was absent for three weeks from Stamboul. One of my first visits on my return was to Latif’s quarter, when, approaching the precincts of the mosque, I perceived a multitude of people densely crowded round one spot, while numbers were continually pouring in from every avenue to the same point. I entered a *gahvé* (café) which I had been in the habit of frequenting occasionally since the time that my introduction to Latif had led me to that part of the city.

“Ah! Tchelebi,” exclaimed mine host of the café, “you are welcome,—your coming is agreeable—be seated. But since you left us we have all had much grief.”

“Wherefore?” I enquired.

“They have cut off the head of your *Kajador* (gossip),” answered he of the *gahvé*, “and the people are now gazing on his dead body.”

On hearing this shocking announcement, I rushed from the coffee-shop, and, struggling through the crowd, I succeeded in reaching the place, where, too surely, lay the corpse of Latif. His head, with the turban still enveloping it, was deposited under his arm; a *Yafta* pinned to his breast, indicated to the public both the nature of the crime for which he had suffered, and the retributive justice in store for all evil-doers and spillers of blood, with a conclusion—hardly perhaps appropriate to the occasion—extolling the clemency of “our lord the Sultan.”

The hapless Latif was dressed in the apparel that he had worn on the day of my last visit to him; his features, those exquisite features, were still invested with an air of placidity and repose, the head surrounded by a small pool of blood that had issued from its severed veins, now mingling with the dust, and discolouring the long

flowing beard, dark as the raven's wing, which drooped on one side. I was awakened from the trance of horror into which I had sunk by the shrill harsh accents of an old crone, screaming, "Thanks be to Allah! he deserved thus to die." I turned and fled from the dreadful spectacle.

I afterwards learned the following particulars of the deed that had led to this dismal catastrophe. Latif's rival and his beloved one were affianced; the festivals and rejoicings customary on such occasions had been the theme of universal conversation in the quarter; for the Imam, elated by the dazzling prospects that seemed to be awaiting his daughter, had opened both his heart and his purse-strings, so that the fêtes had been on a scale of unwonted magnificence, and the poor had been surfeited with good things during "the three days" of feasting and pleasure. Barely a week had then to elapse before the bride was to be conducted to the harem of her lord at the termination of the marriage ceremonies. Meanwhile Latif, plunged into the depths of misery and despair, secluded in his solitary chamber, had refused to admit any one of the numerous friends and well-wishers who thronged his doors in the hope of being able to console him: alone he sat during several days and nights, not a sound escaping from the apartment to betoken the presence of a living being within. The Evil One appeared to have obtained the mastery over his soul. At last the unhappy man conquered his emotions so far as to enable him to resume his ordinary avocations, and on the morning preceding the one which was to have witnessed the bridal procession escorting the young wife to her future residence, he entered the mosque at the hour of morning prayer. By the dim twilight of the dawn, but faintly illuminating the interior of the edifice, he failed to perceive a figure prostrate before the *Mihrah* (altar), and thus he nearly stumbled over the suppliant at the throne of Divine mercy, in whom, at a second and closer glance, he recognised his supplanter—the cause of his bitter woe! Maddened at the sight, in the frenzy of the moment he drew the knife from his girdle, and buried it in the neck of his unresisting victim kneeling at his devotions. A second time Latif plunged the blade into the dying man, and fled from the mosque.

He directed his steps to the wharf whence sailed the passage boats for the Gulf of Nicomedia, the nearest point to his native village; and having embarked on board a packet just starting, he

drew the folds of his turban over his features, and sat silent and immovable until the boat had reached her destination. The evening of the second day after the commission of the crime saw him clasped in his mother's arms; and his father was in the act of bestowing his blessing on his son as he welcomed him home, when two Stamboul *Cavasses* (policemen), rudely entering, seized Latif and bound him, with the words,—“Thou must come with us, for thou art the murderer!” Latif cast one look of speechless agony on his shrieking mother, and on his venerable father, who was dumb with horror and affright, then silently followed the officers of the law. Nor did he thenceforth open his lips to utter a single syllable until the hour of his death, remaining as one stupefied, his eyes fixed on the ground, regardless of aught that was said or done around him. It chanced, however, that his way to the place of execution lay through the street in which the bride—the widowed bride—lived; and, on passing the house, he threw a quick and sidelong glance at the harem windows, sighed, shuddered, and relapsed into his previous state of apathy.

O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years!
What felt he then, at once oppress'd
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date?
Though in Time's record nearly naught,
It was eternity to thought!

Four hours later I was gazing my last on the lifeless body of Latif—the young, the beautiful, the gifted, but, alas! the blood-stained Latif. Yet could I refrain from a hope, that his ignorance of the Christian faith, combined with the terrible provocation he had received, acting on a highly-wrought sensitive brain, might plead somewhat in extenuation of his guilt, great as it was, before the Throne of that God whom both Christians and Mahomedans adore?

T. C. MOORE.

COMIC PAPERS OF GERMANY.

There are many foreign institutions which seem perfect in their own country, but which it is ticklish work bringing before the judgment of another nation. To take one instance out of many, how impossible it is to find a Frenchman and an Englishman agreed on a definition of wit. Even such critics as M. Forguès find Douglas Jerrold's sayings blunt and savage, not delicate enough for wit, not pure enough to be Attic. And, on the other hand, how many English consider the finest French *bon mot* insipid, and regret that the polished taste of our neighbours leads them to file their ideas till the point has vanished. What is true of verbal wit is still more true of pictorial wit. No standard can be devised which will be accepted by every nation. No Frenchman will think it right to imitate Leech. No Englishman will avow a preference for Cham. One of the reasons is, no doubt, that a considerable acquaintance with the life of a people must precede the least appreciation of its caricature. An Englishman going to Paris for the first time thinks some things strange, because he does not find them in London; other things because, wherever he sees them, they are opposed to his theory of life. But let him caricature these, and the Frenchman would find nothing comic in the daily customs of all Paris, in the things most consonant to the French ideal. The French style of hunting was the height of absurdity to Leech; a French Leech would have taken just the opposite view. Hence there are fewer subjects that the artists of two countries can see with the same eyes, and still fewer that they can paint in the same colours.

What is true of France applies with even greater force to Germany. Of late, we have mixed so much with the French, that both countries have yielded some of their national peculiarities, and each has adopted some customs from the other. But though we live a great deal among the Germans, we do not mix with them; their narrow means and their want of hospitality prevent them, except in rare cases, from making intimate friends of us when we are in their country; while, in like manner, our high prices and our upper crust of insularity keep them from paying us long visits. Of

the many English who have lived in Germany, how few have made friends with the people, as English people make friends in France and Italy. And it is not easy to enter into the life of people with whom you cannot make friends. You see some external peculiarities, and perhaps you disapprove of them; but how can you tell their meaning, if you are ignorant of the inner life which they symbolise?

It is true, that a diligent study of the caricatures of the nation will help you to some better knowledge, but if the caricatures are to be judged from an English point of view, this study will be thrown away. You must be content with the instruction contained in them, and must not look for pleasure. Seeing how a German artist, who professes to be comic, treats a phase of German life which was before unknown to you, will give you a gradual insight both into Germany life and the comic element in Germany. If you impose too high a standard, you will be considered an aristocrat, like the man who asked the meaning of some "grouse in the gun-room" story, and to the explanation, "Oh, that's an old joke of mine;" replied, "Joke, is it? Well, I am much obliged to you for the information, for I should never have known it was a joke, if you had not told me."

In the first place, the paucity of political caricature is highly significant of the political state of Germany. There is only one paper which indulges in political pictures, and which circulates throughout the country, the Berlin Kladderadatsch. Even this paper is not free to caricature the great at a distance, much less the great nearer home. What should we say of Punch, if it had to avoid the slightest allusion to and had to be extremely careful in portraying some of the notables? The Berlin paper must leave royalty out of the question. Its editor was imprisoned for some verses on one of the smallest German sovereigns, and the Elector of Hesse Cassel is the only one whom it is safe to handle. It is different with ministers, because if ministers were also to be exempt, there would be an end to political caricature. But while we were accustomed to have England represented by the Queen, France by the Emperor Napoleon, Prussia by the royal sergeant-major, and Austria by Francis Joseph, the German caricaturist must confine himself to conventional figures. His England is a Jack tar, his Prussia a soldier with a helmet, and his Austria

a soldier in white uniform. An exception has indeed been made him in favour of Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, who are too far off to remonstrate, and are not sufficiently popular with the German authorities to be protected in their absence.

I can well understand that any German monarch, or any monarch who was friendly to Germany, would protest very strongly against being caricatured in the *Kladderadatsch*. From the want of practice in depicting royalty, or any ministers but German ministers, the sort of excellence in comic portraiture attained by German artists, is that which we witness in the wall-paintings of schoolboys. The Berlin caricaturists seem to consider that the whole art of caricature lies in making everybody as coarse and as vulgar as a Berlin cowl. An idea or a likeness is a thing that never occurs to them. If they can catch some prominent traits they think they have made a hit; if not, they append an explanation. But, by dint of insisting on some feature which, perhaps, never belonged to the real character, they succeed in making a figure familiar to their public. Thus Napoleon is always a man with a long nose, and two sharp points to his moustache. Nothing more is necessary. He may be fat or thin, tall or short, young or old, the nose and the two points are always enough to identify him. Victor Emmanuel is a coarse, pudgy figure of a Turco, with a pipe stuck in his cap and a mangy moustache, the likeness consisting in the ends of the moustache being trained to grow on his cheeks. And these two things, the Napoleon nose and the Victor Emmanuel moustache, are, in the eyes of German artists, the head and front of political comedy.

The *Kladderadatsch* has more freedom with regard to ministers, and it must pay the German ministers the compliment of a better likeness. Bismarck is generally drawn to the life, which is at once necessary, as the Berlin public must be familiar with his face, and easy, as he was for a time a contributor to the *Kladderadatsch*. But as soon as we get away from Berlin, the likeness vanishes. It is said that Beust sent his *carte-de-visite* to the editor of the *Kladderadatsch*, with a request that the artists would make use of it in future, and favour him with a likeness. If all statesmen would do the same, or if the readers of the paper would club together and present the editor with a photographic album of living celebrities, they would do him an inestimable service.

One circumstance is especially curious, as exemplifying the absence of true personal and political caricature. When an English comic paper celebrates an anniversary, or a centenary, or a royal marriage, or any other great occasion, it makes the chief public characters of the day the vehicles of its wit, the figures in its pageant. But the German caricaturist cannot venture on this. He could not bring in native characters, for fear of the consorship; an assemblage of purely foreign personages would have little interest. All he can do is to revive the imaginary characters whom he has invented during his existence as a comic illustrator. But the fun of this can only be appreciated by himself and by those who have followed him throughout his career. And though well enough for once, it does not bear repetition. We should get tired even of Mr. Briggs, if he was to be always the leading figure in a procession.

Another advantage which is possessed by Punch, and is not shared by his German brothers, is the union of general with political caricature. This is really an important element in keeping up the level of the paper. One week there may be little stirring in politics, and people are disappointed in the cartoon. The next week some fault may be found with the smaller drawings: the artist has not struck a good vein, or has been hurried, or careless. But both these things seldom occur the same week, and the faults of one drawing may generally be condoned by the excellence of the other. With the Germans there is no such loophole. Their political paper confines itself to politics, and their general caricaturists never go beyond general caricature. One of the many results of this is, that the political caricaturists are contented with an idea, and the general caricaturists with the execution. The politicians are not required to draw, nor the artists to think. Thus, while the *Kladderadatsch* is personal in its application, but coarse in its drawings, the *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich is rather a weekly magazine than what it professes to be, a comic paper. It is the same with regard to the text, which may be dismissed in a couple of lines. The *Fliegende Blätter* gives stories and poems; the political writing of the *Kladderadatsch* is mostly local to Berlin, and the fun consists chiefly in the substitution of *j* for *g* according to the Berlin pronunciation.

The only limits to general caricature in Germany, as in other countries, are the taste and the comprehension of the public. But the public that immediately surrounds him is more important than

any other to the comic artist. Really successful comedy cannot be produced, still less can it be sustained, without an appreciating audience. If it is to be sustained regularly, the audience must not be scattered, it must be close at hand, so that its influence may be felt at once, and may be expressed directly. For this reason a capital is essential to a comic paper. Nothing is more fatal to sustained comedy than a touch of anything provincial. Unfortunately for Germany its comic papers must be provincial. A paper published at Munich must deal to a great extent in Bavarian character, for fear of losing its immediate and regular public, while suiting the taste of its distant and chance public. This rule is exemplified by the fate of a paper published at Dusseldorf, which seemed for a time to give promise of a long and glorious career. It was illustrated by some of the leading artists of the Dusseldorf school, by men like Achenbach, who hold the first rank among the landscape painters of Germany; Lessing, Hilderbrandt, and Hübner, who are nearly as high among the historical painters; and Hassen-clever, whose picture of "Job before the Examiners" is in the gallery of modern works at Munich, and has already received its meed of praise in a book by the present writer. But with all these able supporters, the Dusseldorf paper languished. It was the old story of "all the talents." The best illustrations were not those of the greatest artists, some of the promised names never made their appearance, and some that did were sadly disappointing. Achenbach's small engravings were scratchy, extravagant, and unmeaning; his large lithographs were not equal to those of less famous painters. One of the best of the cartoons was Scheuren's "Idyllic landscape," a pretty cottage, with romantic gables, balconies overgrown with luxuriant creepers, and trellised summer-houses at the side. But when you looked closer, you saw that the life of the cottage was anything rather than idyllic; one half of the inmates was turning out the other half; there was a fight with pitchforks, brooms, and beer-jugs; hats were flying off, or their owners were bonneted with them; dogs barked, and cocks crew; one woman belaboured her husband with a water-jug, and another emptied another jug from the vine-clad window upon the combatants below. Such a picture is highly significant of the life of Germany, which, when seen from a distance, is so idyllic as to impose on many, but which comes out in such a different light under the critical microscope.

However, the general public of Germany could not appreciate the Dusseldorf caricatures. One of the jokes in the paper itself was typical of its career. In defining theory and practice, it had said that there were three classes of people,—the theoretical, who understand a thing, but can't do it; the practical, who do a thing, but can't understand it; and the theoretico-practical, who can neither understand a thing nor do it. The Dusseldorf paper began by understanding what was wanted when it engaged great artists to supply its illustrations. It did what was wanted when it kept on the names of the great artists, and got good illustrations from those who had to make their names. But it passed into the third stage when the names remained, but the excellence vanished, and the end was that it expired in the twelfth year of its existence. Had the Munich paper of which I have spoken pursued the same course, it would long ago have met the same fate. But the Munich paper saw that it must not shrink from being local. Luckily the Bavarians have more *prononcé* character than any other of the German races. What with the genuine Munichers who cannot see beyond their glass of beer, their amusements, and their loyalty; what with the peasants, the officials, the railways, and the Prussians, there is a large though rude field for caricature open to the Bavarian, which would be closed to the Saxon or the Rhinelander.

Perhaps the ways of the peasants are the most fitted for comic illustration. The peasant character is admirably portrayed in the Baroness Tautphoeus's novel of "Quits": it is apt to be idealised away in the German novels which profess to deal with it. The roughness and niggardliness of the peasants, combined with some homely virtues, especially those which cost nothing, and a great deal of simplicity and good-heartedness, chiefly in those who are not proprietors, lend themselves admirably to dramatic or pictorial treatment, while they disgust us with those Arcadian fancy-pieces that abound in literature. Any nature, however bad, is better than perversion of nature. There are many points in the character of the Bavarian peasantry which redeem their faults; there are certainly points which make people never tired of studying the character. The artist's task is greatly simplified when he has such peculiarities to work upon. As an example I will take the way in which a German caricaturist treats an attack of tooth-ache.

We can compare his version with that "imagined by Horace Mayhew, and realised by George Cruikshank." Not only is the German tooth-ache much ruder as regards art than the English, but it introduces personages so much more absurd that everything about them seems funny, and the toothache, the remedies, and the process of extraction, which are the soul of the English work, sink into insignificance in the German. When we see the peasant seated at his simple meal, and eating out of the same dish as his wife, we think more of the peasant's spindle-shanks and turned-up nose, his jacket which ends some way above the beginning of his trousers, and the curious figure he cuts generally, than of the scene itself, and the light it throws on the domestic life of the peasantry. Then, when the pain of the tooth-ache seizes him, and he dances about the room, smoking the tooth, drinking from a spirit bottle, plunging his head in a tub of water, leaning his head against the stove, beating his wife, knocking his head against the wall, getting into bed with three mattresses and four pillows on top of him, kicking them all off and standing on his head, and, lastly, crawling under the bed, we think all the time of the comical figure, not of the absurdity of the remedies. It is much the same when the man find his way to the village doctor, a lank figure in a flowered dressing-gown, with a long pipe in his mouth, which never quits that place during the whole operation. The doctor produces a sort of hooked instrument, which he sticks into the tooth; there is a short of tussle, and the peasant rolls over on the floor, while the doctor stands up triumphantly, with the hollow tooth on the point of his hook.

All this requires but little drawing, no knowledge of anatomy, and not much study of human nature. Peasants do dress very much in that way; village doctors might live in flowered dressing-gowns, and smoke an endless pipe. But if you take a higher grade of civilisation for your scene, you are forbidden all these aids, and thrown much more on your own resources. We see this when the German caricaturists leave the peasants for the city life, whether of Munich or of other parts of Germany. Of course, a great many of the Munich caricatures turn on beer, but there are even more devoted to what I may call *les petites misères de la vie à Munic*, if that name be not a profanation of Parisian life and Balzac. One of the chief of these miseries is connected with houses and

landlords. "You must not receive visits," says the landlord in one caricature, "your friends have muddy boots, and bring dirt into the house. Either cease to receive your friends or pay me an increased rent." "You must not open the windows," says the landlady who keeps furnished lodgings; "the dust flies in and spoils my things. Either keep your windows shut, or pay me so much more rent for the damage to my furniture." These are petty worries, but they are felt severely in a petty town. Nor are the larger towns exempt from larger worries. One of the most amusing series of caricatures in the Munich paper is devoted to the plague of Prussian soldiers and Prussian views about nobility. The Prussian major's idea of heaven is that it is a place peculiarly set apart for his order. He makes a military salute to St. Peter on being admitted, there is a grand review in his honour, with King David conducting a Prussian military band, and the day ends with a grand *battue* of democrats and an inspection of the infernal regions, which are peopled exclusively by the Berlin Chamber of Deputies. It is needless to add, that this caricature could not have appeared in Prussia.

However, as a rule, German caricatures would not hurt the people against whom they are aimed. If the German artist wishes to imply that towns are not lighted as well as they might be, he can only venture on an allegorical picture of owls making their nests on the tops of the gas lamps. That the people are as much in fault as the officials is implied from a series of pictures. The magistrates of a certain town decreed that it should be lighted, and the crier was sent round to order all the inhabitants to hang out lanterns. In the first picture we see the inhabitants hanging out lanterns, but without candles in them. Report was made to the magistrates, and the crier was sent round again, ordering the inhabitants to hang out lanterns and put candles in them. The second picture shows us the inhabitants hanging out lanterns and putting candles in them, but not lighting the candles. The crier was sent round a third time, and the inhabitants were ordered to hang out lanterns, put candles in them, and light the candles. We find the difference in the third picture—so did the town.

This stupidity of the citizens excuses in some degree the insolence as well as the tardiness of the officials. But while the comic papers see no reason for sparing the former vice, they are led by

their native affinities to look benignantly on the second. They do not attempt to flatter the high postal official who rejects a candidate for employment because he cannot speak French, a knowledge of which has become an indispensable qualification in all German post-offices. Next moment a Frenchman puts his head in at the window, and addresses the old official with, "Excusez, monsieur, voulez vous --" "Nix wullowu," roars the official; "if you want anything in a German post-office you must speak German." But their treatment of delay is very different. The artist wants to show that two travellers have been waiting three weeks for their luggage. He draws them accordingly, with telescopes to their eyes, watching the course of the train that is bringing it; and the slowness of the train is forced upon our mind by the exact reproduction of the same caricature in three successive numbers. The force of mildness could no further go.

And yet this force of mildness is more or less typical of the Germans. I said in the outset of this paper that we were not to judge their caricatures from an English point of view, though it may have been necessary to illustrate their deficiencies by a reference to the things in which we differ from them. Many of the caricatures which I have cited will have answered the purpose of throwing light on German character and circumstances. They will show, too, what is still more important, that many of the Germans are alive to the faults which have been pointed out and insisted upon by foreigners, but which had little chance of being reformed till they were forced on the attention of the nation.

E. WILBERFORCE.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.—(VI)

CHAPTER X.

The Startle.

The reign of night and storm was over. The black sky was blue again and the morning sun was riding in his golden car. His soft rays simmered upon a small stream which a boat was threading athwart a tract of woodland. Above the quiet of the scene rose the 'chink, chink', of paddles and the liplap of the water, producing a lullaby which was all but marred by the jabber of its loquacious crew, whose easy careless air was quite in contrast with the dejected looks of the two figures that sat in the stern with eyes fixed ahead and visage speaking eloquently of anguish and dismay. They were the prince and his adjutant.

"Oh, hang all this cackling, men, and look after your souls" broke out the adjutant vexedly. "What is there to be funny about?"

"Nothing," grunted one of the crew.

"It is no concern of yours, sir, if our tongue goes," growled another.

"Keep your tongue quiet or you will see some fun coming. Loose bands of Turks are prowling about. If they show up it will be a bad job for you."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed he. "We had a brush with some of those sniggering hounds only the other night. The wonder is that we are here to tell the tale."

"They made a dead set at us" struck in another.

"Oh, the awful time we had of it. A pretty strong pack on our track" corroborated the man at the helm.

"But you don't look much the worse for it," remarked the adjutant.

"Oh, we gave them the slip. They could not strike our trail," boasted they.

"Don't be too sure. They may be playing a cunning game, may swoop down when they think they are least expected."

"No more danger in the air. We are fairly off their line," spoke the oarsmen confidently.

"Heaven forbid that we should come in their way again," the helmsman expressed a hope.

"Then keep a quiet tongue and pull quickly on."

"We have swung all our strength into the oars. Before noon-tide we shall have reached the town."

They relapsed into silence. Under steadier strokes the boat went tearing. Oars rose and fell. Bubble, bubble flowed the stream. The sing-song filled the air with low harmonious sounds. The line of trees, the straggling huts, the cliffs in the background, all appeared to be careering past. Bushes, copses and scrubs faded gradually from view. The boat was making quick way.

The spell of silence was broken again by one of the paddlers.

"What a high hand the villains took, slouched the crew even. It made my heart go down like lead." He struck a note.

"It was the lanky black chap with goggle eyes who egged them on" another voice jerked out.

"Demon take him," imprecated the helmsman. "I will bet a thousand to one that he had a hand in their seizing the girls. What do you think, Kanye?"

"Bless my soul, there has been underhand business," interjected Kanye, one of the oarsmen. "The girls were drawn from their homes by some knavish trick and trapped. Sure the blackie lent himself to be the tool of some officer of the Turks to bring him pretty women from the town."

"I should think they were designed for their chief" guessed the other oarsman.

"Whatever it might be, the poor things were hoaxed clean," observed the helmsman.

"I must say they were of some great house. So wonderfully pretty, such finery?" remarked Kanye in a burst of wonder.

"Some women of the court, take my word for it," the other oarsman uttered gravely. "I have often been in the town, seen the black chap in the streets mounted on a pony or a mare, heard men say he was the king's house-steward."

"What guff you talk, Roghoo. King's steward decoyed court-ladies to the Turk camp. You speak without thinking," criticized Kanye

"When I say a thing I meant it out and out," persisted the other. "They were palace ladies. The black fiend, likely their servant, lured them into a trap. The men who formed their escort were of the household troops."

"The men were a body of soldiers no doubt," supported the helmsman. "How gallantly they fought, smote the Turks right and left and wiped out more than three-fourths of the pack."

"Did you mark that the black car was only acting a part when the men were fighting. I will be bound he had brought the pack down to clear the lot of them out" Roghoo spoke with vehemence.

"By the-by, did no one in the town suspect that he was up to some game and catch him at it" Kanyo stared at him, interrogatively.

"Every one was struggling to save his own skin, who cared to pry into other's secret" explained he.

"I am a bit anxious to know how came he in touch with the Turks."

"It is a riddle, a beastly riddle," the helmsman shrugged his shoulders.

"What words were those? They fill me with doubt," whispered the prince to his companion, the words had sounded like a hideous nightmare. "From their discourse I gather that some women have been wiled away from the town by a treacherous domestic. Had n't we better know the details."

"What are you talking about, men? Any thing stirring" asked the adjutant.

"Oh sir, we have a tale which will freeze your blood," said Roghoo.

"Out with it, man. We would like to hear it."

"Then listen" said he, "Night before last our boat lay quietly by its mooring on the river—"

"Jhelum, you mean."

"The same. It lay at anchor close under the bank when a gang of Turks, some twenty men, swarmed out of a copse, dashed down and boarded it. We were in a shocking fright. They unloosed it, caught up the paddles and pulling some strokes to give it steerage way, made us row down close under the bank. With heart in mouth we pulled on till a thick bush hove in sight. 'Drop us there' they said. We picked our way among floating logs, some of which

humped against the vessel and then it jarred upon a sunken heap of pebbles. All sprang out save one. We begged him to let us go, moaned and pleaded and shed tears but he had fierce words to say—."

"Were n't there so many in the pack I had just the right sort of answer for him" interrupted Kanye.

"Away with those fancies," jeered the helmsman.

"We sat still, not knowing what their next move would be," continued Roghoo "Near mid-night a barge turned in mid-stream. We could barely see it through the gloom, for the night was a bit rough—."

"But not like last night, the wildest night I ever saw." Kanye broke in again.

"Will you let him go on" rasped the adjutant.

"The rogues must have been playing a waiting game, for as soon as it was sighted, they swung out of the bush and climbing aboard bullied us to run it down. We bowled after it. It was a mad race. When we came abreast, we found on it a dozen armed men and in their midst a black man in livery. We could hear female voices screaming from within the shed. The ruffians attempted to board it, the men opposed, there was a free fight. There were darting, diving, flitting, thrusting, hacking and stabbing. Would that we were spared the horror of seeing it! The men fell. Of the Turks there were left four only. Great Heaven how faint I felt."

"All this time the blackie did nothing but stood by like a figure in a puppet show," remarked the helmsman.

"One thing he did he egged them on to finish off the boat's crew," added Kanye.

"What in Heaven's name does it all mean." The prince muttered bewilderedly. His brain was filling with doubts, memories and misgivings.

"Who were they screaming," asked the adjutant.

"After the fight we found two females lying on the stern still and senseless. Oh, how beautiful? Their limbs gleamed like ivory through the clothes."

"Have you any idea who they were."

"Some ladies about the court I will be sworn. By some foul trick they were drawn into the trap and caught."

A vague sense of uneasiness which he could not account for seized the prince. His heart thrilled, his bosom heaved. The air struck chill about him as he stood in an agony of dreadful listening.

"Go on," urged the adjutant.

"We were driven to the other boat and forced to paddle it. We pulled madly on and after half-an-hour were made to draw to a landing slab. A dozen Afghans, men and women, swept down. The women bore the girls away to a tent. It was within quick walking distance. The men followed. The four Turks and the blackie went last, driving us before them."

The prince became more and more perturbed. His heart beat cruelly quick. His eyes lost their light and sparkle and behind the gloom there lurked a sickening sense of a tragic mischance.

"What did they do with the girls?" asked the adjutant.

"They were taken into a tent and we thrust into another. What a huddle of tents. The place was reeking with bad smell. It made my gorges rise."

"How many men did you find there?"

"Turks, Afghans, Tartars, over a thousand. I was in top bad a fright."

"The night we passed without food and yesterday we had only soaked rice to eat. The devils kept a watch over us" complained the helmsman.

"But when the storm came they gave us a wide berth. We were up all night shivering. The rain beat our faces and the wind almost blew the hair off," interposed Kanye.

"My coat flapped and flopped about me and at times I had to hold my topee on with both hands," added the former.

"Will you keep quiet and let him go on," the adjutant put up a hand for silence.

"Early this morning we slunk away," continued Roghoo. "The blackie got wind of it and sent a pack to wipe us out. We spirited down to the boat and shot off at full flight. Oh, what hurrying and scurrying and searching for us."

"The scoundrels ran along the bank till they were dead bit," Kanye interjected again.

"Leaving the broad we struck into this creek when you hailed us," Raghoo finished his narrative.

"How was the black man like, ask them." The prince suggested to his companion. The latter put the question.

"Fancy a pig-headed nigger with a sort of devilish look about him. Just the man to plot and scheme," replied Raghoo.

"Be more plain, man ? "

"Tall, black as cinder, with a hooked nose and curled lips."

"You give half out and keep half in."

"A thin man, having snapping beady eyes and woolly head."

"Your memory is worse than I thought," corrected Kanye. "His hair was close cropped."

"What countryman did you guess him to be" asked the adjutant.

"A native of some southern region by the Topce he wore and the ring on his ear."

"I have seen a black man among the palace domestics," the prince spoke in a broken voice. "He was a native of Sind, so my consort told me. He bore me a message from her only the other night. The description fits him like a glove. There are not likely to be two men like him round here. I have a gloomy apprehension about the females." His thoughts dashed fiercely through his brain.

"We must not worry ourselves about the nonsense of these rotters," said his companion "I do not believe a word of what they said. It is all moonshine."

"No, I begin to see all. The man brought me a note from her and said he was under royal orders to conduct her to the fort. To whom was the order come, I asked. To the governor, said he, who was making proper arrangement. 'You will see that she drives in state with my retinue' I charged him. 'I will see to everything' he assured me. It was my folly I did not correspond with the Governor. I fear he played an internal trick.

He remembered vividly the scene in his office quarters in which the Sindian had figured, recalled his form and features. His brain was crowded with doubts and misgivings.

"Why did you trust him," said his companion.

"I relied too much on his protestations of fidelity to imagine a play. How could I know what murderous card he might be holding up his sleeve."

"I fear your mind mistakes fancy for conviction."

"I never take fancies in my head," returned the prince to whom worse possibilities were suggesting themselves with uncomfortable

force. "Treachery, I smell treachery. Boatmen, where was the vessel boarded."

"Further up the river by three miles or more."

"Led astray"? His emotion found vent in a squeal.

He could speak no more, felt a lump rise in his throat and little chills creeping up and down the spine. For a few moments he stood gazing at vacancy with every sign of distraction.

"Patience? We must needs have proof of their identity," said the adjutant "Good fellows! did you mark the females?"

"Both were closely veiled. We could not see their features, but they were wondrous fair. One seemed a trifle taller. From the throat to the waist she had only pearls and diamonds," replied Roghoo.

"She wore a rich *Saree*. It was of red silk, gold and lace throughout. The bodice was of some rich stuff, dark blue and finished with gold," the helmsman joined his voice. The others supported him.

The clothing the princess had worn on the night he took leave of her corresponded exactly with the description given by the watermen.

"No more doubting," the prince stuttered out, white to the lips. His head swam; the boat, the boatmen, the stream all seemed to spin about him. He staggered back to his seat endeavouring to readjust his senses, struggling to get back to the normal.

"Calm yourself," said his companion. "We need have more proof before we conclude. Boatmen can you produce any token of their ———."

"We found a scarf-pin lying loose after they were borne away," Roghoo broke sharply.

"Let see, let see" cried the prince in a state of frenzy.

Dropping the bow oar the man pulled off his turban and untying the loose end of its sash produced a brilliant scarf-pin. The adjutant took up and handed it to his royal companion who turned it over and over with eyes dilated.

"It is hers as sure as I am a living man" he stammered out staring blankly at him. "No more doubting, she is betrayed." The discovery added a final touch of alarm.

Without standing upon ceremony he dashed into the shed to look for further clue. All manner of tragic possibilities were rushing through his mind.

"We found a scrap of paper too" cried out Kanye.

"Bring it, bring it," he gasped.

The waterman produced a scrap of paper. The prince unfolded it and read. Oh, Heaven, there was something in it which struck sharply on his sense. It was the note he had penned, the same, the same. All the blood fled from his face. His hand trembled, his tongue became parched and dry.

"Look" he faltered out, tossing it over to his companion. "This was the reply I wrote her."

His brain was in a tempestuous whirl. He could not realise it was true, it was all like a horrible nightmare. Yet there was no mistaking the writing. Scarcely believing that he was in his senses he remained for a few minutes dazed.

"But who could be the other lady? The boatmen say there were two," questioned the adjutant, shaking him by the limb.

"What?" his mouth worked slightly. The question was repeated.

"Her companion, a Rajput maiden," replied he, striving to still the giddy whirl.

"Then you have no doubt as to their identity."

"Absolutely none. I never had much doubt after hearing the description given and now I am positive it was she and none other."

"What do you make of the note."

"I make it that the traitor made use of the writing to gull her all the more easily."

"I see all" the adjutant sighed. "The devil of a Turk, Mahmud, is at the bottom of the affair. For him the darkie played the pander. For him she has been trapped. The intrigue was going on while there were dread and despair within the city. Our capture was also a part of the scheme." The whole plot from its very inception unfolded before his imagination.

"To brush me out of his way," mumbled the prince in a choking voice.

"We must hasten to the town, acquaint his Majesty with what has occurred and bring an army for her rescue," said the other.

"No, no, we shall be too late, we shall be too late, they will carry her away," cried the prince madly. "She will be nowhere here before succour can reach."

"Then what do you intend doing?"

"Go at once to her rescue——."

"We two against thousands."

"It is a pity you don't hear me out."

"Go on, I am listening."

"Let us raise the hill-tribes hercabouts and with their aid storm the camp. If these chaps be believed there can not be more than two thousand men there. It will be easy to overpower them."

"Then we must alter our course," said the adjutant "Paddle back to the river, boatmen."

"Oh bless me" cried the helmsman with a gesture of dismay. "The hounds are hanging thereabouts, hot on the scent."

"Then to the bank at once, quick" urged the prince impatiently.

The men rowed a couple of strokes, the paddles plunged once or twice into mud and the boat was grounded.

"Come on" said he to his companion. "We are only losing time."

Both swung round on their heels.

"Stop sir, let us make the painter fast," bellowed Kanye.

Before the oars were shipped and the painter fastened they had leapt out. They climbed, slipped and staggered over the slippery stones, then clamboured up and plunged through the reeds and rushes.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B. L.

*THE LITTLE KNIGHT.**(A Lay of Domestic Chivalry.)*

I know fair maids of old
 Had knights of prowess bold,
 And warriors watched rose-gardens,* and gave their lives for love,
 I have heard of Criemhild's knights,
 And their hundred-and-one fights,
 But I prize my little champion all other knights above !
 They watched the roses o'er,
 But my champion has done more,
 For he's made the roses grow in a strip of barren ground,
 And around my shaded room
 Steals a sweetness of perfume,
 Richer, rarer, than fair Criemhild' in all her garden found.
 There were grand hearts in old days,
 And I know they won the praise
 Of sweet maidens bending downwards to watch the tourney's end,
 And I feel my heart-strings stir
 At the "sans reproche, sans peur,"
 Yet name the olden Bayards, thinking of my modern friend.
 Were you tried by cross or care,
 Those old champions said a prayer
 At the next saint's shrine they came to, before they journeyed on ;
 But now, early hour and late,
 There are prayers at Heaven's gate,
 And I know the simple spirit from which those prayers have gone :
 I have read the warriors went
 To the Holy Land, content,
 If their true-loves bade "God speed them, and God defend the right,"
 But my little warrior sped
 To the search for one, who,—dead,—
 Remains my own sole true-love, as alive my sole delight.

* See the ballad of the "Rosengarten," and the story of "Dietrich of Berne."

And the olden champions spake,
"Oh, be faithful for my sake !"
But my champion asked no promise, and hoped for no reward ;
He knew my love was claimed,
By one I never named,
And he went forth to search for him, that my joy might be restored.
Shall I give him aught ? you say ;
Yes, perchance, a kiss some day,
When the death-hour makes it holy, and safe for him and me ;
Until then we are mere friends,
Yet to compass all my ends
Is the vision of my stripling, my flower of chivalry.
He is but a boy, you know,
And boys' hearts are fashioned so
That they'll never break for love-smart, as mine is breaking now,
So amid my sharpest grief
Comes a spring of glad relief
When I look upon my knight with the innocent bold brow !
Oh, God, bless my little knight !
God defend him in the fight !
Give him better love than mine is, to glad his heart some day ;
I have heard of warriors bold,
But I'd give the men of old
For the little modern hero I've chosen for my lay !

F. W.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 11—NOVEMBER 1915.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(VII.)

CHAPTER XI.

The Statelm.

They had not gone far before a tramp of horses' hoofs swelled upon the air. It was forenoon. The sun was shedding a weird light over the quiet woodland. The radiance mantled the heavens and embellished the distant hill-tops with the tinge in which nature was now steeped. Tree and tangle slept in the golden light.

"I hear a tramp of many horses" muttered the adjutant agitatedly.

"So do I," the prince chimed in.

Both stopped short and gazed wildly around.

"A band of Turks," faltered out the former, as his strained eyes caught some moving forms in the distance.

"Prowlers" the prince shrugged his shoulders.

"They are riding this way."

"I should think not," mumbled he, blinking.

"More likely than not they are."

"What do you make of them?" asked he dubiously.

"A search-party."

"On the scent of the boatmen, I presume."

"No, we are the game they are flying at."

"Murad Bey's men?"

"Likely so."

"Why should Murad Bey's men be hanging round here," the prince expressed a doubt.

"I presume they are following up some trail."

"Never mind who they are, I will tackle them single-handed."

He roared up.

"We were best away. They are coming fast," urged his companion.

"Let them come. I will give them a warm reception, be their number large or small" rattled the former. "I have sworn vengeance against the race of Turks and with the lives of those that are coming my work of retaliation shall commence." His eyes glared fearfully as he spoke.

"In the name of goodness be not carried away by your feelings. Realise the position we are in, the danger hanging over us, the certainty of capture and a criminal's doom."

"I do realise it. I am animated by a desire for revenge. I will stamp out even if a whole army has to scour over here. Nothing will stay my vengeance." He rattled on until his voice seemed like a distant echo.

"What are two unarmed men against an armed band. Come, let us shuffle away. Are not the odds dreadful?"

"I fear no odds," cried he, the tone of his voice thrilled with the accent of wild excitement. "I dare all. So long as my arms are free my spirit shall never flinch. The spirit is stronger than the flesh."

"Don't waste more time than you can help. Quick under the thicket, they are coming" urged his companion.

"Let them come. By all that I hold dear I declare that for their master's infamy their life shall pay forfeit."

Rolling up his sleeves he whirled his right arm in the air. His eyes were aflame and a purple glow suffused his countenance.

"Heaven grant that you may not have to repent these resolves," warned the adjutant. "You cry for vengeance, but have we the means and the instrument of it? Is it any good perilling our lives in a foolish attempt? Mind, it is not of our future but of hers that we have to think first."

"I defy the vile agents of a mean detestable wretch. I dare them to the utmost. I defy their master. I think of nothing but

vengeance. It is impossible that I should let them sheer off. No, no, I will meet them. I stand the consequence."

He poured out the words in a torrent, heedless of his companion's admonition. Terrible was the look that flashed down from those eyes.

"I wish to goodness you swept your brain clean of sickly phantoms. This is no time for talking rot. Let us shift or it will be too late," insisted the adjutant.

"You will think I am insane, I don't care," replied he angrily. "Whatever my destiny may be I will meet them face to face."

"You are not quite yourself and don't mean what you say. I would rather not listen to it," fretted the former.

"I would rather have you leave me alone," returned he with warmth. "I am determined to make a stand and won't budge an inch till my last drop of blood is spilt."

"How can you set your life at a pin's fee when on its safety depends her salvation. Like a mad man in a dream have you no fixed purpose before you. Is it not folly to be led by a mere impulse of the moment?"

"My blood runs riot. My soul hungers for revenge."

"Be calm and self-possessed," counselled the other. "We have now to think of nothing but how to save her. We have to take hold of a good scheme and work it coolly out. Come, follow me without further trifling. If they scent our presence here, our fate will be sealed."

He grasped his arm and dragged him beneath the cover of a thicket, where in a few moments both were ensconced among the foliage behind a massive log.

Tramp, tramp, nearer and nearer came the sound. The clank of trapping, the jingle of spurs and hoarse voices rang weirdly through the stillness. It was a troop of horsemen coming, one of the bands set by Murad Bey in search of the fugitives.

"They can't have come this way," broke in the captain of the band as they halted near an enormous dead tree hard by.

"They would dare not, knowing that in this direction the search would be more closely made," observed another.

"Then let us tackle the mountain-paths to see if we can pick up their trail round here," suggested a third.

' Oh, the ground thereabouts is hard, impossible to strike a trail where there is no dusty turf " dissented the former.

" Indeed " supported a fourth. " A track can only be seen where the dust lies."

" No, no, let us turn back, the way up is rough " fretted a bulky individual.

" Had n't we better push a little farther on and search round in the bushes ?" The third speaker made a new suggestion.

" What use, we have hunted long searched every spot narrowly, it will be a miracle if we can trail them " said the captain.

" They have a thousand haunts to fly to," droned another.

" Let us off," groaned the bulky person. " We are dead beat, no grog, no time to gobble a bit, a beastly job."

" The general will roar like a bull if we return without them. You have seen how he lashed the poor blacks," broke in a timid voice.

' A more swaggering bully there never was. I thought the poor fellows' heads were going to be clapped on the block," remarked another.

" But why the deuce does he go staring mad ? Never mind the culprits, dash them ? Their sweet hearts we have nabbed," said a bronzed-faced elderly person.

" Whom did you hear this from ?" interrogated several voices.

" Why, the man who came with a message from General Kublai Khan, said that," replied he.

" I know it," corroborated a Turkoman. " He came with a message for our general. They have caught two pretty blondes. Poor creatures, going to be whirled away to Ghazni. But for the storm they might have been half the way now."

" General Kublai Khan starts this evening. The day will pass in manning the vessels. Forty boats to carry two thousand men, no joke," resumed the former.

" Forty-two," contradicted the Turkoman. " One for the girls, one for the general and forty to carry the men. So the man said."

" No more rubbish," snapped the captain. " Let us away."

Then followed a sound of tramping. The horses were in motion again and for sometime a continued clangour of iron-hoofs filled the air with echoes. When the sound died away and the dim receding

figures of all were lost to view, the prince and his companion, who had listened to every word of this colloquy and been assailed by a thousand contending emotions, issued from their hiding place.

"What do you think, is it a fancy, a dreaming, a trick of imagination?" said the prince, keeping up in tone and manner a tinge of the sarcastic. The words had smitten him with dismay. They rang true as his instinct told him. His nerves quivered in spite of his iron will and the red blood spirited from the arteries.

"Truth, cold truth, cruel truth" muttered his companion. There was an underlying tone of despair which escaped him.

"My worst fears are true. She has been trapped. I will go and rescue her," cried the prince frantically. His presence of mind staggered under the emotion that possessed him. Wildly he cast his eyes around, eyes that shot fire.

"Patience," conjured the adjutant. "In the hurry of your feelings you throw away the only chance of saving her."

"I will go and rescue her," he roared. "Is she to be doomed to a life of slavery, to be thrown into the hell of a moslem harem to wear out her days in misery and disgrace, while the blood flows in my veins, the heart beats and the pulses throb? No, no, this shall never be. I will go and save her. Whoever opposes me shall meet his certain doom. I will send him to his last account. With these arms of mine I will pour out his blood, I will make his head fly from his shoulders." The desperate thought that was working in his brain gave his face a sardonic look. His voice rose high and shrill, ringing eerily through the stillness.

"For goodness' sake be calm," cried his companion. "I am with you in life and death, will stand by you in your extremity, but not for worlds would I see you peril your life in a mad attempt."

"I will go and rescue her. I have resolved it. I am determined to brave every peril. Follow me if you will, if not, farewell."

In his eyes glowed the resolve of one determined on some course of action, who counted not the danger that lay in the path and was ready to perish in the attempt.

"What madcap folly are you bent on," groaned the adjutant. "I am not counselling a policy of cowardice. I am of the same resolve as you are but we need have recourse to stratagem."

"No time wasting time in words," snapped he. "They are carrying her away. It is time we hurled ourselves in their midst, to back,

how and chop them, stamp them, out, destroy them root and branch." His thoughts tumbled over each other in quick succession and so jumbled up that his brain whirled and throbbed. His breath came and went."

"Save your breath, you will need it all," cried the other.

"I will go straight on to where she is and—"

"Be calm and lend yourself to a plan I have in mind." The other cut him short brusquely.

"What?" demanded he, after a brief passionate struggle with himself.

"Listen. They sail by the Jhelum and must pass under the heights of Bejoy Garh. There is a chief ruling over the tribes of the region. Let us go and seek his aid. He may not refuse it. With his wild hordes we shall be able to surprise the fleet. This is the only means of saving her."

The prince mused a while notwithstanding the tempest raging within.

"The chief is a vassal of the imperial throne," continued the adjutant. "He cannot refuse us aid. We have two thousand men to cope with. If he turns out at least twice as many we shall be able to overpower them. Our hope now lies in this."

"What would you have me do?" asked the former, his throbbing brain was yet incapable of any coherent thought.

"Let us hasten thither" replied the other.

In next to no time they were in motion at headlong speed. Away, away, through the woodland they sped, from track to track and away beyond; now through wastes of rank grass, along tortuous paths, next over broken grounds, away, away. Between fir groves and pine trees between cavern and rockwall, athwart copse and across scrub, up hill and down dale, away, away. Away and westward they sped, taking no rest, no count of time, but pressed on, covered distances, left miles behind. Now to the right, now to the left they moved, anon backward, then forward again. Past glees, past glades, past lifeless hollows, they still advanced, ever westward. Now they plunged into a wood and blundered along mazy paths, next stole beneath a mound or made their exit into a stretch of green. Now they swung across from a plateau to a vale, trundled down to the edge of a stream, next struck into a pathway, cleared clumps of trees, cleared bushes and then rounded the bor-

der of a forest. On they pushed, still onward, took many intricate paths, many winding ways and then in the mellow rays of the descending sun a wondrous scene unroll before them—an array of pinnacles.

"The hills of Bejoygarh," burst the prince, pointing to the far-off ridges that rose behind each other in awful array. Their tops steeped in the soft golden light glittered like pinnacles of gold. Gradually from the general level of the plain began the ascent of a rising ground.

Up went the weary travellers through long winding tracks, between thicket and braken, between fern and brushwood, between pine-forests and vine-yards. Past brambles past bushes, past wastes of rank herbage, they were still ascending. Past woods, underwoods, past fields of waving green, ascending yet higher. Then through rocky avenues, through valleys, under the brow of hills, ever ascending. Now they attained a point of elevation where the ascent in gentle undulations led upwards to the summit. Higher yet higher they rose till they came in sight of a huge edifice engirt with natural palisades. Here were they stopped without ceremony by a swarm of hill-men.

"Who are you and where do you come from?" they dropped a scant courtesy.

"From the king," was the short answer of the adjutant who felt a proud consciousness that his noble air would command respect.

"Your business," demanded they with a softening of the bluff manner which a rough life had given them.

"We have business with your chief, take us before him."

"But what is the business you have to see him about?"

"We won't give it out here."

"We must know his wishes before we let you go," said they.

One of the men scudded away and returned in a few minutes.

"Come along," mentioned he.

The visitors were ushered into the presence of the chieftain in his audience-hall.

He was seated on a silver throne set on an ornamented stage. Before him sat or stood his henchmen according to their degrees of rank. More genteel and refined in manners than the hill-tribes of the extreme north these men united in themselves savage ferocity

with mildness of disposition, roughness with politeness and conventional duplicity with native simplicity.

The chief was a striking figure, carrying in his personality traces of refinement. In manner as well as in taste and habit he was highly polished, a sure sign that he had received a decent education and had moved in his pliant and plastic youth in the fashionable societies of the metropolis. A trifle over forty, he was of tall stature, robust and possessed of an exuberant vigour. His complexion was fair, appearance grand and imposing. A pair of lustrous eyes, an expansive brow and a large well-trimmed moustache contributed to the elegance of his features. His cheek and chin were clean shaven and a mass of curling hair parted gracefully in the middle of his head. He was clad in as splendid a garb as he had seen worn by the elite of the aristocracy.

The prince and his companion were received with every token of hospitality and treated with extreme urbanity and delicacy as honoured guests when they revealed their identity.

"We are very much obliged for your hospitable reception of us and if I be permitted a word I would say that the spirit which inspires it indulges us to presume further upon your hospitality," began the prince with a forced smile. The gloomy air did not forsake him for all his efforts to maintain equanimity.

"Oh prince, this is an unexpected pleasure and if such poor hospitality as our humble roof can offer be acceptable, you may reckon on my readiness to do everything possible to please you," returned the chief. His pleasantest smile accompanied the words.

"We value your hospitality, more than we can say and your offer which contains all the candour of your mind is truly worthy of your generous self, but before we congratulate ourselves on the singular favour we beg our intrusion may be pardoned," apologised the former.

"You need not worry," returned the chief gracefully. "Conventions do not matter a bit. We are homely folk and do not wait for ceremony. Say, rather, to what fortunate circumstance do I owe this happy meeting."

"The circumstance is astounding, painful in the extreme," replied the prince with an intense despairing bitterness. His pale and agitated features testified the mental agony he endured.

"Why, what else has happened?" he asked eagerly. "The

scourge is gone. Are his rabble hanging round to harry men's home and hearth? Is the capital yet unsafe? Ah, noble commander, you look distracted and sad. Is anything the matter with you?"

"A great deal the matter," replied the prince mournfully. "The capital is safe, the scourge is gone, but something worse has happened, something outrageous, something affecting the honor of the royal house. The princess-royal, my consort, has been inveigled into one of his general's camp by a treacherous domestic and he is hurrying her away. I too was shrewdly tricked, led into a trap and then treacherously imprisoned."

He told all his sorrows, all that had happened.

"Is it a fact or a fiction?" ejaculated the chief, staring at him in blank amazement.

"Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," said the prince.

"What, a traitor within the palace walls? A crushing trick played and no body got scent of it. Was there no one to keep a sharp eye on him? When he made a single suspicious movement was there none to apprise you of it?"

"The affair must have been handled with the greatest secrecy. If any poked his nose in, he was put under silence, so he kept a stiff upper lip and not a word about it was breathed to a soul," the prince offered a solution of the puzzle.

"The whole business was planned with devilish cunning and if anybody was alive to it I must take him to be another holder of the secret," joined the adjutant.

"I take that scamp to be one of some secret fraternity who may be set on to devil's work. But it is monstrous that he should have employed his devilry against his sovereign and master."

"What infernal cunning, what fiendish brain guided his hands straight to our throats. How horrible the working of his mind stopping at nothing to gain its ends?" groaned the prince.

There was an infinity of anguish in the words.

"I do not lay claim to any remarkable amount of insight but I suppose I do not stumble upon a mare's nest when I say that he had been since sometime working on the credulity of the household to have a clear stage for play," said the chief contemplating him with painful attention

"Sure," uttered the prince, setting his teeth wrathfully.

"A horrible machination?" the chief shrugged his shoulders.

"Black and beastly lies were propagated under the name of royal order, all about the court fooled, you made a pawn to be pushed about according to the exigencies of the game, never was there more devilry afloat."

"The grossest hypocrisy that ever duped and deceived mankind was brought into play and worked with all imaginable subtlety," echoed the adjutant.

"I have been in torment to know how could he keep communication with his employer. It was absolutely impossible to pass through our lines, the roads were guarded, even the river route was closely watched," wondered the prince.

"We shall see light in this dark riddle when we have caught and caged him," said the chief.

Oh, how cheering the words sounded. How they reassured their listeners, allayed their fears of receiving a cool reply to their appeal for aid.

"He comes with the fleet." The prince hazarded a surmise.

"If he be not a deadman to-night but sees daylight to-morrow it will be through the bars of our dark prison," vowed the chief.

A joyful look broke over the prince's face. It seemed to him that he had never known how solemn the words were, never realised their full meaning until now.

"I may not be too sanguine when I hope that you will aid us to rescue her," he roundly put.

"You may be sure of it," replied the chief with a patronising air.

"Mighty chief" complimented he, his joy gave new eloquence to his tone. "The imperial throne has reason to be proud of such faithful vassals as you are one, on whose fealty it reckons as much as on the sword of its own soldiery. If under your nose the imperial capital was brought to knees by a savage host, it was because the fate ordained it."

The words were imbued with a deeper feeling and were not mere complimentary phrases.

"Oh, prince, rather than bend my knee to a freebooter as I take the confounded Turk to be, I will leave my body in the field but pity we could not join when the imperial city needed it, for just then we were absorbed in desperate encounters with some of his flank corps. We had a hard time of it in the hills yonder. The

dare-devils kept us out for days and by the time we settled our hashes the capital had yielded. The affair here was this. They had taken a fort by surprise and their general had ensconced himself in it. We tore down from here dashed up the scarp'd rocks, sprang over crag and barrier and met the dastards hand to hand. Fighting went on from day to day. Thousands fell and thousands fled. We pitched the general over the walls and struck our flag beneath his own blood-coloured banner. My men seized the bowls of the vanquished and drank to my health, shouting out hurrah.

"We are delighted to hear that your men made a gallant defence," complimented the adjutant.

"My men are the bravest and the fiercest," replied he with an air of pride. "They are always to the fore when there is serious work in hand, always the first in the fray. For them even knight-hood would be but poor recompense, yet they are humble folks, strangers to ease and luxury, their equipments would astonish your gentry."

The prince regarded him with eager interest. His open look and kind face inspired him with confidence.

"Before such sturly men the ill-trained rabble must drop like wasps," humoured the adjutant.

"I have only to blow the horn to bring my fearless myrmidons, against one of whom the strength of twenty Turks would avail nothing," boasted the chief.

"Mighty chief," said the prince. "If I have anything more to do in this life it must be to find and free her. Though it is worse than death to me that she is yet held a prisoner, I feel I live for the resolve that, with aid wherever available, I will make as many attempts at her rescue as the spirit and flesh may permit. If the last resource fail I will go single-handed to where she is, no matter if I find my death in place of her."

The manner and gesture he used in pronouncing the words had so much of passion and firmness, there was so much of hope and fear mingled in his look that a sympathetic emotion seemed to communicate itself to the chief.

"Trust me to rescue her. I will save her honour. I will extricate her from the beasts' den," assured the chief with the firmness of a strong will.

"Your generosity deprives me of speech. I hardly know how to

express what I owe you." said the prince, his eyes were eloquent of an acknowledgment which could not be spoken.

"Mighty chief," the adjutant spoke with all the perspicuity and fervour of eloquence he could bring to bear upon the subject. "Was there ever such outrage upon a royal house, upon national feeling, upon the universal feelings of mankind? such stroke upon the dignity of our women and upon the sanctity of our institution. Can there be a more mortifying insult, a more humiliating disgrace and must we stand by and see the enormity perpetrated. No, no, we cannot suffer the situation. It shocks every sentiment of honour, every precept of religion and every loyal feeling. The principles, the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it. So I call upon the loyalty of my country men, upon their spirit of humanity, upon their honor, to vindicate the glory and the dignity of the royal It is most shocking to reflect that the hand of retaliation yet house. remains to be stirred."

"I take it an outrage which every adherent of the imperial throne, every unit of the nation ought to resent and be inspired by a common zeal to retaliate. For the maintenance of peace and order we have struggled to spare reprisals. But now the honor of the royal house is at stake. We can surrender every thing but our ideal. We are impelled by the nobler incitement of enlisting ourselves in the cause of one to whom the devotion of all our resources would be but a poor return for the protection we enjoy. In the cause of right and justice, in your cause, noble prince and for him our honoured sovereign we will lay down our lives." The chief put the finishing stroke to his decision.

"The warmth of your feeling fills me with so deep a sense of obligation that it is difficult to know how to express my thanks." said the prince, his heart gave a delighted bound.

"Never mind about thanking me. I will do whatever I can for my sovereign. He has claim upon my services. To serve you is to serve him and to serve him is to serve God."

"Then the sooner we adopt some manoeuvre the less time will be lost in her rescue. The fleet will pass here. Her rescue is but the question of a sudden attack," said the adjutant.

"When do they start," asked the chief.

"This evening, so the horsemen said," replied he.

"Are you sure they are coming this way."

"So I understood them to say."

"Where are they now?"

"Somewhere off Baramula."

"Fifteen miles from here," calculated the chief. "How many men?"

"Two thousand."

"In how many boats?"

"Forty-two they said."

"Any land force to cover their passage?"

"Not that we are aware of," the adjutant gave a dubious answer.

"Sure they come under the protecting wing of some strong corps on land," conjectured the chief.

"Likely not" said the prince "They are too much flushed with pride to scent danger on the way."

"But we must be prepared for contingencies," said the chief. "I will put a strong force of five hundred men on the brow of the hill to pour down upon the fleet a deadly hail of lead and another such force at strategic points on the river side to stay the hands of its flank files if any."

"Words are inadequate to express our indebtedness. It is greater than you can realise," the prince expressed his fervour of gratitude.

"Talk no more of obligation," repeated the chief "Let us brace up for the night's work. By midnight the doomed fleet will be sailing on our waters. From the most advantageous points my men will keep up a ceaseless shower of missiles and make a clean sweep of the human fiends. Your consort shall be rescued and the execrable villain, the author of all this trouble, shall be well paid for that coystril's trick."

He gave order to summon his men. Drawing a bugle horn from under his arm one of his henchmen raised it to his lips and gave forth a blast so loud and shrill that it raised the echoes for many a mile. Men trooped to the great hall till it was filled to overflowing. A numerous assemblage thronged outside.

Go and arm yourselves to the teeth" the chief roared out his command. "For the present I require one thousand."

In an hour one thousand men armed from head to foot gathered round him, filling the air with whoops. They were marshalled in the vast space in front of the edifice. They were next split up into

two equal columns. One column was ordered off to the plains under a veteran leader to whom he gave the necessary instructions.

"You understand" asked he.

"Certainly," said the leader.

"Very well, attend to your instructions."

Then with a loud ringing cheer the other column began to move. They were led in order to the brow of the hill to be suitably disposed.

Evening set in with every promise of a fine lovely night. Its purple flush covered all the western sky and bathed in warm tints the slopes of the hills.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B. L.

A JOURNEY IN CENTRAL ASIA AND TIBET.

The geographical regions where the principal objects of explorations during my journey in Central Asia in 1899-1902 had been, are indicated below. It will be seen that I endeavoured to avoid travelling over again routes where other explorers had been before me.

1. *The river Turim from the environs of Yarkand to its lower extremity.*—This river has been mapped out on about 100 sheets, on the scale of 1 : 35,000, large enough to display all the characteristics and changing features of the stream. The alluvial deposits, which have been laid down in the bed of the river since the current dwindled, as well as every accumulation of mud and every sandbank, have all been indicated. So also have every angle and curve of the bed which the stream has now abandoned; and wherever it has been possible to do so I have noted the time at which these desertions took place. I have ascertained that throughout the whole of its course the stream shows a tendency to shift its bed to the right—that is, to the south. It is especially on that side—namely, the right—that the main stream sheds off its numerous arms or secondary channels, and it is a very common occurrence for the river to follow, for longer or shorter distances, first one and then another of these auxiliary arms: and the tendency increases in frequency the nearer the river approaches its terminus, and is most extensively developed immediately before the terminus, where, instead of emptying into the ancient lake of Lop-nor, it now goes on past it and forms the lake of Kara Koshun further to the south.

Throughout the journey I was accompanied by native hunters and shepherds; but as soon as each man's local knowledge came to an end he was dismissed and another guide engaged in his place. Every name given to the stream was recorded, every channel mapped and the diverse characteristics of the country adjacent to the banks, the graves of saints, the towns, the shepherd's camps, the ~~ferns~~ ^{paths} that connect the highways on each side of the river, the lagoons and lateral lakes, the boundaries of sand-deserts, and so forth—all were noted and plotted out on the sheets of the map. In this way I gathered a mass of material for a minutely detailed

monograph upon the course of the Tarim, and the conditions which characterize this the greatest river in Central Asia. In fact, the map is so detailed that with its help it would be possible to construct a profile of the river-bed—at all events to form a clear conception of its structural formation. A number of astronomical positions were determined for the purpose of fixing and controlling the longitude and latitude. Every day, or at least every second day, the volume of the stream was measured instrumentally; it was found to vary very considerably during the course of the journey. This, however, is neither the place nor the time to dwell upon the cause of this changeability in the level of the river. Indeed, throughout the whole of its course the conditions of the Tarim are more complicated than would be presupposed, and not a year passes without the channel undergoing very considerable changes.

2. *The desert between the Lower Train and the Cherchendaria.*—This part of the desert Gobi, of which had never been visited before, was crossed from Karaul to Tatrau (north of Charchen), and proved to possess an entirely different conformation from the desert of Takla-Makan. The sand which is heaped up in dunes that go to over 300 ft. in altitude, is not continuous but is interrupted by tracts of perfectly level soil entirely destitute of sand. In the southern parts of the desert small patches of tamarisk and *kamish* (reeds) were met with occasionally, and in such localities water can be obtained by digging down to 6 ft. or 7 ft. in depth.

3. *The region between Cherchen and Anderek.*—This consists of a narrow strip of *togruk* (poplar) forest and steppe lying between two sand deserts on the way from Charchen to Keriya. The more southerly of these deserts is of no great extent. The region itself is watered by certain of the streams which flow out of the Kwen-lun mountains.

4. *The Lower Course of the Cherchendaria.*—The regions on both sides of this river were explored, and it was ascertained that the Cherchen-deria also shifts and changes its bed.

5. *The Lower Course of the Tarim between Yanghi-kul and Kara-Koshun.*—This part of the course of the Tarim is the most intricate and the most difficult to disentangle of any section of the entire system: accordingly I devoted several independent excursions to its exploration. For example, I was at work there in February

1900, in the end of April, and the beginning of May, 1900, and again in June of the same year, and each time I adopted a new route and travelled along different branches of the river, all of which were mapped. The contours here are flat, the stream is subject to the greatest changes, and the current is continually seeking out new channels. At my last visit the little settlements which have grown up on the banks of the river since the Chinese created the Lop region a separate administrative district were in danger of being deserted by the stream, and the inhabitants were considering the advisability of building dams to retain the water. How far they will be successful in this the future will determine, but the likelihood is against them.

The tendency of the Tarim to form lateral marginal lakes begins as high up as Yanghikoll, where I had my headquarters from December, 1899, to May, 1900 as well as an observation station, at which my self-registering instruments were uninterruptedly at work. Between Yanghi-koll and Arghan the right bank of the river is accompanied by a chain of long lakes bordered by sterile sands, with sand-dunes as much as 300 ft. or more in height. The lakes are elongated, and stretch from north north-east to south south-west, and are in every instance continued by a series of depressions penetrating into the heart of the thick masses of sand. These depressions, which the natives call *bayir*, consist of a clay soil without a particle of intermingled sand, and except for few sparse patches of *kamish* and tamarisks close beside the Cherchen-daria, are absolutely barren. The discussion as to the origin and construction of these depressions must be reserved for another occasion. The sand-dunes turn their steep sides towards the west, whereas on the east they mount up more gradually and by a steep-like formation to the summit, which is usually 300ft. to 350ft. above the general level. This arrangement can only be due to one cause — winds from the east.

The greater part of the lakes which thus accompany the right bank of the Tarim were mapped and sounded during the summer of 1900. It is impossible here to enter into fuller details with regard to the labyrinth of lakes, marshes, and collateral river-arms which constitute the changeable delta of the Tarim. In fact, it would be labour in vain to attempt to do so without a general map, and a general map can only be constructed, when the cartographi-

cal material which I have brought home has been digested, a task that will require at least three years for its completion. The lakes which I mapped on the occasion of my first journey—Avulln-koll, Kara-koll, etc.,—still remain of the same dimensions and keep the same positions; but a number of fresh lakes have been formed in the same region. In fact, the lower Tarim seems disposed to change its course entirely.

6. *The position of Lop-nor.*—This interesting problem is now solved. The ancient historical Lop-nor is situated precisely where Baron von Richthofen considered that it had been discovered; but its basin is, of course, now dried up. On its northern shore I found ruins of towns, settlements, and temples, as well as a number of manuscripts, letters of local origin, and tablets of tamarisk mould written on with Chinese script, and dating from 254 to 456 A. D. Further, I discovered on the same northern shore of the ancient lake unmistakable indications of a great caravan route. With the view of ascertaining definitively and thoroughly the contours of the region, I made in the spring of 1901 precise levellings throughout the whole of the lake-basin and the result showed conclusively that the former Lop-nor and the present Kara Koshulie practically at the same level, and are only separated from one another by an insignificant swelling of the ground. Kara Koshun, however shows a decided tendency to return to its former situation—a large lake which took me four days to travel round having been formed to the north of it. This new lake fed by several new streams issuing out of Kara-Koshun, and carrying a volume of not less than 1,060 cubic feet in the second.

7. *The mountain chain of Astrya-tagh from the Meridians of Char kirk to Anambarula.*—This mountain chain was crossed and explored in several different places during the course of the year 1901, and the result of my investigations shows that the chain is a double one, not, as shown on our maps, single.

8. *The desert of Gobi, west of Sa-chou.*—This was journeyed across from the south to the north in January, 1901. It consists of the following belts or sections:—Accumulated drift-sand, clay terraces carved by the wind and *kamish* steppe. Then follow the low hill ranges which form the east ward continuation of Kurrul-tagh; there, again, we discovered traces of ancient caravan roads.

9. *Eastern, Central, and Western Tibet.*—This mountainous

region of Central Asia was the particular object of my interest during this my last journey in that I had made up my mind to explore as much of it as I possibly could. To this end I made several separate excursions into Tibet. Profiting from the experience learned in my former journey through the same region, I deemed it expedient to travel with a smaller caravan of perfectly fresh animals, and as small a quantity of baggage as might be, and so planned my expeditions that I was always able to go back to my base or principal camp, where the various members of my caravan, human and animal, were, from time to time, able to rest and recruit themselves. In this way I was always able to start with a fresh caravan, thoroughly rested and vigorous. My first expedition was made in the month of July, August, September, and October, 1900. Starting from Mandarlik, beside Gasnor, I travelled due south as far as $33^{\circ}45'$ N. lat, thence west, north west, north, and north east, until I came back to my starting point. A large part of the caravan, including one man, perished under the incredible hardships which are incidental to journey in these lofty regions, destitute as they are of every species of vegetation. On both the out-journey and the return I had an opportunity to cross over the various mountain chains encountered, and clear up the orographical structure of the Kwenlun and the complicated mountain system of Northern Tibet. The positions of a large number of salt as well as fresh water lakes were determined, and their waters navigated by both. At the same time I took a number of interesting soundings, the greatest depth measured being $157\frac{1}{2}$ fms. The topographical results of this excursion were embodied in a map of 150 sheets.

My second expedition started from the same base. Its object was to complete the mapping of Northern Tibet, especially of the mountains to the north of Kam-koll. This also was sounded. These Tibetan lakes are dangerous to navigate in a small open sailing-boat; to do so is always attended with a considerable amount of peril.

But my principal and longest journey through Tibet began at Charklik on May 17th, 1901. The route I selected went first up the valley of the Charklik-su, then on to Kam-koll, and over the Arka-tagh. After that I struck a line between the route followed by Littledale and that followed by Prince Henri of Orleans and

Bonvalot, and penetrated southwards as far as $33^{\circ}45'$ S. lat. There the caravan encamped, whilst, accompanied by two attendants, and in disguise, made a perilous journey as the vicinity of Tengrinor. There we were closely examined and compelled to return to the caravan, though the Dalai-Lama's enissaries treated us with the greatest respect and politeness. A second attempt to penetrate south from the same camping place was frustrated at Selisytso by a force of 500 horsemen.

After that I directed my course westwards to Leh, avoiding both Nain Singh's and Littledale's routes. This journey cost me the lives of two men and of almost all my animals. The baggage-animals were yaks, which were everywhere placed at my service by command of the Dalai-Lama. The results of this last journey in Tibet are recorded on a map of 370 sheets. In April I broke up from Leh, and crossing the Karakorum Pass, went down to Yarkand; thence travelling *via* Kashgar and the Caspian Sea, I returned to Stockholm, where I arrived on June 27th, 1902.

My first journey of 1893-97 has been regarded as marking an advance in the knowledge of the geography of Central Asia. The last journey of 1899-1902, has yielded results three times as rich as those of the former journey, and in the course of it I have been enabled to lift the veil which for a thousand years had hidden vast stretches of the mountainous and desert regions of the heart of Asia. My cartographical material extends to no less than 1,149 sheets, and if these were arranged end to end in a long row they would stretch over a distance of 1,000 feet. This material I hope it will be possible to publish, either with the help of public funds or by private support. It will then constitute a mine of detailed information about certain of the central regions of the great continent which have never before been trodden by any European, and very often by no Asiatic either. This cartographical material is controlled by 114 astronomical determinations of place. For making these I used an altazimuth theodolite and three chronometers.

A complete meteorological journal was kept without interruption throughout, in part during my expeditions, in part also simultaneously, in my principal fixed camps, where a barograph and a thermograph were in constant operation. The abundant materials thus gathered in are now being worked up by Dr. Nils

Ekholm, and will in due time be published, along with the meteorological results of my first journey. I took also over two thousand photographs, using for this purpose an English camera and English-made plates, and the results leave nothing to be desired. Anatomical collections of the higher animals were made, including aquatic animals in spirits and a herbarium was brought together. All these materials will be studied by experts. The geological profiles of Tibet will be illustrated by some seven hundred rock specimens collected in that region. I have also brought home a number of archaeological treasures from the ruins we discovered in the desert, amongst them several objects of extraordinary interest; and I made, further, a great quantity of sketches, diagrams, and drawings, to illustrate various features appertaining to the provinces of physical geography. In a sort *resume* such as this it would not be possible even to indicate the great variety of different observations which are embraced under this heading. It must suffice to mention the measurements made in the basin of the Tarim, upon which a vast amount of time was expended, but which supply the essentials for deducing the hydrographic character of that river-system.

S. HEDAN.

THE HINDU IDEAS OF GOD-HEAD.

A few remarks on the Hindu ideas of God-head, may not be out of place. I am not going to enter here, into a lengthy discourse, on the existence, or otherwise of God. Believers in God, such as *Vashista* and *Vyasa*, and non-believers of the class of *Charvak*, are all the same to me. Their quarrel is as old as the hills but the truth is nobody can prove or disprove His existence. He is beyond the domain of argument, and logic. In old times an issue of the quarrel was made. Champions both for, and against Him, leaped head-long from a hill. By accident the believer was saved, and the non-believer died. At that time it was proved conclusively, that there was a God. We may call Him by the names, The Great First Cause, the Great Power, The Unknowable, The Unconditioned, and so on, yet these will apply to none but Him. "A rose will smell as sweet if called by any other name." Later writers of the Auguste Comte school, have said that it is not desirable to trouble our heads about God, for his existence, or the contrary, cannot be proved, or disproved, till the end of time. A Persian poet has said, "Is it not audacity to try to know all about God, for a being who cannot see his own back?" Now I ask you, is it not at least convenient to believe in God? But a God of convenience, is different from God of faith. He has been spoken of, as above argument, beyond the reach of our senses, and mind, for the idea of a personal God, of God interfering with all our actions, is against the conviction of the Hindu Sastras. If we do not believe in Him, shall we be under the horrors of annihilation, shall we think that there is no next world, no reward for virtue, and no punishment for crime?

I was present before several death-beds, and have gathered one grand truth. When the supreme moment arrived, how striking the contrast between the believer, and the non-believer! In men of the same age of the same education, dying from the same disease, how marked was the contrast! The believer, a rigid Hindu died cheerfully, fixing his soul on God, while the other died under suffering, which drew tears from our eyes.

God has been spoken of as all-prevading. He is present everywhere. He is present in mind and matter, and nobody knows for certain, where mind ends, and matter begins. We destroy thousands of lives, almost every minute of our existence, and the question of responsibility in this quarter, becomes as ticklish, as the nature of it indicates.

The Pandava Bheem, asked Srikrishna, "My Lord, as you are present in the highest animals, and in the lowest insects, are we to be held responsible, for crushing and otherwise destroying, the lives of innumerable worms, and lowest creatures?" Srikrishna said, "You are not responsible for the inevitable destruction of lowest organisms, which a man's existence entails, but you will be responsible for destroying lives, wantonly, or for the purpose self-gratification. Bheem said, "I do not like you should be present during my defecation." Srikrishna replied, "Snap your fingers thrice, and I shall be away from the area through which it may be heard."

A few words on the knowledge, and the powers of God. Light travels, you know how many millions of miles per hour, and the earth was created no one knows how many thousands of years back, yet the light of some stars, has not reached the earth even now. Imagine for a moment their distance. As regards their magnitude, they are far larger than the Sun, and give forth heat to a much greater extent. As for their number, the word innumerable would not convey my meaning. A small patch of the Constellation of Cygnus has given 16 thousand. Think, calmly for a moment, on the power of their Maker, who knows every thing about all of them, their character, position, motion, and other properties. It can not be said positively that these heavenly bodies are not peopled: I have as much to say for it, as any one against it.

Now there are certain conflicting qualities in God, which the limited powers of man cannot reconcile. Yet these are essential attributes, and if we deny the existence of one of them in Him, we may ignore His existence altogether. He has been spoken of as larger than the largest, and smaller than the smallest. He combines in Him, the properties of Justice and Mercy. He has predestined to do certain actions, and yet has given us our own free will. I feel it beyond my power to reconcile these conflicting properties. The mystery of God's work, are known to Him alone, and in His presence only will be unravelled all His unfathomable mysteries.

First, with regard to Mercy and Justice. A just judge cannot be merciful, and *vice-versa*. It was to this circumstance, that we owe the advent of Jesus Christ. To the Christians, God is all just, but Jesus Christ is all merciful, (*i. e.*) partial to the oversight of the sinners; but where goes the other of the trio, the Holy ghost? We shall see afterwards. If you can imagine a judge, passing the sentence of death on the criminal, with mild words, and tears in his eyes, will you call it a sad mockery, or take him as the type of a just, and merciful judge?

In the same way, predestination and free-will are conflicting questions. Much has been said on both sides of the question. With regard to the first, if you admit that God is all knowing, omniscient it is easy to see that, knowing as he does, the past, present, and the future, he already knows what each individual will do and this being so, and His will being law, we cannot but blindly obey His decree, either for good, or bad. We are therefore irresponsible agents, predestined to perform certain actions, and we are bound to follow a certain course, chalked out by Him and our individuality and responsibility cease. But if we are not responsible for our actions, why do we suffer from them? If I am tempted to steal mangoes from my neighbour's orchard, or if I murder a man in cold blood, it will be a weak defence indeed in a court of law, if I were to say that it is the will of God, that I should do so, and that I am not responsible for my actions; surely the judge will not allow the criminal to go scot-free, and I must suffer the penalty of the law, for my poor God will not consent to swing in the gallows for me. It is easy to see therefore, that the ground is untenable.

The champions of free-will, on the other hand hold, that we are sentient, and responsible beings, endowed with a free will, and are capable of working for ourselves, that predestination is an impossibility, that the effects of actions felt by us, are good or bad, according as our actions are so. A reconciliation is only possible, if we take a middle course. Metaphysicians range on both sides with furious arguments, and unanswerable syllogisms, just as prize-fighters and acrobats balance themselves on the top of a pole. The theory of Predestination has been a puzzle to the Physiologico-Psychologists, while, Free-will, Liberty, and Necessity, have been argued upon with the greatest vehemence. Free-will implies the essential ingredients of choice, and moral agency. If I wish to do

an act, I must do it under stated conditions, but it is at the same time impossible to prove that our act is not controlled by Divine Agency. Leibnitz's "Law of Pre-established Harmony" is a delusion to modern thought. In such an abstruse point, it is vain to speculate with the credit of carrying convictions. No sane man will deny that, we are *free to act in a limited sphere*, but this would not convey my full meaning. Let us go a little deeper, and appeal to our *Shastras*.

They say that, as long as a man feels that he works for himself, and of his own free will, so long will he suffer the consequences of his action. But the virtuous man, who has fixed his soul on God, and is incapable of doing a bad action can exclaim with fervour, "Whatever thou ordainest me to do, I do."

One who is really pure-minded, one who has conquered his passions, is no longer a free agent, but is guided by the light of the soul. The soul, being a portion of the Infinite spirit, will not lead one astray, if one follows its dictates. The actions of such a man, will be filled with the Heavenly essence. But in order to enable us to unravel the deep mysteries of the creation, and clear the most frequent doubts, and apparent inconsistencies, we must read and digest what has been said, in our religious books. It is not my intention, to plunge into the mazes of Vedantic philosophy, but I shall touch upon certain of its main points in order to elucidate certain grand truths.

The Infinite spirit, or God of Gods is. He is all pervading, omniscient, beyond the reach of the senses, and mind, (prayer), beyond the contact of virtue or vice. As the father of all knowledge, he controls the whole universe, without interfering with our actions, allowing us to enjoy the outcome of our own will.

Some of my friends will say, that such an Infinite spirit is of no use to us, as he is beyond our comprehension. He is not, however, comprehensible to those who have the fair play of their soul and who by their habits of purification and concentration, have understood the true aim of life. The creation has been spoken of, as the will of Prakriti Maya, or Avidya. This Prakriti is coexistent with the Infinite spirit, and is the main factor in creation. The soul as it is lodged in the human body, is so encompassed by Maya, that ordinarily, its functions are interfered with, and not a glimpse can be had of the infinite spirit. The creation of this Maya, aided

by the Infinite spirit, becomes endowed with the properties of the development, generation, and death, and is lodged in the hands of their potent gods, Visnu, Bramha, and Maheshwar. These gods are endowed with certain properties.

They are possessed of attributes, and can be worshipped, and approached. These gods can give us what we want, short of Mukti, the highest state of emancipation. They can place us in higher spheres, Deva Loka, or Bramha Loka, but Bhakti and Mukti, lie with the Infinite spirit alone; these the former cannot give. Now these gods have admitted, that they will cease to live, though after a long long time, and that all the power they have acquired, have been vouchsafed unto them by the Infinite spirit. They say that the only difference between them, and us, lies in their greater habits of concentration, and the greater development of their will force.

They are always described in a state of Samadhi, with their souls fixed on the Infinite spirit. They have said of the Infinite spirit, that "Thou art inconceivable." It has been said, in our Shastras, that virtue and vice are mere social terms. Shakspeare says :—

"There is nothing good, or bad,

But thinking makes it so."

Certain immutable laws have been framed by our old Rishis, for the guidance, and welfare of men, forming themselves into a society. Any infringement of these laws will bring the worst effects on society, and debase human life. The effects of a virtuous action, is the formation of a healthy state of mind, that might lead on to higher stages of development. Vice would only lower our status in society, and will make us sink lower in the scale. The grand aim of our life will be to approach nearer to God, at each step, but vice will lead us further away from Him. Our actions in this life will determine our future state. Virtuous actions in this life will enable us to reach higher stages of development, the Deva Loka, or Brahma Loka, a nearer approach to the Infinite spirit, but vicious actions, will after death, degrade us lower in the scale of creation. So the law of Karma, ought to be the guide of our life :—

Apart from the action of vice on society, or in its relationship with god, it has a direct effect on the human body. It cause curtail-

ment of life. Take for instance anger. Leaving aside cases of "noble anger" or "virtuous wrath," it has the direct effect of heating the human body, spoiling the appetite, and promoting the sudden attacks of various diseases, as apoplexy, hysteria, epilepsy, &c. Look at promiscuous intercourse. It has the potent effect, of causing speedy death. The more the difficulty in attaining the object, the greater the excitement, the greater the exhaustion, consequent on the ejection of a large quantity of semen. It is needless to multiply instances, but there is no doubt that undue indulgence of the passions, has the worst effects on human life.

OMEGA. .

HOW TO ACT.

The great problem of life is *How to act*. We should act in such a way as not to incur the displeasure or odium of our neighbours, as not to hinder the progress of society or humanity at large, because our actions have far-reaching effects which we never dream of. Tennyson has truly said—

“Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And live for ever and ever.”

We say we act. But we should remember our actions are the resultant of thousand spiritual, psychical and physical forces at work. We say we have a free will. But at the same time we are bound to admit our actions are predetermined. The Bhagabat Geeta has insisted in season and out of season upon this point, namely, it is the Lord that works, it is the breath of God—to borrow the poetic language—which quickens our body that acts. Our body is only the vehicle or medium of action. It is the physical plane which manifests and demonstrates to our mortal sight the resultant of thousand spiritual and psychical forces that are at work. We are very erroneously apt to attribute everything to ourselves and to our senses. The senses are our servants and not our masters. We suffer the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to” only because we consider our senses as our masters and not servants. If we make senses supreme, if we lay ourselves prostrate at the feet of our senses, we waive our very birthright, we renounce our divine nature, we relinquish our right of future progress—progressive souls are alive and retrogressive souls are dead—the latter kind of men are either ‘living deaths’ or ‘moving graves,’ as poets have aptly described them. What should it profit if we gain the whole world but lose our soul—says the new Testament. The bargain is indeed a very shocking transaction. The soul is given to us as a precious gift by God to realise it and to make the best use of it. If we barter away “the immediate jewel of our soul” for the sake of filthy lucre or transient enjoyment of this earth, is it not shocking, is it not ungrateful and mean to a degree? Senses or

Indriya are the idols to whom we offer our homage and allegiance, (ignoring the supreme fact that we are from above). We have the higher self and the lower self; we often find the lower over-rides the higher and hence brings about many calamities. Now to our subject. If we wish to act in such a way as to do ourselves the highest good and good to others, we must live according to the Divine order. Now what is the that Divine order? It is the subordinating of the lower self to the higher self. We are *Paramatma Jivatma, Manas, Buddhi, Ahankar, Sthuladeha and Indriya*. Now these seven elements must follow each other in the order in which they are put. No. 1 must precede No. 2 and not *vice versa*. If the above rule be violated, then *ipso facto* evil will ensue. And so with the rest. Thus we see No. 7. *Indriya* comes last. Because the senses lead us astray and land us on thousand and one difficulties and troubles which it is difficult to get through, the senses must be subjugated by the preceding six. The more perfect the subjugation the better the chance of reaching the goal of Blessedness—which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor entered into the heart of man." Now, my gentle readers, this is the Divine Order. Those who will help to form the Divine order will be considered to be beloved of God. Those who will hinder the formation of the Divine order in this earth will do it at their own risk and peril. The sanctions of the Divine commands are very rigorous and exacting. No one can escape the horrors of divine punishment. If we are all wise or prudent (which every one of us thinks himself to be—a curious fact) we must not try to throw dust into the eyes of God, but, on the contrary, consider that the eyes of God are always upon us. In this way, we shall come to realise the fact that the Divine Order is not a mere abstraction, a metaphysical entity, a scholastic quiddity but a stern reality which is being consummated on the face of the earth. By our actions which are the fruits of our vital psychical forces we are changing the landmarks of the earth and stamping our individuality for good or for evil on the face of the earth. It is the duty of every rational man to see that he is effecting the change for good and not for worse. Because

"Change and decay all round we see

O thou changest not—abide with me."

Live according to the Divine order is a maxim in which is embodied the substance of thousands of ethical treatises that have ever

been written. The whole system of ethics is in a nutshell, as it were. And if acted upon, it will dawn a new era in this wretched abode of existence and give rise to a glimmering of light in our minds which in due course will develop into perfect light and dispell all darkness which covers the mirror of our minds. "We now look through a mirror darkly but then face to face" says St. Paul. It is best calculated to remove our indistinct vision in this life, even if we do not get the perfect vision, but through faith, hope and charity we may rise to the spiritual sublimity contemplated by that great Christian Apostle.

K. L. BONNERJEE. B.L.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

Most passengers by steamboat from Scotland to Hull or London, remember, to their sorrow, how they made acquaintance with Flamborough Head. Here the stoutest stomachs had to yield to sea-sickness, and if people were ill before, off Flamborough they were sure to be worse. Its looming chalk cliffs, girdled by whiter lines of surf, seem to delight in acting up to the spirit of the Kirkpatricks' famous motto, "I'll mak siccar," to the discomfiture of such unfortunates as gaze upon them from the sea. As if by way of compensation, however, Flamborough Head offers so much that is interesting to the artist or the naturalist, who wisely approaches it by land, that an account of its most remarkable features, derived from personal exploration, may remind us, in days when people flock to continental scenery, how many charms our own land possesses for students of nature.

Flamborough is the *Ocellum* of the Romans, which appears to be merely the "ykill" or "promontory" of the aboriginal tongue. As its modern name imports, a *flame* beacon has, from early days, served to warn mariners from the inhospitable shores of the headland. The remains of an older building are at present useful for displaying Admiral Fitzroy's storm-signals, while, on a higher eminence, stands the celebrated lighthouse. On a stormy day it rises conspicuously against the back-ground of angry sky like a pillar of white light, while its cheerful glare at night penetrates far and wide through fog and darkness. The illuminating power is made up of three sets of reflectors, each containing seven plates arranged in an X form; two of these systems are white, and the third red, the whole apparatus revolving in six minutes. At no great distance a force of ordnance, fired every quarter of an hour during fog, Stanby's rocket lines are close at hand to complete the humane measures for saving life on this cruel shore.

we have not yet described the promontory itself. It is the northernmost English headland of the chalk formation, that great white zone which runs diagonally through the country to Beer Head in Devon, its extreme western range. Like the whole coast of Lincolnshire, south-east Yorkshire is formed of tertiary deposits.

over which the drift has passed, and left everywhere its traces, from minute pebbles to enormous trap boulders. North of Burlington the chalk may be observed rising, capped in some places by a few feet only of boulder clay. Pursuing our ramble round the headland of Flamborough, we find everywhere chalk bluffs, till they die away under the blue clays of Specton and the oolitic rag of Filey Brigg. Inland the appearance of the promontory is a succession of swelling eminences and depressions, much resembling the waves which close it in, and themselves a relic of a vast *primaeval* sea-bed. The bold white cliffs which face the sea vary from fifty to 200 feet high, rising on the north-west to their loftiest point, 436 feet above high water. Grand as they are, their greatest charm consists of the many picturesque *wicks*, or little bays, into which they are broken; the many caves where, with loud booming, the waves dash in and out; and the shapeless peaks, standing out from the mainland, ever vainly assaulted by the sea. The formation of these pinnacles may be seen daily going on. The coast of Yorkshire is being swept away by the sea at an alarming rate, whole villages (such as Ravenspurn, the landing-place of Henry IV.), having been entirely destroyed. Naturally, chalk stands firmer than clay, hence the projecting headland of Flamborough. As the sea, however, bores caverns even in the hardest parts of the range, their roofs gradually fall in, and then the sides remain, as in "The King and Queen Rocks."

The headland itself is very disappointing, though two masses of rock called "the Matrons" guard it, as it is considerably lower than the cliffs which trend away from it on either side. The same thing occurs at the Land's End, where the extreme point is far from being the most picturesque. Thus, like the gravel bed of Spurn, Flamborough Head may be regarded as a huge natural barrier against the encroachments of the sea on Yorkshire. The north landing-place is extremely steep, and at its head, drawn on high by horses, rest the many fishing cobbles of the *peya*, painted in brilliant stripes of red and blue, apparently to imitate the wonderful waistcoats worn by their bucolic brethren in inland districts. To the south the cliffs fall so as to form a good natural landing towards the sheltered waters of Bridlington Bay. Here, too, are the largest herringboats the fishery demands. It is amusing to speculate on their names. The "Rosy Morn" and

"Sea Flower" evidently belong to young and poetic owners; the "Mary," "John and Ann," and so on, represent the ordinary nomenclature of all fishing-villages, the beaten track into which in this, as in everything else, men fall when they become family men. But what shall we say of such names as the "Oxus" and "Euphrates"? Do they point to a more advanced stage in a fisherman's life, when geographical contemplation has become the end of his existence; or are they simply dictated as "book names" by the parson? Ida's sons, with forty ships, are said to have landed at Flamborough; and it is here we may best fancy the rough yellow-haired sea-dogs surrounding their high-peaked galleys, the leaders' shields hung round the bulwarks, and over all the raven flag of Odin fluttering in the breeze, but too often the signal for fire, and rapine, and disolation.

As for the natives of Flamborough, all of them either fishermen or fish contractors, they are mainly civil fellows, nature's gentlemen, who will enchant a visitor, provided he be not a snob. You see and hear amongst them none of Falstaff's "cat-a-mountain looks, red-lattice phrases, and bold-beating oaths," except (as one of them confessed) on very exceptional Saturday nights. It is a comfort to find that the simple-hearted independent character generally ascribed to fishermen has not everywhere lapsed into the cringing rapacity too common at fashionable watering-places. "I am not for extorting any one," said a Flamborough fisherman to us; and his words may be applied to all who came under our notice.

The stranger, as he draws near Flamborough village, falls in with numerous donkeys feeding by the wayside, bearing witness by their playfulness to the kindly treatment they receive while dragging up the steep beach panniers of fish. Further on are six low platforms mounted by curious posts and chains, not guillotines, as one might think, but weighing-places for fish. Indeed everywhere are perceived evidences of this staple traffic: all sights, sounds, and smells say; fish of all kinds is set before you at your meals; the flap round, waiting, the men will tell you, "for the refusal of fish;" the very vane on the top of the old church is fashioned to a fish; nets, sails, and wonderful sea-going garments of roomy dimensions lie at every doorway, tanned brown with 'terra japonica,' and all glistening with fish-scales. The population, being amphibious, appear to enjoy rain as much as sunshine. Then the transi-

tion from woollen jerseys to macintoshes and sou'westers is universal and gives the stranger the impression a recent addition of two bells to the single one in the church belfry produced in a fisherman, who told us, "it makes the place like another toon."

Flamborough is not deficient in antiquities. The remnants of a castle, said to have belonged to the Constables, may be seen in a field near the village, resembling a huge fragment of chalk cliff, just as it have been flung here by a Keltic Polyphemus. A natural cavern near the north landing is popularly called "Robin Lyth's Hole," whoever that worthy may have been. "Perhaps near this cape was the Prætorium of Antoninus," says Mr. Phillips (to whose "Yorkshire" we are indebted for some of our geological sketches of Flamborough). But the great glory of the headland is the Danes' Dyke, a primitive earthwork running across the promontory, here about three miles and a half long. It is still in excellent preservation, and, following the course of a rough natural valley, looks like an unfinished rail-road cutting. It is only named Danes' Dyke in deference to an East Anglian propensity of ascribing all antiquities to the Danes (just as a fisherman naively told us, on being asked to discriminate between "Scotch mackerel," "pollock," and "rock cod lings"—"they are pretty much the same: they all turn to *codfish* when they grow up!") Most probably it is a Keltic intrenchment, and was successively used by Brigantes, Romans, and Vikings. A walk on it through its whole length, between plantations on one side and corn-fields on the the other, cannot fail to evoke many contrasts in the traveller's mind between its warlike aspect in old days and its peaceful appearance at present.

Its precincts are the chosen home of many of our rarest British birds. Indeed Flamborough Head is noted for the multiplicity and variety of its birds. During spring the narrow ledges of the cliffs are crowded with myriads of sea-fowls—puffins, guillemots, gulls, &c., some of them breeding here, others resting while they digest their fishy prey. As you look down from the precipitous cliff that blossoms on the extreme verge of the precipice, the brain reels giddily at the motley crowd and the waves that break far below them. We might apply to the scene the well-known lines instantly rise to the memory on Dover cliffs,—

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles;

but, unluckily, they recall a grievance to the ornithologist. Neither here, nor at Dover, nor yet in Cornwall, can the chough be seen any longer. Ere long, it is to be feared, it will have to be erased from the list of British birds. To return, however, to Flamborough cliffs; skilful climbers descend them by means of ropes, and bring away eggs and young birds in great numbers. The curiously-marked eggs of the guillemot are amongst the common sights of Burlington market during the season. It is much to be regretted that tourists—most of them shopkeepers from the manufacturing towns—should be allowed, during the breeding season, to shoot the sea-birds off the Head. They are rowed underneath the cliffs, and massacre every bird that comes within range, often never stopping to pick the poor things up, and wounding many that only escape to die a lingering death of starvation. Multitudes of kittiwakes, too, are slain to supply feathers for ladies' hats. If the fair sex could only see the spotless plumage and trustful habits of the kittiwake in its native haunts, we are sure no lady would wear its feathers, just as no gentleman would emulate the tourists in shooting birds for practice. Serious accidents sometimes occur through the carelessness of these "sportsmen;" they shoot each other's legs or fire holes through the bottom of the boat: the very fishermen despise them for their cruelty and "vulgar talk." Among the rarer birds which may be observed, or have been procured at Flamborough (many of which are to be seen there stuffed), are the spotted eagle, hoopoe, Polish swan, gannet, woodcock owl, goat-sucker, peregrine falcon, &c., &c. At every season of the year Flamborough is a Paradise for the ornithologist. We have left little space for a notice of the fish of the headland. When we were there in October, 1855, a drawing of a fish was shown us, which had recently been captured. It was that rarity, the trigger-fish (*Pseudosciaenops volitans*); the owner had parted with it for thirty shillings, and it now rests, we were informed, in Norwich Museum. Its dimensions were three feet six by two feet six. Another curiosity exhibited in the shape of a pair of brass spectacles, with the lenses in them, which had lately been taken from the stomach of a codfish. They were perfectly uninjured: thus contrasting strongly with that somewhat mythical story of the sailor who swallowed a many-bladed pocket-knife for a joke, and would soon have got rid of it by the action of the gastric juice, if unluckily the buckhorn

handle had not been the first part to decompose, thus leaving his internal organs at the mercy of the sharp blades, which eventually killed him. Yet a third wonder came before our notice, at the Post-office: a letter, directed to "Flambro" Head, Flambro, York-shire." The sender must be wearing a straw wig at Colney Hatch!

'If the visitor has an artist's eye—a poetic appreciation of nature's finest aspects—he may be promised endless gratification at Flamborough. Every hour the scene changes with the ebbing and flowing tide, or the declining sun, producing grand marine and aerial effects. What softer blending of colours, for instance, can be seen than those viewed from the beach of the north landing at early morn? In the foreground is the intense red and blue of the boats; beyond stretches a faint blue sea, under a white-streaked sky, all translucent and clear, as the pale mists that yet flock the distance gradually disappear. On either hand rises a walk of chalk, crowned with grass, and split into a thousand nooks and crannies and caves, where shadows glimmer and lights glance, to the ever-varying delight of the beholder. At the foot, white-crested rollers lazily form and dash themselves into foam, while in front the sea is perfectly calm. Two or three herring-gulls are plying their heavy flights on the left, while a dozen kittiwakes, in their spotless white plumage edged with black, gracefully career and sharply cry amongst them. There is a freshness in the breeze, too, which braces mind and body, and photographs the view on memory, to be evoked and admired during many future days of work.

Or ascend the cliffs some six miles towards the north, and watch how an autumnal evening gradually draws its veil over the far-reaching prospect. The two promontories that close the view fade into deeper gloom. Then the Castle of Scarborough becomes fainter as we gaze; a last pale gleam of sunset irradiates the cent of houses that face the sea at Filey, and flashes upon the waters that chase round its celebrated "Brigg." The rock-pigeons that but just now darted by to their nests in the crevices of the chalk cliffs, or gave themselves up to the wind, sweeping the precipices, like bits of torn paper fluttering at their own will, have disappeared. Night falls in slow and solemn beauty on the many leagues of sea, the many miles of shore

These aspects of Flamborough Head, however, are as nothing

to the sea which is set running here by a northerly gale. It was our good fortune to witness one such last autumn. The previous day had been bright, but an angry sea roared at low water over the long sandbank that projects before the headland, the storm-signal was hoisted, and the fishermen shook their heads as they looked at sunset. During the night, wind and rain contended like demons round the cliffs, and next morning the scene was awfully grand. Long, dark rollers, with the wide interval between them streaked by lengthening lines of foam, came rapidly towards the cliffs, borne on by a wind that nothing could stand against. Sometimes these would break into sheets of surf, until each *wick* was whitened through its whole expanse. At other times they drove headlong into the caverns, and struck, and boomed, and flew out in huge volumes of water, that every now and then shot up high into the air like a column in their baffled fury. Perhaps the finest scene of all was to see the waves running in, mountain high, and leaping up the chalk bluffs, till on reaching the summit the wind tore away their heads in sheets of spray, and scattered it over the fields. In one or two places the foam lay like snow on the grassy summits of the cliffs. All seafaring craft ran early in the day to Burlington Bay for security, so it was possible to watch the sea without apprehensions of wreck and loss of life. One who has looked upon it in its stormy moods from Flamborough, will ever after have a lively conception of what an "awful gale" means as he reads the Times over breakfast; and as he lies in his comfortable bed and thinks, while the wind howls outside, of the ship-boy "on the high and giddy mast," he may well murmur a blessing on those who provide lifeboats and lighthouses for the vicissitudes of "an hour so rude" at sea.

M. G. WATKINS.

HOW WE BROKE GROUND ON THE WESTBOROUGH ESTATE.

The worthy man to whom the writer of these pages owes a wife's allegiance, is engaged throughout the day in one of the darkest and closest of our City counting-houses: and his nights were passed in a monotonous suburban street until circumstances permitted him to indulge himself, and me, in the long-sighed-for luxury of a home in the country; where *he*, during his scanty leisure, could enjoy purer air, and *I* should be free to renew some of the habits and pleasures of my girlhood.

We proposed to effect this change in a very simple and economical manner—our purse as well as our tastes still forbidding anything lavish or ostentatious—and resolutely to eschew the Douro Villas and Wellington Lodges which constitute the “genteel” neighbourhoods of all those localities around the metropolis which the Londoners favour. We had no desire to rent a dwelling where comfort is sacrificed to the effect produced by queer little turrets and pinnacles; or where plate-glass and a tiny conservatory are expected to obviate all the inconveniences of ill-seasoned doors, badly hung windows, and half-finished fittings. We resolved to enter into no arrangements which could interfere with our withdrawal from the new plan, if it did not work well: and to content ourselves with a simple *cottage* at a reasonable distance—say ten or twelve miles—from Temple Bar; and with no more ground attached to it than we could ourselves keep in order, with some occasional assistance from a jobbing gardener.

Any one who has prosecuted a similar search will be a witness that it is an arduous one. The *bond fide*, unpretentious *cottage* of six or seven rooms, which we were bent on obtaining, is seldom to be found; or, when discovered, is still more empty. We inserted and answered advertisements to no purpose; patiently endured the ill-concealed sneers and pomposity of house agents who “rarely had any thing so low-rented upon their books, and travelled many miles in vain. But at last we found what we wanted in the vicinity of the town of K—, and eagerly secured it.

The Nest, as its owner had named it, had not been erected above twelve months, consequently it was clean and fresh; and, having been originally intended for his own family, was carefully finished off, and well supplied with many little conveniences rarely met with in a new house. The water was disagreeably hard, and rather brackish, and the soil a stiff clay; but with the help of a filter we made shift to use the former, and the luxuriance of our roses soon reconciled us to the latter.

I must not linger over that happy days we spent at the Nest, for alas! those days were few. We had barely entered on the second summer of our tenancy, and, in the full zest of projected improvements, were watching with amateurs' delight the growth of flowers and vegetables which we honestly believed to be perfection, when our landlord made an unexpected call. With a profusion of apologies he explained that his wife—who had strenuously opposed the whim which had compelled her to leave her pleasant little dwelling—losing her health in the closer atmosphere of the town, had won from him a promise to give us (at Midsummer) six months' notice to quit.

With an excess of caution, which I now bitterly deplored, we had refused to take a lease of the Nest; and therefore could only submit, and try to console ourselves with the recollection, that the distance from the railway station and the dullness of the dark and unfrequented road had often been felt;—although never before acknowledged—during the winter months. We were now eager to get away from a spot which had lost its attractions; for what enjoyment was there in planning flower-beds or training honeysuckles, whose blossoming in the ensuing spring my eyes would not behold?

But what course to pursue it was not easy to determine. Should we commence another wearying round of inquiries? or—and this was an idea for which we were indebted to our grocer, one of those fatigable little men who, amidst a multiplicity of affairs of the town, find time to know and interest themselves in their neighbours—should we invest a small legacy lately bequeathed to us in a plot of land, and build for ourselves such a home as we were now reluctantly relinquishing?

The United Townsmen of K—s Building Society possessed (so the grocer informed us) a charming little estate on the west

of the Borough which as yet was wholly unbuilt upon; and if we thought seriously of the notion, he, as secretary and general manager of the society, would be most happy to further our wishes to the utmost of his ability.

Accompanied by him, we accordingly inspected the Westborough estate, and found that his encomiums were not much exaggerated. Situated on a gentle slope, approached by a pretty winding lane, and commanding pleasant prospects,—on the one side of fields, through which a small stream ran glittering in the sunshine, and on the other of the greytowered church and blocks of antiquated buildings comprising the ancient borough of K.,—nothing could be more suitable to our purpose. Rural and secluded, yet within walking distance of the town and rail, we both felt tolerably certain that for this once, at least, fortune was favouring us.

In reply to a prudent suggestion that the spot would soon lose half its attractions if too closely built upon, the secretary hastened to assure us that the long stretch of greensward fronting the site we had selected was, with one or two trifling exceptions, his own property; and that he proposed converting it into a garden for the use of his family. The land immediately adjoining the estate belonged to the Corporation, who were then putting an iron railing around it; and for the rest, as the *mass* of the people generally follow the lead of the *few*, he did not doubt that, if we broke ground by putting up a tasteful and convenient structure, others would take their tone from ours; and, as a natural consequence, the Westborough estate, sprinkled with pretty cottages—ornées—would far surpass that at Eastborough, which, as every one knew, London contractors had crowded with expensive and ugly crescents and terraces.

The little secretary talked so fast and learnedly on all the points, and so fraternally advised us how to carry out the taking, that our original determination not to move in the matter until after due deliberation, was wholly forgotten. A few days after we found us in possession of a plot of freehold land, and immersed in the study of the plans and specifications sent in by a practical builder, to whom the grocer recommended us, and who, I must do him the justice to say, executed the work entrusted to him well and reasonably.

By the Lady-day of the following year, our cottage was pro-

nounced to be in a fit state for occupation, and I hurried up from my native village in Dorsetshire, where a troublesome cough had induced my spouse to insist upon my wintering instead of sharing with him the discomforts of a London lodging during the time we were homeless. The building, simple as it was, looked remarkably well as we approached it, although the pretty winding lane was now little better than a slough, and in some places was almost impassable; but the secretary, who had somehow learned the hour of my intended arrival, and had taken the trouble to be present at it, assured me that the Corporation intended making a good sound road as far as their own property extended;—and as regarded the roads and paths on the Westborough estate itself, if *we* could persuade our fellow-owners to unite with us in *making* them (technical this, but we soon learned the signification), the parish would then take them off our hands, and keep them in repair.

With the interior of our dwelling I was pleased—much pleased—but externally there were unsatisfactory changes. The frontage of greensward which my fancy had been picturing converted into a pretty flower garden, was partly sublet, and divided into small allotments by rails and fences of the rudest description; while the portion the secretary had reserved for himself, was covered with patches of turnip greens and rows of cabbages. The glimpse between some clus. of the river and the church-tower, which I had thought so picturesque, was now completely blocked out by a squat, ugly, little four-roomed red-brick house, before and behind which lines filled with fluttering garments proclaimed the business of its occupant.

My husband helplessly shrugging his shoulders and remaining silent, the grocer tranquilly replied to my exclamations of regret and annoyance:—

"Yes, certainly: the little place I pointed out could not boast *beauty*; but Mrs. Smith was a most industrious, praise-worthy creature, and had built it entirely from her savings."

"I must do him too justice to remember that he had not claimed the *whole* of the frontage. He had mentioned an exception or two, and Mrs. Smith's allotment was one of them. A clump of young trees nicely planted would shade us from the morning sun, and effectually conceal the laundry, if we really thought it unsightly.

If!

And this large building on the land belonging to the Corporation, for what was this intended? It must have been in progress for some months, and yet had never been mentioned in my husband's letters.

"That"—and the secretary's face wore a look of profound astonishment—"that was the chapel of the new cemetery. Was it possible that I had resided so long in the vicinity of it, and had never heard of the Burial Board, and the closing of the churchyard, and the parochial squabbles about it? Oh dear no, I shouldn't find it a great disadvantage. He was sure, as he had often said to my quite excellent partner here, sure that I was not one of those nervous ladies who made troubles of trifles. The bell? Well, yes, certainly it might have a depressing influence at first; but it was astonishing how soon people got used to those sort of things; and as to its making Westborough dull, so nice a little cemetery as this would be must have quite a contrary effect, and would doubtless become the favourite resort of the townsfolk. Besides, there were militia barracks in K.; there would be military funerals occasionally—full band—'Dead March in Saul'—splendid piece of music that! 'Dead March in Saul' going: lively march on returning. No, no. I should not find Westborough dull, I might depend upon it."

It was no use arguing with this obtuse man, and it would be equally useless to dilate upon all I have endured since the consecration of the cemetery. Time may blunt my sensitiveness to the melancholy tolling of that dreadful bell, and may reconcile me to the vistas of tombstones, obelisks, and urns which are rising in the foreground of the view from my drawing-room windows; but of this I must be permitted to remain dubious.

In the meanwhile the cottage ornées which were to be sprinkled this estate are myths. Too late for ourselves we made the discovery that Westborough, owing to its close proximity to a low and filthy suburb of the little town, is in discredit with the more respectable portion of the inhabitants; and as no one will build handsome houses where there is so little chance of their being let, all the allotments in our immediate vicinity are being, to our dismay, rapidly covered with four-roomed tenements, which are commonly occupied by two families.

As the secretary's cabbages and potatoes continued to flourish

before our eyes for a lengthened period, we, regarding these as a lesser evil than bricks and mortar, were hopeful of preserving an aristocratic distance from our fast-increasing neighbours. But alas! the *other little exception* which faces our front door is now *adorned*—shall I say?—by a long, low shed, in which a man, his wife, and sundry olive-branches have taken up their abode; and, the smallness of their domicile necessarily interfering with their movements, they, with an utter disregard of my feelings, perform as many as possible of their domestic duties in the open air. Added to this, volumes of smoke and steam on Monday mornings, and the additional presence of three matrons who sing and chatter at a row of wash-tubs, proclaim the unpleasant fact that Mrs. Black is a professor of the purifying art also.

The erection of this shed, and the irruptions we are constantly suffering of Daniel Black's noisy and saucy children, have aroused my peace-loving spouse into remonstrating with the secretary, who instantly admitted that the said Daniel Black had scandalously infringed his agreement by putting up such a hovel instead of a decent dwelling-house. A notice was promptly served upon the man to the effect that it must be removed. But, as it appears that the society cannot enforce the pulling down of an erection merely intended to fulfil the purpose of a stable or laundry, David Black, with equal promptitude, took lodgings for his family, and affirmed he was not converting his shed into a dwelling-house, inasmuch as he did not sleep in it.

This quashed the threatened proceedings, and at the end of a week the two bedsteads which had been temporarily taken away, were brought back, and Daniel Black's triumph celebrated by an orgy which kept me awake half the night.

Twice has this futile endeavour to eject him been made: the presence of the same being certified to us by a visit from a Mr. Black for the loan of a bedwinch, and the wheeling away of laths, poles, and bundles, on a hand-barrow; while the decision of the society is tacitly understood, when, in the course of a day or two, the winch is returned to us, and the hand-barrow brings back its load.

Anxious to be rid of this eyesore, but equally desirous to avoid embroiling ourselves with persons whose angry passions it would not be well to arouse, we have endeavoured through the secretary to

treat for the purchase of Daniel Black's landed property. But he has positively declined our liberal offer, alleging "that he isn't likely to meet with another bit o' ground with such a pleasant look-out, or such 'spectable neighbours opposite;" and as a proof of his interest in our well-doing, *my* appearance among my flower-beds generally evokes *his* at the railings, where he lounges, smokes, and favours me with his opinions upon our proceedings, with a freedom which has compelled me to give up gardening, except in his absence from home.

However excellent dearly bought experience may be, I cannot doubt that many of my readers prefer achieving theirs through the misadventures of others. Our own, therefore, may not be without its uses as a caution "to persons about to build." Through incautious haste in purchasing a new site, we are beset with small difficulties, or, rather, with great annoyances. Without drainage or lamps; and with no prospect of a better road than I have already described, until non-resident owners can be persuaded to subscribe a share of the expense of improving, yet are we heavily rated for all these necessities: and, to complete our mortification, the secretary has just received an offer from Barrel the great Brewer for his cabbage garden, which, in justice to his family, he feels it his duty to accept. Consequently, in a few months, our *vis-à-vis* will be a public-house, ostensibly erected for the convenience of visitors to the Cemetery.

Again, we are asking ourselves what course we shall pursue. Will this public confession of our disappointments and distress avail to extricate us from them? To an author meditating an enlarged edition of Hervey's "Meditations on the 'Tombs,'" or an essay on Epitaphs, our cottage would be an appropriate retreat, or to a philanthropic individual benevolently desirous of investigating and reforming the habits and customs of the lower West-borough presents a fine field: and we shall be most likely to let or sell on terms advantageous to the purchasers.

LOUISA CROW.

SOME PICTURES FROM A POETICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Scant knowledge of technical art is no guarantee for deeper appreciation of its revelations, and we desire to be extremely modest in our pretensions. Nevertheless, our title is a correct one for our meaning. That which charms the non-intelligent public, of which we are humble members, is the story conveyed in a picture, which is to art much what a tune is to music. Nor is this an entirely vulgar pleasure. To please a well educated eye or ear, the picture must be well painted, and the tune accurately played. Artists, however, experience exquisite delight in subtle combinations and contrasts of colour and sound—as such. We—that is, you and I—don't share this, except to a very limited extent.

Now when we go to a concert we are enchanted if we hear the Blue Bells of Scotland, or Home, Sweet Home, or the minuet in Don Juan: our head wags instantly; our feet beat time; the tears flush into our eyes. Don't say we don't love music; ever since we were,

“A one pennied boy, with a penny to spare,”

we gave it to the organ grinder. A military band makes our heart throb; Haydn's Canzonets transport us instantly beside a spider-legged spinnet of the eighteenth century, on which the enchanting Harriet is playing to Sir Charles. We can understand the tremendous thunder of the Hallelujah Chorus, and the village bells that chime across the meadows are silver sweet to our ears, we are passionately fond of music in this simple way; and we love pictures exactly the same way, and in no other.

For instance, we like “The Huguenots” dearly: and we like the “Italy” of Turner in the National Gallery, because it is the portrait of “The Woman Nation.” And we like those lovely of Sir Joshua Reynolds, scattered through the ancestral homes of England; and we like the many coloured canals of Venice as drawn by Canaletti. Among sacred pictures we find the golden “Assumption of the Virgin,” by Titian, and the Dresden Raphael, adorable; the Madonna and Infant in the Louvre, with the meekly arch little St. John, delightful: then all the queer old Holbeins are

extremely interesting; and the Vandyke portraits are history in fair raiment; but the Sir Peter Lelys are too fat and curly—only we have a sneaking kindness for Nell Gwynn. Don't you remember how she hung her bady out of the widow at Lauderdale House in a pet because the king would not give him a title, and in a fright he shouted out "*Save the Duke of St. Albans!*" But there is no end to the delightful pictures in the world, or to the ideas they suggest: from Dan, as portrayed by Mr. David Roberts, to Beer-sheba, as delightfully rendered by Müller; or from the remote north of Scotland, frequently placed before us by the old Water Colour Society, to the Land's End, where sat Mr. Arthur Severn. And this brings us to the Dudley Gallery.

Please to come there with me, my non-intelligent reader; neither of us knowing much about pictures, neither can look down upon the other. One ticket will do for our two umbrellas, but, if you please, let us have two catalogues—I am misanthropic in the matter of catalogues, and it disturbs my poetical appreciation to look over anybody's shoulder. I *do* like the Dudley Gallery, because the pictures are so new in their meanings: and, beautiful as the two societies are, we regret seeing, year after year, such an intense sameness; each clever man repeating himself *ad nauseam*. Mr. Collingwood Smith, for instance, is an exquisite artist, but there is a certain tender opposition of blue, green, and crimson, which is as a sign-mark to his works. Observe the stupidity of my remark: I have no doubt the tints have some proper name; but the effect I mean is suggestive of a nosegay of sea-thistles and damask roses, seen a long way off. In the Dudley Gallery one never knows what to expect; and so much the better.

First there is the Land's End, that is to say, the sea from that ilk: for the artist must have sat with his back to all England, and his feet to the rolling ocean, hitching back his camera whenever that flat undercurrent threatened to wet his feet. We I tell you what I thought of, when I looked at that picture of sunset sea? I thought of Eliot Warburton, as last seen with his arms upon the deck of his burning ship, not far from there, where near the Scilly Isles: and then of the Phœnicians coming for their tin; coming all the way from the wide sloping plain of Carthage, in strange vessels, rudely tossed in the Bay of Biscay, and landing in their bright southern dresses, and talking vociferously in

their Mediterranean accents, on that very bit of beach where Mr. Arthur Severn planted his camp-stool. All this is as much as to say that the frame of the picture represents to me an open window of a hovel made out of an old boat in a very exposed situation; indeed, probably submerged at high water!—and I do not know that I could pay it a better compliment.

The same young artist has another picture—"Notre Dame from the opposite Quay." If I were technical, I might be emboldened to say that the right-hand side is somewhat chalky; only the white stones and stuccoes of Paris *are* chalkier than the cliffs of "Perfidious Albion" themselves. With the sunset glare on the towers, it is so strong and clear that I involuntarily looked for Quasimodo clinging to the gargoyle, ere he was dashed in the horrid depth below. Victor Hugo's powerful imagination has, as it were, appropriated the work of another man—the architect; has clothed it with humanity; has infused a living spirit of romance into the splendid old building; and both being, after all, poetical creations, the one seems as real to me as the other! I wonder whether, when Mr. Arthur Severn sat sketching on that quay, he regretted the scaffolding of those new houses. I liked Notre Dame in its old dirty *entourage*. Ruskin somewhere points out that the Gothic cathedrals were meant to be closely surrounded by Gothic houses. No doubt of it. How beautiful is that contrast of tall towers and gable ends, of aerial tracery caught against the deep shadowy background of projecting house-stories. The old church of Dieppe affords some beautiful examples of an ecclesiastical building in connection with antique street architecture. But if we go on looking at Notre Dame in this way we shall never get any further.

"An English Homestead," by Arthur Ditchfield. This tidy picture is very pleasing; the man who lives there goes in a things principle that a stitch in time saves nine. Look how he has up his straw within the yard bounds; he exists in a state of which is not merely snug, but *smug*; and there is a wide difference between 'ho two consonants! Eggs and bacon every day breakfast and a fat chicken for dinner on the Sunday do the couple get who inhabit that house, as they have probably no children. There is the late afternoon bit, near Cowes; bare hedge; twigs sticking up against an orange horizon; just the field and the hour for a meditative ramble—in goloshes. *Aprpos* of Cowes—which is such a

quaint, pretty place even yet, with its miniature railway running up the Medina to Newport—I can never hear of the place without a ludicrous remembrance of a young foreigner unexpectedly invited to dine at Osborne. On the very morning his tailor sent his black dress *smalls* home—too tight; and his valet forgot to pack up his black silk stockings. Arrived at Cowes, and wanting to dress for dinner, Herr Wolfenspiittel (let's call him) hunted over the little town, high and low, but nothing could be found save a degrading pair with *cotton toes and cotton tops*, which he was obliged to put on. Into his *smalls* he then packed himself with difficulty. "Could you get them on, my dear Herr Wolfenspiittel?" "Yes, sir; *just* do it; but I was most uncomfortable, and though I wanted some lunch, I durst not eat any thing but sandwiches."

Another new name is that of Albert Goodwin, who loves rich autumn colour, and a certain full harmony of intention. This is visible in several of the new men. The old water-colour painters outlined sharply, and affected bright spots of colour, and white-scratched out with a brisk penknife. The school now coming up is fond of twilight, and the mysterious blending of evening hues. One feels inclined to peer into their pictures for whatever may be lurking in the corners thereof. A special example is the "Sunset on the Thames," where the earth and water are really half invisible. It has for a motto the last line of a sonnet of Mr. Allingham's:—

The vast and solemn company of clouds

Around the sun's death, lit, incarnadined,

Cool into ashy wan; as night enshrouds

The level pasture, creeping up behind

Through voiceless vales, o'er lawn and purpled hill,

And hazed mead, her mystery to fulfil.

Cows low from far-off farms; the loitering wind

Sighs in the hedge, you hear it if you will.

Through all, the wood—alive atop with wings

Lifting and sinking through the leafy nooks—

Seethes with the clamour of ten thousand rooks.

Now every sound at length is hushed away.

These few are sacred moments, *One more Day*

Drops in the shadowy gulph of bygone things.

Now isn't that a fine sonnet? And it is the keynote of the particular idea just now seized upon by these new painters, Mr. Mawley

included ; and one is grateful to them for the definition, only hoping they have not suffered greatly from sore-throats during their pursuit of the beautiful : for "hazed meads" are particularly rheumatic places, and so are woods when it is so dark that you can only just see the boughs of the trees confusedly between you and the dying west. Damp also is it to sit in a punt upon the Thames when the moon is rising ;—what Mr. Mantalini would have called "dem'd damp uncomfortable." And therefore the more gratitude is due to people who go on heroically painting while their paper is getting so limp that one colour runs into another, and the midges are attacking their tender skins.

It rejoiced my heart to see a line of Mr. Allingham's quoted in a catalogue. So full of delicate beauty and nervous strength are his poems, so different to the gushing school which people like and buy just now, and which, though rich in occasional beauties, seems as if the higher intellectual qualities had nothing to say to it. Mr. Allingham *chisels* his poems, and they are consequently sharp in the memory. Who knows that lovely sonnet, "In a Spring Grove" —

Here the white-rayed anemone is born,

• Woodsorrel and the varnish'd buttercup :

And primrose in its purpled green swathed up.

Pallid and sweet round every budding thorn.

And the melancholy sweetness and mystery of one of his three poems on the Eolian Harp :

What is it that is gone we fancied ours ?

• O ! what is lost that never may be told ?

Taking down his volume to extract the whole of the first sonnet quoted, I was struck by the number of poems referring in some way to closing eve. Mr. Allingham should always wear the evening-primrose in his button-hole, and set up a bat for his coat-of-arms.

• Adelaide Claxton's "Tapestry Chamber" delights me, by its plastic imagination. Such a bright girl is that sitting before her mirror, all her wealth of golden hair unloosed, as she playfully upbraids it for her own admiration. Her new gauze dress, with its trimmings, is spread daintily over a chair : the room is ancient, the huge bed massive and dark, while between her and it flit the white ghosts of ladies who once slept therein : they wear the dress of Elizabeth and James ; astonishment and delight are in their ghostly attitudes, and one filmy apparition is holding up its filmy

hands in ecstasy at the little pair of white satin boots! See what it is to have an imagination! I am sure you and I have looked at old books of costume times out of mind, and such a pretty notion never came into our hands. Florence Claxton has a very dainty sketch of a girl walking "In the Grey Twilight;" and the larger one of Dante sitting forlornly outside the wall of Beatrice's garden, while the women pass in and out to condole with her upon her father's death. He thrusts his head suggestively into an angle of the wall, wishing for the moment that he were a woman and could go in and condole with her. It is a bright bit of Italian colour, but I like the "Grey Twilight" best.

There is a long water-colour, called "The Noble River that rolls by the Walls of Rome," taken somewhere up or down the Tiber, and giving an excellent idea of the desolate aspect of the river banks. Mr. De Morgan's "Visitation of Elizabeth" would be a charming object in an oratory: one does not often see a modern religious picture with so much feeling. Also, I have fallen in love with Mr. Walter Field's "Anglor"—

What time the May-fly haunts the pool and stream.

This young man has an extraordinary appreciation of quiet English beauty; hay-fields, and flat river meadows. As a lineal descendant of the famous "Brewer of Huntingdon" it probably runs in the blood.

Among the ladies, Miss Helen Coleman is certainly lucky. Just look at the blue tickets! As to her painting, it is as if she took up a handful of flowers, twigs, mosses, hung them on to a bit of paper,—and there they stay! Since famous William Hunt laid down his tinted brushes, nothing so good in the way of flower-painting has come into the exhibitions. Each of these little pictures should have a verse delicately inscribed beneath,—say from Shelley, the poet of flowers as of most other fair things. For each he has his simile.

The rose like a nymph to the bath adrest,
the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall: the daisies and the
cate bells. What a pretty rendering she would give of the
verse in the "Sensitive Plant":—

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument;

Another lady of a totally different cast of artistic intellect is Miss Blunden. She has three pictures there. She is at present possessed with the intention of painting green fields *and she does it*; not quite pleasantly, but with a clear originality which it is impossible not to admire. For years I have watched Miss Blunden's name appearing only occasionally in the exhibitions, but always in connection with something which arrested the attention. One portrait of an old rock, bearing the odd title of "God's Gothic," was sold some years ago and has, I believe, found its way into the possession of Sir Roderick Murchison, as it deserved to do. When I see Miss Blunden's pictures I almost always long to buy them, they are so full of forcible expression. Still, I wish that green fields were not weighing quite so much on her mind. A donkey or a horse, for instance, would naturally delight in such representations, and indulge in an anticipative munch; but I would fain suggest to this conscientious artist a change of crop and colour, reminding her, in the words of the Piper's Cow in the ballad, that—
 Corn rigs are bonny.

One regrets to see a large picture by another lady hung above the line of comfortable vision. Madame Bodichon's fine drawing of the "Lover's Seat by Moonlight" ought, if anything, to be looked down upon, as the spectator would naturally behold the broken sloping ground of that beautiful Sussex glen. Of course every picture cannot be opposite the spectator's eye; but the only two specimens of this artist's singularly original power are so hung as to give the casual visitor very little power of appreciating it. Etty sent his pictures nine years running to Somerset House, and was rejected every time. When I look at that lovely canvas of his in the Vernon Gallery, and read its motto, chosen from the grandest ode in the language, I sometimes think of those days, when, though youth was at the prow, pleasure could hardly have been at the helm.

Now, alas! as I look round the walls and in the catalogue, I see! ah! so many subjects, so many ideas! I see England, Assyria, Constantinople, Henley-on-Thames, Seville, Salisbury, Peking and Pangbourne, Hampstead Heath, the Himalayas—all side by side, and demanding my attention. It quite bewilders me! If I could but confine myself to a technical view of art, I might spend another hour here: it would be like working out a sum after reducing its terms to the same denomination. But taking, as we agreed at start, a poetical view of things, it is impossible to hold many more of these ideas in solution. Sitting in the dark with one's eyes shut, mentally watching a troop of sleep leap through a hole in a wall, is the best receipt for excessive intellectual fatigue. Without such remedial process the famous scenes and figures of this great collection will blend together like the colours of a magical top, and our mind become a delightful mixture of impressions, like those of Mr. Sala's showman, whose enumeration of earthly potentates was concluded by the names of the Emperor of Rooshia and the Isthmus of Panama.

JAMES GLENDYÉ, LD.,

RAILWAY & STEAMER TICKET MANUFACTURERS

AND

GENERAL PRINTERS.

SPECIALITIES :—

HIGH CLASS CATALOGUES

AND

PRICE LISTS.

H. V. LOW & CO.,

12, Dalhousie, Square.

Managing Agents.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 12—DECEMBER 1915.

MORAL TRAINING IN JAPAN.

In Japan school age begins at six. The course of common elementary schools is four years, while that of higher elementary schools is four years in ordinary cases, and two years in cases where the children are destined to be sent to the middle schools.

So far as the common elementary schools are concerned, education is compulsory. It may also be mentioned that there is no community in Japan where no elementary scholastic training is provided for. The difference of teaching between the common and higher schools is only in respect of the treatment of the subjects, one being more advanced than the other. To infuse moral sentiments in the minds of the young is also kept in view in teaching other subjects, *i. e.* History, Geography, Science and even drawing and singing.

Tenets of morality have been taught in Japan for centuries in various ways, and it has ever been a prominent feature of education in general. Wherever literature was studied the doctrines of morality were *ipso facto* associated with it. Among illiterate people the thing took the form of popularised lectures, or of most easily read tracts, while by religious preachers the subject was enlarged upon as constituting a supplementary basis for most ardent exhortation to their followers. The dicta were chiefly founded upon the ethical teachings of Confucius.

With the inauguration of the Meiji Era * in 1868, a system of universal education was gradually introduced in Japan, in which moral teaching formed an important branch of the curriculum.

* The enlightened period.

2. The fundamental object of the elementary schools was to endow the children with the foundation of moral and popular education, and to equip them with ordinary knowledge and attainments necessary for their after success in life, paying attention at the same time to their physical development.

3. The essential point of moral teaching should be to nourish and develop the virtuous instincts of the children and to lead them to the actual practice of morality, making the precept of the Imperial rescript relating to education its base.

Teachers are then required to begin with matters which are easy and simple to emulate, relating to filial piety, brotherly kindness, friendship, frugality, truthfulness, self-restraint, bravery; such like virtues, should be taught, gradually advancing to the subject of such simple topics as those of one's duties as regards the State and Society, and thus elevating the sentiments and strengthening the ideas of the young, and fostering in their minds an enterprising and courageous spirit, as well as a due respect for public virtues, coupled with the loftiest admiration of patriotism and loyalty. In the teaching of all these, illustrations should be given of the wise sayings and commendable doings of exemplary persons, and full use made of maxims and proverbs.

4. IMPERIAL EDUCATIONAL RESCRIPT, 1890.

It is our desire that you, our subjects, be filial to your parents, and well-disposed to your brothers and sisters. Let husband and wife dwell harmoniously together; let friends be mutually trustworthy. Impose upon yourselves self-restraint and rectitude of behaviour. Extend to the multitude philanthropy. Advance learning and regulate your pursuits, developing the intellectual faculties and perfecting the virtuous and useful elements. Further to enhance the public good and enlighten the world by doing social benefit. Treasure always the fundamental constitution, respect the national laws. In any emergency exert yourself in the public service, and exhibit voluntarily your bravery in the cause of order. And by every means assist and promote the prosperity of the Imperial regime, which is lasting as the heavens and the earth. Thus you will not only be our loyal subjects and good citizens, but will manifest the highest and best traditions of your ancestors.

5. This moral precept the Emperor declared in his own name, as well as for his successors, that he would zealously observe in common with his loyal subjects. Throughout all grades of the educational system in Japan this precept forms the fundamental basis of the moral and ethical teachings on three of the great festival days of Japan—viz., the 1st of January, the 11th of February, and the birth-day of the Emperor—the masters and teachers of every school, together with all its scholars, gather in its main hall to celebrate the occasion, and there the Imperial Rescript is read aloud by the master and an appropriate address is given by him in the way of exposition of its solemn precepts. Such are the methods adopted in the tuition of children in regard to morality in Japan. True it is that religion forms no part of their scholastic training, it being left entirely to the parents.

For the guidance of high officials of state, the Emperor under the heading of decorum enjoined that: The superiors should not be arrogant to their inferiors, cases where one has to comport oneself with dignity on account of the nature of public duties being excepted. One should endeavour to deal with all matters carefully, ever mindful of kindness as the fundamental basis of one's actions, and thus the superior and the inferior becoming one mind, may discharge adequately the duties incumbent upon them in regard to state affairs.

SARAT CHANDRA DASS, M.A., C.I.E.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(VIII.)

CHAPTER XII.

The Surprise.

He must be a very impracticable sort of person who cannot discover beauty in the heights which line the river Jhelum at Garhi. Sheer from the water run up great bluffs with summits sloping backward forming, as it were, the pedestal of a glorious amphitheatre of rocks. In awful tiers the rocks show out against the sky, crowned with a diadem of fine pinnacles and diversified by a picturesque arrangement of ledges and terraces and shelving plateaus. A beetling bush drapes the summit of this pedestal and an unbroken sheet of foam fringes its base as dashing against sunken fragments of granite the river rolls its ample stream. Behind this mountain-mass slopes down to a chequered back-ground, its giant arms run parallel or in winding lines, enclosing table-lands which overlap each other and abound in archipelagoes of homesteads, with huge castles in their midst and frowning forts. Its sides present vast faces of naked rocks dipping abruptly down to form chasms or ravines where through masses of granite fragments numerous torrents force their roaring way. Far, as the eye can reach stretches in awful majesty this mountain-chain with its tiarra of glorious ridges, its tapering cliffs, its towering peaks, forming as it were a combination of the most enchanting scenery.

On this picture well worthy the pencil of a Leopold Rupert a full moon was pouring down a flood of effulgence. In one sheet of lurid lustre the dusky rock-walls, the emerald slopes and the sparkling water, like a phantasmagoria seemed revealed as if in the chrysal of a wizard's cave.

It was midnight. Heavily the stillness hung upon the air. A faint sound broke it, save occasional rustle in the deep and dense boughs where, keeping close under the shadows of the foliage, lay in wait a mass of armed men, archers and javelin-men, slingers, spearsmen and pikemen. There were logs of wood heaped in piles round about and huge blocks of stone.

"Stand to your arms." The chief's voice sounded full and loud in the tense stillness. Clad in his military outfit, a bugle in hand, he was moving to and fro with steady steps. Impatience was in his looks and every moment he was throwing an anxious gaze on the pellucid stream whose brilliancy was still spotless. With suspended breath, ears keenly alert to the slightest sound, the prince and his adjutant were devouring the glassy roll with wide dilated eyes. Their every nerve was tense with excitement, every pulse in their body throbbed and every moment of anxious suspense seemed tedious to their impatient spirits.

"Stand to your arms," the Chief's voice detonated.

Each gripping his weapon tightly the men formed up and stood shoulder to shoulder, cool and determined, fretting at every moment which stood between them and their deadly game. Their spirits ran high, their fighting blood was up. All were on tip-toe, on the throes of excitement, the very atmosphere seemed charged with it.

Time went by. There was the evanishment of another hour and lo! where the chrystalline waters kissed the horizon's rim there loomed up a dark spot.

"Do you see?" the adjutant flashed out, pointing to it.

"What, what?" burst the prince in an eager impatient voice.

"The black spot out there," said the other, his finger remained pointing to it.

With eyes strained almost to aching the prince focussed his visual power on the line where the sky and the water met.

"Yes, something like a boat's beak," uttered he excitedly. His heart leaped, every fibre of his being stirred.

"They come," cried out the former in a sharp quick tone.

All eyes darted forth eager anxious looks in the direction of the spot. They opened wider and wider with increased attention, with excitement, their stare added to it and their glare lent a blinding touch.

"Look to your weapons!" The chief roared out in his very key, keeping his eyes steadily turned towards the object of his gaze. His whole being was concentrated to listen.

Each archer unslung his bow from his back and strung it, the slingers adjusted their deadly engines, the pikes levelled, the spears were poised.

First a dot, next a speck, then as big as pea, it grew in size.

Shapeless before, shapely now, assuming outlines which slowly gathered themselves into the dim silhouette of a vessel, anon of two, of more than two, looming out black and sharp. Then plainly visible against the background of haze appeared a rolling mass, a mass quivering in all its length. By degrees the details came into view, the prow, the rig, the rudder and upon the thousand eager eyes settled at last the vision of a splendid flotilla ploughing up the glassy expanse.

"They come, they come," rose the cry from all throats. The prince felt his pulses throb, his heart beat with redoubled velocity.

"Silence, not a sound," hissed the Chief, laying his finger on his lips in token of silence.

Save for the low moan of the wind there was silence again, silence more profound, silence which seemed to thrill every living soul with its appalling intensity.

With slow and steady motion the flotilla was gliding up the slimy surface of the stream. Linked two and two, in twenty-two rows, the boats tailed off into a long procession, stem to stern. They were manned by Indian crew, officered by a choice selection of the regimental staff and commanded by General Kublai Khan. Slowly and majestically they glided, the oars moved rhythmically, 'cheep, cheep,' was the sound in the air, 'plash, plash,' the sound at the bows. The flags bobbed about, the sails flapped, the yards creaked. Onward, still onward they advanced with the steady motion of vast floating bodies in space.

"They come, they come," shouted the men impulsively.

"Hush, be silent as you can", cautioned the chief in a high pitched voice.

General Kublai Khan and his personal staff occupied the leading pair. One of the tenth pair which was conspicuous for its high stern and painted shed carried the captives, now numbering two more having been newly secured, two young maidens, the day, boasting fine classical features. Their noble lineage could be traced by their cast of countenance and by the costume they wore. Their figures, a study of curves, were well proportioned and as they held themselves erect how splendid they looked in the pose. Their eyes soft and lovely though swollen by tears, the arched brows, the tempting lips, the cheeks blooming despite their pallor, gave to the fine oval of the face an enchanting appearance. A diamond

star flashed on the brow of each and the neck was ablaze with gems. The long black tresses which in their agony had been released from their bands were streaming around and shivered as the breeze caught and played with them. In the doorway lay asleep four Afghan women. A strong guard of Ethiopians occupied the foredeck and in their midst the Sindian sat dozing. In the other boat which formed its pair was stored the booty, while the remaining vessels were crammed with soldiers.

Uplifted by the prostration of the imperial capital before their victorious arms the men were averse to think that any one would dare dispute their way. Their proud spirit was loath to scent danger in those rural parts and flattered by the sense of their invincibility they gave themselves up to security. Many were asleep or between sleep and waking. Not a few were bloated with drink. Numbers were in the convulsions of mirth, they sang, they piped, they whistled. Others were keeping time to the music with swaying arms and giving vent to their joviality in handclaps. Those bound by order to keep awake made little circles where jokes went round and careless chats. Thus with armour laid aside and in a state akin to unwariness were the men indulging in a quiet or mirthful repose, unconscious of the deadly storm which was brewing in the nearest quarter. Lulled alike by a sense of security General Kublai Khan was engrossed in a game of dice with his personal assistants.

The fleet came dancing. The air filled every sail, tightened every rope. The blocks rattled, the tackle clattered, cluck, cluck, the sheets ran out, the bows cut the water into two foaming lines. All was splash, splash, whiz, whiz. Now within bow-shot, next within stone's throw, anon under the brow of the heights it dragged serpentine length.

A bugle blast rolled round the beetling bush and reverberated sounding echoes from crag to crag and cliff to cliff.

"Hist, what was that?" exclaimed the General, but without taking his eyes from the cubes he was tossing out.

"Nothing, which needs concern us," drawled a playmate as he threw three sixes with the enthusiasm of a man who has a rage for play.

"Ho there, my guards, keep a sharp look out. If you find anything wrong sound your horn," the General dropped a command

in a dreamy abstracted mood. His eyes were fastened greedily on the little cubes and his whole attention was focussed on the strokes he was counting.

The guards tipped their weapons.

"Here I throw two fours and a six and take my chance." chuckled another gambler.

The cubes rolled on the stern-board.

"Here take a throw. Two fives and an ace, come on," the General challenged, rattling his cubes out.

The others tossed out theirs excitedly.

"Two sixes and a five—sixteen up. Hurrah! I have beaten you," his voice sounded exultingly. He could hardly have been more excited if his life had been the stake.

Another blast rang lustily out filling the air with its echoes.

"What the deuce can this mean", he snarled, gathering up the cubes for another cast.

"Confound it," his mates gave way to some imprecation.

All at once the air was darkened with a cloud of darts and javelins which descended on the boats like flakes of snow. The blow was deadly. The whole host was taken completely by surprise. The sleepers started up, only to stare wildly with terror. The drowsy in mute consternation sat stock-still as if struck into stone. Many were agape with wonder, many struck dumb with bewilderment. For a time no one was on the alert, neither men nor officers but all seemed dazed and stupefied. The assailants enjoyed the situation and continued their furious downpour of iron and lead.

Then followed a commotion, a tumultuous stir and bustle: a roused from the stupefaction of mingled dread and wonder, the men rushed to and fro in wild disorder. Cries of tropical exclamations of rage, shrieks of pain now rose from every side. Horns sounded the alarm. 'To arms, to arms' screamed out voices piercing the night. Soon was the air filled with the clatter of arms and hideous yells.

"Steady yourselves, men, and send your shafts straight to the hornet's nest up there," roared out the General pointing to the brow of the hills. He had just got upon his legs out on the deck and was looking thunder at the scene. Much quicker than others he had awoke to a realization of the situation.

Shafts began to fly from the boats but they missed the human target and only struck the hill-side or whizzed over the bush.

"Charge them, shoot them down, spatter their brains on the rock-walls," he yelled out, furious at being worsted by an invisible foe and yet realising the helplessness of the situation.

Under cover of their shields the men began a fresh assault, by shower upon shower of javelins. Many tore up boards and planks to ply the unseen enemy with hard timber, but the missiles careered harmlessly, and flew wide of the mark or dropped in proximity.

"Make sure of your aim," the General's voice rose to a hoarser pitch. There burnt fire in his eyes.

Under crushing blows the men could hardly steady their trembling arms, their aim was unsteady in spite of themselves. Not an arrow went straight to its target. Not a shot proved a fluke even. The overhanging bush helped to mask the position of the assailants who kept close under it, showing their whole figures at times and then mingling with the shadows.

Down, down, came darts and javelins, blocks of stone and logs of wood with a deadly, destructive effect. Many fell with limbs smashed, many were crushed to death or hurled into the water. The decks soon presented a scene of agony and death, of hideous mutilation, of frantic struggle for life. Yells of fury mixed with shrieks of pain and fear produced a hideous pandemonium which only the thunder-clap could drown.

Wild whoops echoed down from the hills, where all was hurrah, fire and fury. The din filled the air and tore the sky, resounding through the craven hearts like a funeral knell.

"Yell out your infernal lungs, yelping curs, soon you shall be hurled to the inferno without a scalp," the general rapped out an oath.

A yell of defiance was the answer he received. Madly he seized whatever weapons he could find and with rare force sent them to the bush, retreating into the shed after each throw and swinging out again. Thus receding and sallying out in formation he adapted himself to the situation. His staff followed his example.

The archers were quick as lightning now. There was a twang and the shaft sped. Shaft followed shaft with the rapidity of hail-stones. The slings worked with a deadly precision. Blocks of

granite and logs of wood went slipping over the water and descending-smashed heads and limbs or splintered the vessels' planks. Taking as correct an aim the spearsmen and the pikemen poured a ceaseless rain of iron upon the doomed fleet. Dozens disappeared at each discharge.

The panic became more and more dreadful. All was confusion and disorder. Then followed a hurly-burly which beggars description. In vain were the officers ordering the men to their stations. Their cries were smothered by the rumpus. There were rushing to and fro, hustling up and down the stern, shuffling or rolling about in the wildest dismay. The wounded gave expression to their agony in a perfect pandemonium of cries. Oaths and execrations made a horrible babel. From a hundred lips burst screams of terror, from a hundred throats broke yells of fury. Every moment there was a thud, a thump, a flop as the missiles fell thick and fast, merciless in their precision and deadliest in their aim.

In the rush the boats rolled on one side. Some turned turtle and threw their occupants out. Some rocked fearfully. Some reeled, down sank their bows, the stern lifted up and with an awful plunge rushed downwards into the river depth. Men rolled into the water and hampered by their clothes many sank, many cling to some wreckage, many struggled to swim to the opposite bank, but over-head were arrows singing their dirge, each dropped with unerring certainty and set its victim writhing till the water closed over his head. In vain did the survivors try to screen themselves from the fatal volley. It was useless dodging, it was useless trying to save it off.

More and more frightful was the havoc. Every moment saw a loss of limb, a fracture of skull, a body crushed into a pulp-mass. The decks were strewn with the dead and the dying, the struggle for life men hustled and pushed each other, but frantically about, stepped over the killed and wounded. Many were trampled under foot, many were knocked down, many leapt overboard. The boats were more or less battered. The rent from bolt-ropes flew in tatters. Ropes, blocks and yards cumbered the decks. The sterns croaked complainingly. The rudder no longer answered the helm.

"Away with the captives and the treasure boats, away." y

out the general in a horrified voice. He was in an abject state of funk. In that vociferous medley of chaos his cries were unheard. "Away with them, away" repeated he, but there was no listening ear.

The remaining boats became inextricably mixed. 'Row back' jarred voices. 'Head up' cried others. 'To the other bank' rose a medley of sounds. Ringing shouts of alarm mingled with contradictory orders rent the air around. The rowers were in a precarious position, some dodged to break away, some made a desperate move to head up-stream, some forged towards the opposite bank. In the tumult the boats collided. Crash, crash, the rose jarred upon the prow, the bow bumped against the port. Those on board stumbled upon each other or fell sprawling or were thrown headlong into the water. Threats, curses and screams of rage swelled the uproar. The rowers fell foul of each other, letting loose their tongue to the most unbounded license. To work havoc in their midst javelins poured from above. Logs and stones fell in showers.

The crew of the captive boat had perished. The guards lay cold in death. Its mast, its stern post had given way. It was tossing. In frantic terror the Afghan women rushed out. Down came a hail of shafts. They rolled out and rolled into eternity. The sight petrified the Sindian who crept into the shed.

Within the shed it was all hush and alarm. Its inmates were speechless with an astounding bewilderment. The sight and the sound curdled their blood and held their limbs nerveless in the horror. The effect was more shocking on the princess who seemed all but a statue. Her heart cold within her, the eyes fastened on the empty air, she sat motionless like one turned to stone. Only fitfully did her brain work and when it worked there came a flash that the assault had a deeper meaning than mere destruction of fleet. Her heart told her in a voice full and loud that it was a premeditated and well-timed blow, but whose was the hand that struck it. At this point her divination failed. Once or twice she stumbled upon the possibility of her husband being a factor in the business but it was impossible to account for his sudden appearance in these wild parts. Her thoughts were all chaos and confusion.

Her companion too was entangled in an inextricable maze of confusion. Amid all her alarm and distraction she could collect

herself to imagine that the blow was meant for something more than mere destruction of the fleet, but from what quarter was it come. Was it by the merest chance that some one had become an instrument in the hands of destiny to save them or was it the well-planned attempt of an earnest saviour. She made many an effort to pluck out the heart of this mystery, gave free rein to her imagination but all in vain. Her brain went whirling around and about the puzzle.

The Sindian was chop-fallen by the disaster. In all his wildest of dreams he had never imagined the crisis. In the confidence that his designs were proof against accident to the last chapter unless frustrated by a God in a machine he had reckoned on a clear line. Before the assault began he had been promenading in the fairy land of fancy where all was gold and glitter and glee. Horribly shaken by the din he cast his eyes wildly around, almost dumbfounded at the sight. He could not realise it was true, it seemed all like a nightmare, save there was no mistaking the falling missile. It was sometime before he could thoroughly grasp the situation. When his keen eye noted that the arrows were poured into all boats save one—the one he occupied—the truth occurred to him in a twinkling that the object of the storming-party was to destroy the fleet and rescue the captives. But who could be the principal factor in the business. No sooner rose the question in his mind than came the dim recollection of some one tattling in the camp that Murad Bey's prisoners had escaped. He had taken it for a wild nonsense, now he felt it was too true. It could no longer be doubted that the runaways were come to rescue them. His head swam at the thought. His heart beat cruelly quick. At first he refused to believe that the strategy would succeed. When the climax increased and it became painfully certain that the fleet was doomed to perish, a profound terror swayed his soul. He felt fairly stunned, a fiction to very few. Hours before a royal fortune was almost within his grasp but the block or the gallows was waiting for him. The game was over and for him there was a terrible doom waiting, the doom of a criminal, of a traitor. He saw his own position in all its awful reality, horrible visions rose before his imagination. The rage of an injured husband, of offended parents, of outraged majesty was not to be appeased. As he thought of the boundless fury of the

vengeance a mortal fright gripped at his heart-strings. The horror of it turned his brain. But might there be, no chance of escape? Could he not stave off the evil moment if it was possible to jump over the boat's side into the water and swim away under the wings of the blind fates? In that state of desperation which is the last resource of human strength his first hurried outline of plan was to escape across the river. So he crawled to the prow to seize the first chance. Up till then not an arrow had dropped on the boat though roundabout it was pouring down heavily. More by instinct than at the point of the guards' cold steel the crew had given the vessel a turn to steal away. It veered with a smooth sliding motion. Down came a deadly flight of darts. The crew and the guards lay limp and still. The carnage involved the Afghan women too. The sight electrified him. With heart beating like a sledge hammer on his bosom he flew into the shed and took up the first available spare corner.

"Oh, Bhoyro, what do you make of the affair?" cried out the princess in a burst of agony. Her quick eye had caught his look of alarm notwithstanding his effort to arrange his countenance into an air of complete self possession.

"I am puzzled, completely puzzled" pretended he, yet striving to assume an expression of serenity.

"I suppose some friendly hand is working to save us," gasped out Chitralekha.

"I should think not," quibbled he, with still more dissimulation.

"Don't imagine that I am laying claim to a gift of prophetic vision. It is my supposition that some one personally interested in us is at the bottom of the affair, possibly the prince" said the maiden.

The princess flashed a look at her in which were mingled hope, tender and perplexity.

"Don't fill your head with such fancies. He would play the fox and not the ox" was his artful answer.

"Then who are they storming?" asked the princess, looking up at him with a world of anxiety in her tear-bedimmed eyes.

"Likely the people hereabouts, risen from motives of revenge" cavilled he, to throw her off the scent. "But never mind who they be, be cool, master your emotion. I see a chance of escape."

"Oh, save us" cried she piteously, her face wearing an expression of perfect faith in his power to save her, her eyes grew eloquent of a conviction that he held in his hands the powers of life and death.

"Rely on me, I am waiting for the first chance."

As the captive boat went drifting with the current, the general ordered his crew to start quickly in pursuit. Under desperate strokes his barge laboured to its side.

"Come on, comrades" he shouted, with a quick motion towards it. Clutching the stays he sprang aboard and flung himself bodily upon its helm. His staff fell to with the oars. The vessel was driven round and amid the storm of iron and stone was sent skimming along the waterway.

The sight of the General and his staff came to the Sindian as a welcome relief. Through the numbing fingers of despair there came a touch of hope.

"Bravo, my brothers, head up" the General cheered his mates.

The boat shot off at full flight.

"Hurrah," he cheered again. An inspiring note crept into his voice.

The missiles were still playing havoc with the remaining boats. Caught in the eddy the treasure-boat was in a sore plight. Its guards were swept clean. Its crew were labouring to give it steerage way. To save it was his next thought.

"Pull round men, pull the starboard oars, steer out" he vociferated to its crew. But the river had grown crisp and the wreckage was so thick, close in around it, that it was literally clogged from moving.

"Force it ahead, quick, look sharp" his voice sounded again and again.

"We are in the wrong box" wailed the crew despairingly.

"Then port your helm, let go the tiller?" he shouted. The tone of his voice thrilled with dismay.

The men strained their muscles and sinews to cracking. There were struggling splashes and the boat moved slowly and labouriously.

"Keep well out, turn sharp and follow us?" he urged. Fear, anxiety and impatience were mingled in his looks.

The vessel now forged its way out and was drifting to get abreast. Presently bang, bang, heavy pieces of timber fell plun-

from above and sent it staggering away with canvas split and flying. Bang, bang, descended blocks of granite ringing the knell at his hopes. The deck crashed, splinters flew and down went the vessel with its precious freight. The crew sank to rise no more. The assailants burst into hoarse hurrahs.

"Head up comrades, make headway," cried he breathlessly turning to his staff. There was a note of alarm in his voice. He regarded his exposed position with consternation.

"The captive boat was gaining more and more headway.

"Pull fast, pull hard," he bellowed as a cloud of javelins flew past it with a rumble and screech.

The men strained at the oars and strained every nerve. Another flight whistled through the air right overhead, another, yet another.

"Impossible to press forward," despaired the men.

"Then straighten our course towards the other bank," his voice quivered.

The boat was steered in the direction of the opposite bank. It was labouring heavily.

Shower upon shower the arrows came flying. They sang, they whistled, they whizzed. The men pulled madly out to avoid the pelt and away for the shelterly bank. The missiles came faster still. One hit the general and sent him reeling into the water. In alarm the men threw themselves overboard. All were now struggling in the water, the general and his staff. They sank, they rose again, they swam. Now they floated, next were they whirled round and round, behold their frantic efforts to cling to some wreckage and oh God, arrows shot true and straight sent them all to the river depth. The horror of the Sindian increased ten-fold as he witnessed their tragic end.

The current was running fast. Off to windward drifted the wless boat with a whirling motion. now it neared the opposite bank, next it jarred upon a protuberance, flew back and wheeling driven into an inlet of the bank, where it got into the tangle of some rank and egrowth that clothed the water's edge.

The Sindian noted the situation. The portals of hope, as he imagined, opened to him again. Close under the bank was the vessel tangled there was not much water under its keel. A quick leap and he was safe. But was it all? No, he would overreach the enemy. Lost them at their own game, he would whisk away

his victims under their nose. Then suddenly as one who makes up his mind to turn to rapid profit a precious chance, he darted to the prow with the agility of a squirrel and catching hold of some dry branches shouted out to the princess and Chitrlekha to make quick way.

"Come along" he vociferated giving them no time to think.

All within emerged forth in a state of excitement.

"Leap down" he cried. "The water is only knee-deep. Delay one moment and we are lost."

Armed with the courage of despair the princess and Chitrlekha scrambled to the bank. No sooner were they landed than he let go his hold, sprang out and gave the vessel a shove with all his strength. It whirled away, fell in with the current and drifted aimlessly. "Oh, help, help" cried the two maidens but it was only the wail from the closing scene of carnage that answered them.

"Follow me without a word" enjoined the Sindian and leading the way disappeared with his dupes among the bushes.

The carnage on the river had slackened. Thinning and thinning the number of the assailed was ultimately reduced to a minimum. All the remaining boats were sunk with the exception of one only which stole away with but a dozen survivors to tell the the horrid tale. Cheers rang through the bush echoing out into the clear bright sky. A dozen hillmen swept down to the water's edge and swimming out overtook the crewless boat. It was rowed back to a landing slab and by the chief's order its two occupants were borne in a covered bier to his castle amid the acclamations of the triumphant host.

The prince and his adjutant embraced the chief and were never more eloquent in their demonstration of gratitude.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, CL.

THE QUEEN OF THE RUBIES.

There was once in the city of Meydoon, in Rajpootana, a king—the ruler. He governed the country justly, and by his wife Baidée, the Rancee, an only son was born unto him, and was named Ahmed. The young prince was very precious to his parents; but in the midst of his glory the king died, and in his last moments committed his wife and child to the care of his wuzer—Ashirn.

"Watch over the young prince, Ashirn," said the dying King: "perfect his education, and be to him what you have been to me."

"On my hand and eyes be it," replied the wuzer; "but oh, my lord! where is your signet? Without that, who will believe me?"

"The Rancee has it: go to her," said the King, and expired.

Now Ashirn was a wise man and crafty, so when he had firmly gathered the reins of power into his hands, he cast aside the Rancee and the young prince, and expelled them from the palace. The Rancee, took her son, and, accompanied by a faithful black slave, went to reside in an obscure quarter of the town. Now the vizier, having obtained the substance of his ambition, one would have thought that he would not have troubled himself much about a mere shadow, a symbol of power, the signet of the late King: but it was not so, for night and day he had no rest for the thought of this signet, and after greatly importuning the Rancee upon the subject, he at last caused her house and person to be searched, in the hope of discovering its place of concealment: but no search high or low, no ring was forthcoming; for the Rancee, knowing well the value of the ring, had prevailed upon her husband to intrust it to her, and having made a cut in the flesh of the slave Munbooth had placed the signet there, the flesh had now grown over it, and there was no fear of its being discovered: still, seeing the unsettled state of the vizier's mind, and the daily searchings and troubles, she feared more and more, knowing that she was watched, and that the life of the young prince was not safe.

One day, as the slave Munbooth was standing in the Rancee's gateway, he saw a procession of white-robed men, with scarlet turbans, approaching marshalled by an old and grey-headed servant

of respectable appearance; each man carried a tray, and as they drew nearer, Munbodh became aware that the trays were filled with most savoury viands:

"I see," said he, "sweetmeats, and silvered too; some rich man is doubtless dead: the second tray is—yos, kabobs, with just the delicate shreadings of red pepper to which I am so partial; truly the cook was a worthy man, a man of taste, and a notable acquaintance. Koorma, too, as I live, and dressed with cocoa-nut. I must follow this assemblage, for the discussing of these good things is a matter of moment."

Thus soliloquised Munbodh, gazing wistfully at the tray-bearers: what, however, was his astonishment to see the major-domo-like individual who headed the procession stop before him with the salutation of "Salam Aleikaum, Peace be with you."

"To which Munbodh wonderingly replied, "Aleikaum salam. May your bounties increase; and in what way can I serve you?"

"Oh, Jemudar," replied the grey-beard, "my master sends a respectful salutation to Her Highness the Ranee; (may Allah prosper her;) and he begs the acceptance of these trays as an offering on his daughter's marriage."

Having said thus much, at a sign from him, the tray-bearers passed forward into the arched gateway before the astonished Munbodh; each tray was placed deftly on the low benches under the verandah in the little courtyard, and the white-robed train, filing noiselessly out one by one, with an "Allah protect you from the Khansamah," were all disappearing in the direction whence they had come, before Munbodh had recovered from his state of coma.

Then he muttered to himself, "God is great. Ah, I must run after this worthy Khansamah, and inquire the name of this dispenser of good things. Yet stay, there was young Prince Ahmed in the courtyard just now, and it would not do to let him disturb the beauty of these trays before the Kanoun had refreshed his eyes therewith," and he cried to himself, rubbing the palms of his hands together. "Wah! wah! surely this is wonderful."

Now the trays gave forth a fragrant steam which drew Munbodh as with a chain of sweetness, cracking each joint of his fingers as he went, until he stood before the viands.

"Allah! what magnificence! Housseince kabobs. I always did

hunger after them. 'Tis but a little dish, after all, and the Ranee is generous to her slave; it would come to me by-and-by to a certainty,—what harm?"

Thus muttering to himself, he sat down and speedily became absorbed in the discussion of the savoury sticks of meat, finishing with a draught from a pitcher of pomegranate sherbet, which had accompanied the trays; then, rising up well pleased, he washed his hands, stroked his stomach, and, arranging the folds of his turban, bethought himself that a fragrant chillum of tobacco would act well as a digestive; but somehow to-day the tobacco had not its usual soothing properties.

"Arcy! arcy!" groaned he; "this is the servant of disobedience. Ah! ill-fated kabob, that could allure me from the path of duty. Ah! kabob of iniquity, to what abominable torments dost thou subject me: now here, now there. Infernal pain, wilt thou then seize my whole body?"

And he squatted on the ground, rolling himself backwards and forwards, until his agony being insupportable, he yelled and bellowed, so that the whole house was alarmed, and he was carried in to the Ranee. There, in the intervals of the proxysms of pain which racked his whole frame, he confessed his fault, and recounted everything that had occurred. In half an hour he was dead. Then the Ranee saw that this had been a trap laid by the vizier to destroy the prince, herself, and the whole household, and she knew that they were no longer safe in the city; so she closed the house and dismissed the servants, and with her own hands laid out the body of poor Munbodh, taking care with one clean incision to cut out the signet of her late husband: this she secreted in her robe. Then, when night closed in, and all were wrapped in slumber, she took the young prince by the hand, and alone and together they went forth through the lonely streets of the silent city. On they wandered, far, far away, and when morning dawned, they had entered into the great desert that bordered the country far away.

For two days and two nights they travelled, until the prince was well-nigh spent with fatigue, and his mother, who was an elderly woman, and had probably never been out of the harem in her life, was almost exhausted. Weary and travel-worn, they came suddenly upon a mighty sheet of water, where, under the scanty shade of a date-palm, the Ranee lay down, and, utterly exhausted, she

recited the confession of faith, gave her son his father's signet, and, commending him to the hands of the All Merciful, she expired. Prince Ahmed was quite overwhelmed by the great and unexpected train of disasters which had befallen him during the last two days, and this final blow almost overpowered him, so that he sat beside the body with his face covered with his garment all that day and night. Next morning he smoothed the features of his dead mother, and, reciting the prayer for the dead, he buried her in the sand at the foot of the palm-tree. Afterwards, he went to the water's brink, and, having performed his ablutions, went through the morning prayer. As he arose, he noticed, lying in the sand by the river's brink, a wondrously large and lustrous red stone, which blazed in the morning sunlight with crimson and purple radiance. Taking it up, he saw that it was a ruby, a stone of priceless value, meet for a king's ransom. Farther along the shore he lighted upon another, and again another—the whole bank was strewn with them. Then Prince Ahmed put his finger in his mouth, and he thought—

"Surely, now, it is but to fill the end of my turban with these precious stones, and I am rich for life; but then how of my mother's wish—that I should win back my father's kingdom from the vizier Mahmud." And he took out the king's signet, and putting it on his finger, walked thoughtfully off, turning it round and round. Presently, as he paced along the water's edge, he came to a vast "buryup" tree; it was a perfect grove in itself, this tree; an army might have encamped beneath it; so Ahmed sat himself down and rested in the shade, thinking of the rubies, and how they came there. He thought to himself, surely this water is wondrous, for it extends as far as the eye can see, and yet it is not the ocean, for it is sweet water. Then, leaning back against a root of the tree, he saw above him, built on the outspreading boughs, a rough platform of sticks, on which, also he fancied he could see something moving. This roused his curiosity; so he rose, and, climbing up, found that this platform was a monstrous nest, with three young unfledged birds in it; but such birds! They were in size, as winged elephants. When the nestlings saw Ahmed, they did not seem at all frightened, but said, in very good Hindustanee, "Toom hara durkar kia hai?" that is, "What do you want?"

Then Ahmed knew that these must be the young of the wonderful sinoorg; for but to one bird on the earth has Allah

granted the power of human speech. So he fed the young birds with some sweetmeats which he had with him, and even while he was doing this the smallest of the three cried,

"The nest-father is coming !"

And straightway the prince made haste and hid himself, for he feared the coming of the monstrous bird. Presently there came a noise as of the wings of myriads of wild fowl, and the simoorg overshadowed the tree with his wings, descending to his young ones with a scream as harsh as that of the magical fire-carriage of the Feringhees.

"What has been here ?" he cried ; "I saw something in the distance that seemed like the shape of one of those cursed sons of Adam."

But the young ones lifted up their voices in favour of Ahmed, so that the monster bird became appeased, and smoothed down his angry ruffled plumage, and he called to Ahmed to come forth. So the Prince came with many protestations, and besought protection.

"What is your desire ?" said the simoorg.

And Ahmed gave answer—

"If your servant may speak, he desires to cross this mighty water, and find out whence come the rubies which deck its shores."

At this the bird laughed, and said,

"Oh, young man, yonder is the country of the Jins and Afrites ; assuredly, you would not escape with your life if you went there—ask something else."

But the Prince remained silent, saying to himself,

"That or nothing."

So he sat down disconsolate at the foot of the tree, and the simoorg busied himself with his young ones above. Presently there came a noise as of a rushing mighty wind, and lo ! the female bird, with outspread wings, came sailing to her nest, and she turned the head out, and nestled with her young ones.

When she heard the story of the Prince, and how he had fed her fallow young ones, she angrily turned upon her mate, and cried—

"How of thy pride, oh mighty one ? Give him only one of your wing-feathers, and you know he will be invisible. What cursed man meddle with him then ?"

Thus it came about that Ahmed attained to his desire. So the male simoorg said to him,

"Shut your eyes, and stuff well your nose and ears with cotton otherwise the rushing of the air will steal away your life."

And Ahmed did as he was told.

Then the simoorg took him gently in his talons, and flew across the water so rapidly that the Prince's head began to whirl and grow giddy, until, in a short time, they reached the earth again. And the simoorg quickly (for he was anxious about his wife and children) plucked a feather, which Ahmed put in his cap, and so went his way.

Now the country in which the Prince journeyed was lovely and pleasant to the eye, and, as he went on, he saw, reclining on a turf-hillock, a beautiful dark-eyed maiden, fastened by a light chain to a stake in the ground. She was dressed in a flowing robe of white, open at the neck, round which was a bright scarlet ring. Now, as the Prince stood there in wonder he saw a large dark blue pillar of cloud coming down one of the forest glades, and concealed himself, for very fear, forgetting that he was invisible. When the maiden saw the cloud, she started up in terror; but there came a voice, saying words that Ahmed could not understand; and straightway the maiden became fixed as a stone, with her large dark eyes wide open, staring glassily.

The cloud came on and enveloped her in its folds, and then in a moment melted away, and standing beside the maiden, Ahmed saw a being fearful to behold: swarthy and dark, with long black wings, and pointed ears: his body covered with long living hairs like twining worms, while fire flashed from his eyes. He stood by the body of the maiden, which was stretched on the ground headless, and in the Afrite's hand was the head, the eyes fixed, and staring in horror; in his other hand was a dark brown stone, glittering with yellow sparks, and he touched with it the damsel's lips, it spoke; and his language could be understood by the Prince, for it was that of his own country. Said the Afrite,—

"How long shall I be king of the Jins?"

And the head answered him,—"Until the parrot in the golden cage tells the secret."

At this the monster laughed, and the trees shook. Then he asked,—

"How is it with Mateemat?"

And the damsel answered,—

"He is in the desert, sorrowful, under the palm-tree."

At this again the demon shook with laughter; and Ahmed looked and saw that all the blood of the maiden was dropping into a brazen dish which was on the ground and the Afrite took the dish, and he put his fingers into the blood, and lifted them up, sprinkling the drops back into the dish, and the globules fell back congealed and petrified. Then the demon called in a loud voice, ordering that the carbuncles should be taken and offered to the sacred river, where-upon a pearly grey pillar, with violet light streaks, came floating forward, and enveloped the dish, so that the Prince saw it no more; but in his own heart he thought, "These, then, are the precious stones of the mighty water," and when he looked he saw nothing but the turf-bank, and the dark-eyed maiden seated. Then Prince Ahmed came near, and spoke to the maiden, but she paid no attention to him; he touched her shoulder, but she sat quite still, with her head bent down, moaning and rocking herself to and fro.

Then Ahmed was greatly troubled in his mind, and he began to think to himself.

"What of this parrot in the golden cage? Ah!" thought he; "if this sweet maiden would only speak."

And he was almost minded to take the feather out of his cap, but he feared lest the genii might see him; so once again he addressed her, telling who he was and how he wished to help her, but she paid no more heed to his words than to the wind. Then he bethought himself of Mateemat.

"Yes, perhaps he may know something—in the desert: what port? I will go and find Mateemat; perhaps he can help me cast this foul Afrite, and bring succour to this innocent damsel."

Then stooping down, the Prince pressed his lips to her forehead; but she moved not; and as he went away into the forest, he saw her still sitting in the same position: so he went on very sorrowfully.

Now the Prince wandered aimlessly on, and towards nightfall arrived at the border of the forest. There he found that all

verdure ended, and before him, as far as the eye could see, lay a vast plain, bare and treeless.

"This, perchance," thought he, "is the desert where Mateemat is."

As it was too dark to see, however, he laid himself down under a tree to sleep.

At the first blink of dawn he rose and walked out into the plain, straining his eyes forward, and as the morning light grew stronger, he saw, far in the distance, a solitary palm. Then his heart leapt within him for joy, for surely, he thought, here I shall find Mateemat. Girding himself tightly, and having taken a long drink at a small forest spring hard by, he steadily set his face towards the palm. As he approached he saw that a pure, clear light like a star was burning at its foot, like a lamp. Going nearer he saw a beautiful young man, chained to the tree; and on his forehead played a tongue of silvery flame. Round the tree swept pillars of cloud, and, as he gazed, the night fell. Quietly he walked on; he saw that Mateemat was writing strange characters in the sand: and it grew darker. It was a wonderful sight. The Prince turned the matter over in his mind, and thought.


"How shall I ask about the parrot in the golden cage?"

Then he looked again at Mateemat, pondering, and saw that the characters in the sand, which the genii had traced with his finger, were luminous, and the Prince read:

The night is full of darkness,
My thoughts are full of strife:
Therefore I long for daylight,
For the sunlight is my life.

When he had read this, Ahmed sat down to wait for the dawn. As the morning sun fell upon him, he rose, and became aware that the eyes of Mateemat were fastened on him; then he feared exceedingly. And the genii spoke,—“What mortal is here?”

And Ahmed straightway fell on his face, and made obeisance, nothing doubting that his invisibility was gone, and crying “Tobah! tobah!” he besought forgiveness and told his story. Then Mateemat said,—

“For twenty-four hours you have neglected to give thanks to the Almighty; therefore is the virtue of the simoorg's feather now wearing, and I saw your shadow thrown on the sand in the be-

of the morning sun; therefore, if you would not be destroyed by the Jins who watch round the place, hasten quickly and repair your omission."

So the Prince straightway performed his ablutions with sand, and having recited the Kulina, gave thanks. Having completed his devotions, he assured himself that the feather was securely fastened in its place, and then besought Mateemat to tell him how to find the parrot in the golden cage, for that his whole being longed to succour the beautiful damsel whom he had seen in the forest.

"It is a merciful task," replied Mateemat: "although who this maiden may be I know not. One thing, however, you must promise, and that is, that if you succeed, you will not forget that I also am fettered here by the power of Jahvorka, the Jin whom you saw with the damsel in the forest."

So the Prince swore to him to do all that he should require for him; whereupon Mateemat called to an oriole who had made her nest in the date palm-tree, and asked,—

"How of the parrot in the golden cage?"

In reply, the bird arched its wings over its head, and chirruped and lirrpped lustily, but Ahmed could understand nothing, for he knew not the language of birds.

"The parrot is in the forest of Thriteo," said Mateemat: "in a well many furlongs deep. Over the cage is a layer of deadly serpents, and over the serpents a layer of water, and over the water a layer of fire. You will know the well by the column of smoke hanging over it, which can be seen many miles off."

So saying, the genii gave to Ahmed a small copper gong, curiously wrought and set with emeralds, and told him that if he were in any deadly peril, and wanted help, he must lay himself on his back on the ground with the gong over him, and strike three blows thereon. After this Mateemat would say no more, but began to write in the sand, and to all Ahmed's solicitations replied by a sign that he should depart: so with many obeisances the Prince took his leave.

Returning towards the forest, he did not go in the direction which he had come the night before, but took a more southerly course, for, said he, I did not see any smoke before in that part of the forest, or I should have noticed it. So he travelled until

night fell, and reaching the border of the forest once again, he climbed a tree to get what sleep he could, for he was afraid to sleep on the ground among the dark overhanging trees. When it became light in the morning, he climbed higher up, until he reached the topmost bough, which swayed and bent with his weight: looking around, far in the distance, he saw over the tops of the trees a dark cloud as of smoke, rising up. On seeing this he was joyful, thinking that, "This perhaps is the smoke that the genii told me of. I only hope it will not turn out to be some extraordinary large Jin; however, it won't much matter if it is, for he will not be able to see me."

So saying, he put his hand to his turban to adjust it, and feel that the simoor's feather was in its place, but it was no longer there; it had fallen out probably when he mounted the tree on the night before, but though he searched everywhere, not a sign of the feather could he discover. Now Ahmed was greatly disheartened at this, but still he was not going to give up his object, so he repeated the confession of faith, and directed his steps towards the quarter where he had seen the smoke rising. On and on he walked through the thick trees, until at last he heard the roaring and crackling of a great fire.

"This, then," thought he, "is the place; but what to do next I cannot tell."

And as he stood there thinking, the rushing and roaring of the flames grew louder and nearer, and he saw that a great fire was spreading and running out as it were, into two wings on each side of him. Then he became alarmed, and tried to retrace his steps: but, fast as he went, the mighty fire crept along faster, and the smoke and sparks began to come so thickly that the Prince, growing dizzy and bewildered, tripped and fell full-length upon the ground. As he fell, the little gong, which he had suspended from his neck by some twisted grass, striking against a stone, gave out a pleasant mellow note; a sound which spoke of most welcome assistance to poor Ahmed, and called to his mind the words *Mateemat*; so quickly turning upon his back, he called upon the name of Allah, and struck three blows upon the gong. On came the fire, crackling and roaring with fury to obtain its victim, but under his head Ahmed heard another sound, as of creeping myriads: the earth beneath him seemed growing soft like mire, and

he felt that he was settling down into it. Myriads of small white insects with yellow heads were working beneath him—they were the white ants! Down he sank, lower and lower. •Ah! how the fire cracked the great trees in anger over his head, but by this time he was twenty feet down, and safe. After recovering somewhat from the first shock of his novel position, Ahmed looked round as well as he could on his narrow bed, and on the whole was not at all sure that he would not have preferred taking his chance above to being buried alive below. Above him the walls of the shaft down which he had come were alive and swimming with white ants. The Prince found this work decidedly unpleasant; besides, the dust and ashes from above kept falling into his eyes, and making him sneeze, which, as everybody knows, is a most unlucky thing. Well, there was the gong; but then its effects were very doubtful, and it would not be at all surprising if its sound should be taken as a signal that he wished to sink quicker; but anything, he thought, would be better than this. However, just as he was going to strike he fancied that there was some diminution in the crawling mass beneath him, and so he held his hand. The long and almost perpendicular shaft, at the bottom of which he lay, some thirty feet deep, looked very gloomy, and Ahmed felt a cold shudder run through him, for he fancied that the little bit of blue sky which was visible at the top had grown smaller. Yes, decidedly the creeping had stopped, and all the ants were hastening up the sides of the shaft, and disappearing one by one into the round holes or ant-galleries that could be seen all round. Ahmed waited and waited, looking for what would happen when suddenly he thought he heard a tiny murmuring from one of the ant-galleries which was rather larger than the rest, and suddenly from the earth, on each side of the entrance, sprang forth two small lamp-like flames. Out swarmed a host of small scarlet beetles, who took up their position to the right and left of the hole; then came twenty-four white spiders, they were transparent, and Ahmed could see the life liquid running through their bodies. These spiders pulled and hauled at a rope made of their own threads, until at last a small car of copper and emerald, shaped like half an egg came into view, and in this sat a personage, a thing which Ahmed at once determined in his own mind must be the king of the white ants, and so he was. This creature had a long yellow-ringed body

like a worm, which looked like dead baby-flesh; he had no legs, but this writhing naked body was crowned with a human head, very small and very wizened; but a head it was, and out of the top of it came what Ahmed thought was its crown—it was shaped like a silver lily. Ahmed hastened to offer his salutations: at the same time begging that His Highness would excuse his rudeness in not rising, but that the fact was, he was afraid to move for fear of the sides of the shaft falling in.

The king nodded his head, and the twenty-four spiders immediately attached twenty-four threads to the small copper car, and let it down, until it came about a foot above Ahmed's face. Then the wizened little face peered at Ahmed over the side of the car, and the silver lily nodded and shook, as a mighty voice, like iron striking iron, demanded in deep tones,—

“What did Mateemat require of his friend, and why had the young man come hither?”

And Ahmed answered,—

“Oh, my lord, I seek the parrot in the golden cage.”

Then rolled forth the thunderous voice in words that the Prince did not understand, but it was apparently an order, for all the millions of white ants, with which the walls were studded, depressed, and then elevated their antennae, and Ahmed involuntarily translated this movement audibly to himself,—

“To hear is to obey.”

Swift ran the twenty-four white spiders, up rolled His Majesty's hemispherical car, and the silver lily nodded an adieu to the Prince, as the wizened little face disappeared into the crevice from whence it had issued. Blow trumpets! advance the orillamme! and the little army of red beetles march stately off, bringing up the rear! and at the same time Ahmed became aware that he was once more off upon his travels, sliding head first into a hole in the side of the shaft. Darkness fell upon him, and a deadly fear, as he was impelled along upon a million of small legs which crawled hence and thence. On, on, in the cold dreary darkness, no sound but the crackling rustle of myriads of insects, like a hundred pin-points beating upon ivory. The Prince lay afraid to move, hand and foot bound with fear, till a hollow roaring sound, dull and muffled at first, but coming nearer and nearer, told him that he was nearing the pillar of fire. Suddenly the movement stopped, and slightly turning his

head, looking through a cleft in a large mass of rock. before him, Ahmed gazed once more into an open space, small and confined, a mere rock chamber, but still a space that gladdened his heart.

There, before him, on a pedestal of adamant, veined with beryl, was the glittering golden cage, and within sat the bird, the object of all his perils and troubles. Many-coloured and beautiful was the bird, as it sat pluming itself and nibbling daintily at its food in the crystal trough by its side—curious and glancing was its eye in expression—a mixture of the monkey and the owl, at once grave and malicious. Up and down, hither and thither it looked, eyeing wistfully the thin white columns of the ants as they poured out of the crevice, and advanced on to the cage from all sides. Meantime Ahmed watched in silence, thinking, "What will they do?"

And the ants by thousands, by myriads, by millions, swarmed up the cage, and through the wires, covering the parrot. At first the bird only pecked at them pettishly, but as they increased in number, their bites became insupportable, so that the parrot screamed loudly, and fell from its perch, and its screams were like sharp needles piercing the ear. At the noise of this screaming, came two Jins,—vast, hairy, and terrible,—and they went to the cage, cajoling the parrot, asking,—

"Why this noise, oh! greenness of beauty! Beautiful art thou, O parrot, even of the colour of fresh split emeralds."

Then, seeing the white ants, they stopped, saying, "what mischief is this?" and kneeling down, breathed fire upon the ants. Then the slender white columns were scorched, and rolled back by their devouring breath: but still the cage remained full, and they dared not breathe thereon for fear of harming the bird. Again came forth fresh swarms of the tiny white insects, and again and again were they withered and scorched by the fiery breathings of the genii: but still the ants came on like a never-ceasing torrent, and the bird in its agony screamed still more discordantly: so the genii were abashed, and put their fingers in their mouths, wondering.

At last one said to the other.—

"Of a truth there is mischief in this. Go you and call the master."

So one went, but soon returned, saying.—

"I went, but found him sleeping above, beneath the sacred tree, and I dared not disturb him, for his worth is terrible."

Then the parrot, like to die, screaming, said—"Kan meir puttur, kan meir puttur."

Immediately the ants ceased from biting, and commenced to retreat; seeing which, Ahmed said to himself,—

"What is this? Can this be the secret? 'Kan meir puttur,'—'in his ear the stone.' What is this secret?"

Suddenly he bethought him of the dark brown stone with the yellow sparkles, with which the Jin Jahvorka had touched the lips of the lovely damsel in the forest glade, and it seemed to him almost as if the daylight had shone upon him, so great was his joy.

"That, then, is the secret of his power, and he carries it in his ear; oh! lovely parrot!"

Again they moved on through the long dark tunnel, which his indefatigable little allies drove forward, and Ahmed wished with all his heart that all this underground business were over. As he lay there, impelled along so slowly that he almost forgot that he was moving, his thoughts went forward to what he would do when he became possessed of this wonderful stone, this talisman of power and supremacy. What would he do? Well, first he would free that lovely princess (she could not be less than a princess, as she was so beautiful), and marry her; then the good Mateemat, to whom he owed his success, would be reinstated as ruler of the Junis: and then, having laden himself with rubies, he would return to the city of his fathers, dispossess the usurper, and reign happily ever after. Dispossess the usurper: yes, very good! but how? Why, thought he, the rubies will be an admirable introduction to the royal favour, and I am certain to be asked where I got them, and shall then reply that they come from Paradise: on this most surely the King, who will be anxious to possess himself of my beautiful wife, will propose that I should make another trip thither, and to this I shall assent, stipulating that the court shall fast and pray four days for my safe return, for during the fast my wife will be safe. Then the King will have a large heap of wool, wool, other combustibles piled round me in the big square, and all the court will give me messages and injunctions to their departed ancestors. Just before the fire is lit, I shall assume my feather invisibility (for the simoorg will surely give me another on my return), and walk forth unseen to my house: the genii will procure me the old family seals of the different people, the King includ-

who have given me messages to the departed ones, and I will then write sealed and authentic replies to all, telling them that Paradise is such a delightful place that they cannot do better than come there under my guidance. On the fourth day I shall present myself before the King and deliver all the answers to the letters; the King and all his ministers will enter the fire with me, and while I shall be conveyed away by the genii, they will be consumed, and I will then produce my father's signet, and take possession of the throne.

As Ahmed thus soliloquised, he saw that the ants had driven a small tunnel up into the earth right over his face, and that down this circular opening streamed the partially-obscured daylight. Also, over the hole he saw what looked like a great pointed hairy ear. He gazed wondering, and even as he gazed, down upon him from the ear fell a brown glittering stone. As it touched his breast, strength returned to Ahmed's limbs, courage to his heart, he clutched it in his hands and rising, fastened safely in the folds of his sash the talisman which promised victory over the Jins. Boldly he strove to climb up the narrow shaft, and as he came out once more into the light of day. Jahvorka, with his long-pointed ear still in the position whence the stone had fallen, took no heed. Then Ahmed knew his power, and gazing round, beheld at the foot of a tree the princess wrapt in slumber, as when his eyes had first dwelt in ecstasy on her beauty. He drew near timidly, and covered her hand with kisses, but sleep held the princess fast. He raised the helpless form in his arms, and began to give way to despair. At this moment some hard substance pressed against his arm. The talisman! He snatched it from his sash, and placed it against the half-parted lips. Allah kerim! The dark eyes were open, wondering at the face of Ahmed as he bent over her.

"Adorable princess! the power of the accursed black angels which had thrown its spell over you is at an end: rise, that we may flee together from this place of desolation."

And the princess, with a look of terror towards the prostrate Jin, ran to the side of Ahmed, who plunged boldly into the forest.

A beautiful oriole, whose plumage gleamed like living gems, seemed to invite the pair onward through the winding glades, now glancing joyously backwards and forwards before them, now by flying from a more distant tree, and, with the precious talisman in

his hand, Ahmed followed in faith. Ere long the mighty trees and tortuous alleys melted as it were from their path, and the oriole settled in the single palm tree, under which sat Mateemat still chained. The star on the forehead of the genii grew larger and brighter as Ahmed and the princess drew near him, saying,—

‘Genii, the power of Jahvorka is gone : the maiden stands beside me. How shall I redeem my vow ?’

“Touch these fetters with the stone, Ahmed.”

And at the touch the chain dissolved, and Mateemat stood free : but at the same moment darkness fell upon the eyelids of Ahmed, and he became unconscious.

When light again broke upon him, the Prince started up to find himself under the date palm which shadowed the grave of his mother, and he thought, “Allah ! what dreams !” but as he rose, at a little distance lay the princess in a calm sleep, beautiful as the morning. This was no dream, and scattered round her lay numberless rubies—large, blushing in the morning sun.

The talisman of Jahvorka had vanished. To mortals it was but as any pebble of the desert. But the rubies were wealth, and the signet on his finger was power, and the usurping wuzeer fell before it, and the people of Meydoon were happy under the wise rule of Ahmed and the Queen of the Rubies.

NEWELL HERBERT.

THE WATCH TOWER.

In almost every German town there is a watch-tower; sometimes it is a separate building, but generally the highest church-tower is used for this purpose; if a fire should by any chance break out, whether by day, or by night, the watchman is sure to observe it, if he is, as he should be, at his post, and he forthwith tolls a bell which sets all the large bells in the town going in incredibly short space of time. This is called a *Sturm Glocke*, and doubtless many a "song of the bell" could be written about such, since Schiller composed his poem, which forcibly describes a calamity so often occurring, yet bringing with it ever new terror and dismay. The outburst of these dreaded tongues is followed in many places, as in Saxe-Weimar, by the firing of cannon, two such signals being given if the accident happens in the town itself, and one only if beyond the gates, or in a neighbouring village. In the former case, this explosion is succeeded by blowing of trumpets, shouting, and barking of dogs, or after a while this Dutch concert is somewhat drowned by the bassoon-like rumbling of the heavy fire-engines drawn by their four or six black steeds along the rough-pitched stone pavement. To be thus awakened, after one's first sleep, is, it is needless to say, far from agreeable; it was long before I could compose myself to rest again after my first experience in this way. The watchman with his family, if he should possess one, lives rent-free in his airy castle, is supplied with fire-wood and lights, and is allowed a certain stipend. Those who have been accustomed to the tower life do not often willingly descend to take up their abode amongst ordinary mortals. I have been told by an old couple, who had given up the watch to take to some more lucrative occupation, that the change of air agreed with them so ill, and that they had so strong an impression that they must be suffocated if they remained below, as to induce them to return to their home in the clouds. The woman told me that her mother had been born, married, and died in a tower, and that she had followed her steps in two instances, and hoped to do so in the third, when her time came. "Down in the town," said she, "there is always so much gossiping and backbiting going on, and I dare say

that I should become as bad as the rest if I lived there ; but up in my loft there is peace and fresh air, and we do not trouble ourselves about our neighbours,—indeed we scarcely feel that we have any to trouble about."

I happened, in the early part of last autumn, to be visiting the chief town of Ober Hessen, Giessen, whose university I was wishing to see ; and after satisfying my curiosity as to that ancient receptacle of learning, I turned my steps towards the still more ancient watch-tower, from whose height, I was told, I should get a good view of the surrounding scenery, so justly esteemed for its beauty. On reaching the dwelling part of the building, I was greeted by the observant occupant himself, who at my request escorted me to the gallery, which was a wide one ; and arranged in rows around the outer side, stood a number of flowering shrubs and plants. This sudden and unexpected burst of brightness was a glad surprise to the eye, after resting so long upon the cold grey gloom of the stone walls and steps during the ascent, and it was with something of the same kind of feeling that a released prisoner must experience when he steps from his dungeon into the free air of heaven, that I stepped out upon this little garden of fresh verdure and brilliant blossoms, hanging as it were, in the sky ; and the view here was a still greater surprise : for indeed it is a fine and comprehensive one. To the right, the Schiftenberg, with its old church rising bare from behind its wooded ascent, among whose wandering paths the townfolk love to disport themselves on Sundays and feast-days. To the left, Gleiberg, on whose summit stands an ancient though lately repaired tower, the Sieben Hügel, and the river Lahn flowing round by the hill and ruin of Drudenburg ; in the middle distance, fruit orchards lying warm and ruddy in the ripening August sun. The Germans call this month "*der koch monat*," the grapes being then supposed to undergo a process which turns their sour juice into the sunlit nectar which wine is capable of representing. After feasting my eyes on the landscape below, I turned towards the keeper of the little paradise on which I was standing, and complimented him upon the good taste which led him to adorn his balcony, so as to render it so attractive.

"Yes, madame, this is indeed a pleasant place to sit down and repose in, when I get up here, away from the heat and bustle of the noisy, dusty world beneath. My wife brought the coffee here

breakfast, after which meal I smoked my pipe, and enjoyed the fresh morning air. Ah, in spring-time, 'how delicious were those early hours, listening to the singing birds, beginning' with solos and twitterings, and at length breaking into one gush of song! Yes, 'those May mornings are delightful,' the fruit-trees one sheet of blossom, whose odour rising on the breeze excels any toilet-perfumes that I know of. Here, too, on Sunday afternoons and evenings in summer, how charming it has been to sit, with my wife and children around me, watching the fading sky and the stars twinkle out one by one, and then, when all is hushed, and the world below asleep, oh! how I love to lie here and watch not only the town, as is my duty, but the moon as she glides behind the clouds, or sheds down her unveiled light from the deep vault above me. How often do I pity the poor townspeople, who have to breathe the thick, smoky, ill-smelling atmosphere under me, whilst I am inhaling the pure breath of Heaven. A friend of mine has remarked to me, that when he has anything of a perplexing nature to think about, or to determine, he likes to come up here, where, apart from all that distracts attention in the 'under-world, he can more readily come to a conclusion: and Herrin "Häckländer" (the Dickens of Germany, you must know, reader), "who once came up to look about him, told me, that this round balcony would be worth thousands of guildens a year to him. Yes, the place is nice enough to live in,—but," continued the watchman, with a sigh, "we cannot remain in it. I am going to remove my furniture: my wife and the children are already gone away."

"What is your reason?" inquired I, becoming interested in the man.

"We have had so many frights, and such a fearful accident here, that my poor wife's nerves are quite broken down, and I fear for her intellect, if she were to live in this tower any longer. She and the little ones are now lodging with some neighbours, if I can call those such who live so far beneath us, and out of our range as it were. They shall never put foot in this place again. We have had now three frights, and it is in consequence of the last, and the accident which caused it, that I came to the decision of removing as soon as possible."

"Will you tell me about the three occasions on which you and your wife were so much alarmed?" I asked.

"Willingly," replied he, offering me a wicker seat. "Those flowers opposite to you, madame, I placed as an additional protection to that of the iron railing, in consequence of the second fright we had, which happened about six months ago. But I will take them in order as they come. To begin with the first, which is as trifling an affair, compared with the second, as that is compared again with the third, the shock from which, I fear my wife will never entirely recover,—to begin, I say, with the first, I must explain that we have a windlass, by which we draw up our firewood and water from below, and which is fixed in the upper landing of the tower; the rope attached to it passes through a hole in the building, along a leaden pipe, which holds it out at about six feet distance from the wall outside, from whence it is let down when required into the lane beneath. There is a large wooden tray, which is hooked on to the rope, and filled with wood below; my wife and I, assisted by our eldest boy, generally hauled up the wood, whilst the younger children, at least those who were old enough, for we have a large family, loaded the tray. We draw up our firing in this way once every day, usually in the afternoon or evening. We were thus employed one evening, when my wife remarked that the burthen felt very light, and that those careless children of ours must have been playing about, and so neglected to fill the tray as full as usual. We had not long to wind, for the tray came up quickly, and on going up aloft to pull it over the balcony rails, which was our way of getting it in, to our astonishment and horror, instead of our firewood, we beheld a man—yes, a man! pale as death, and with black swollen hands hanging on by the long iron hook, which fastened the rope to the tray, which had swung round, and offered no longer any support in consequence. The luckless weight appeared to be almost in a fainting condition, and unable to speak from exhaustion. Had he moved a finger, he would have been in danger of falling, and it seemed to us, that ere we could possibly rescue him, his strength must fail him, and he would become incapable of holding on any longer. The glazed look of terror in the poor fellow's eyes haunts me to this day. It was no easy matter to get him out of his predicament, as we found when we began to try, and it was a nervous touch-and-go work. Our hands trembled the more, from our conviction of the fact that the man's life entirely depended on our strength and the

skill with which we exerted it. Recollect, the rope hung six feet from the wall, and that although it was an easy thing to fasten upon the large square surface of the tray, which came, of itself, much nearer, it was a very difficult matter to lay hold of the human being, hanging from the hook, at such a distance. Here was a dilemma : what was to be done ? The process of letting him down by the windlass would have taken too long a time, I saw, for the man appeared to be on the point of swooning. An idea struck me : Rushing down-stairs, I quickly returned with my walking-stick, and — ah ! was I too late ! — it was the work of a second — life, or death, which was it to be ? — which did it prove ? the first of these contingencies, thank God. I succeeded in hitching the crooked handle of the stick into the man's belt, and, thus pulling him within range of us, we caught hold of him by the head and by the feet at once, and lifted him over the railings. He was one of the ballet-dancers, whom I happened, being myself engaged at the theatre, to know, and a married man with a family. As soon as he was safe, my wife let out upon him, scolding him soundly for his wickedness in frightening her and exposing his life, of which, for his wife and children's sake, he should have taken more care. She turned him down-stairs before he had half time to recover himself, telling him never to ascend, either by the outside or the inside, to our dwelling again. He had made a foolish bet, it afterwards turned out, with some students who happened to be passing at the time the tray was laid down, that he would get into it, and so get hauled up. He, however, little thought that there was any danger of the tray's turning round from under him when he had got part way up, as it did, or the difficulty presented, of his getting into the balcony when once up at the top. His insufficient weight, and his position on the tray, had not balanced it properly, and owing to this his seat had slid from under him, and he had clung to the iron hook to save himself from falling. The next affair, which was more alarming in its way, happened in this wise. One day a servant-maid brought up a child of about two years old. She was accompanied by a soldier ; people did not always ring the bell, but if the door was open, they would pass through and on to the balcony. I did not always follow the visitors out, but as this party remained a longer time than was usual, I went up to see what they were about. The girl was, as I supposed, talking and laughing with her schatz [lover] :

but where was the child? ah! where? In going round the tower to look for it, I saw, to my unutterable horror, that the little fellow was standing on one of the stone buttresses which supported the balustrade, having evidently got out to it between a gap in the railings. No grown person could have found standing room where his little feet were perched. I felt a tingling sensation creep all over me—what should I do? My first impulse was to call out to the child, and to rush up to it to pull it away; but, on reflection, I felt almost sure that this would lead to fatal consequences, as the child would probably thus be frightened and fall over. What then, you will ask, did I do in this emergency? I laid myself at length along the floor, and creeping that way unperceived up to the spot where he stood, I cautiously reached one hand through the rails, and caught the child by the potticoats; then rising with the other, I lifted him over the balustrade, and thus effected the rescue. After I had him safe, I looked at him, and fancied that I had seen his black eyes and curly pate before, and when I noticed the initials on his pinafore I recognised the boy as belonging to an acquaintance of ours. I took him in my arms, and, purposely avoiding the still preoccupied nurse-maid, carried the child down. He never ceased staring at me with his large eyes, till I had restored him to his mother, who, I need scarcely tell you, overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude; and this ring," pointing to a handsome signet which he wore, in the fashion of his country, on the fore-finger, "is a token of it. She and her husband then promised me to help me in any difficulty I might be in at any time, and we have now put their sincerity to the test, for my family are now receiving the good people's hospitality, sharing their roof and partaking of their bread until such time as I shall be able to procure a new one for them, which shortly I hope to do. But, to return to what I was telling you; it did not take long to carry the child home. On returning here, I found the servant in a fine state of alarm, having just discovered the loss of her charge. She was frantically rushing about, and now and then looking over the parapet. When she saw me, she sprung towards me, beseeching me to assist her to find the child. I told her to go below and seek for it under the tower in the yard; that she alone was responsible, and that I had nothing to do with this sad business. She, followed by the soldier, whom she was abusing

soundly for taking up her attention so long, hurried down the stairs, and fearing that the child was killed (she had not stopped to look for it, I heard afterwards), not liking to face her master and mistress, ran straight back to her home in the Oden Wald. And, now, madame, I am coming to the fearful accident which happened to us about a fortnight ago—the recollection of which makes it impossible for us to remain here. My wife was attacked by brain fever the day after that which I am going to relate took place, and from this she is only now slowly recovering. She was ill in bed when this happened, and when I left the tower on the afternoon of which I am going to speak she was asleep. I had to practise a difficult solo accompaniment for the opera that evening, and had in consequence gone to the theatre much earlier than usual. The children were all at school, excepting the two youngest, who were under the care of our maid-of-all-work. She had put the baby to sleep in its cradle in my wife's room, and had taken away the little boy who is about two years and a half old, to put on his walking-dress, intending to take the child with her on an errand which she had to do in the town. She had, however, to wait until our oldest girl should return from school, as she could not leave my wife alone. After laying the child's clothes on a chair ready to put on, she took him with her to go and open the door to some one who had rung the bell, and had afterwards been gossiping a long time on the stairs with this individual, who had proved to be a friend of hers, without paying proper attention to the little boy, who had in the meantime slipped back into the children's room. This was the clearest account of the matter that I could get given me, when I came to inquire afterwards of the servant, how it was that she could have been so negligent. My wife told me that she awoke some time after I had gone (it must have been with a strange presentiment that some evil had befallen our boy), and getting as quickly out of bed as she could, she ran out on the landing-place, exclaiming, 'My Ludwig—my Ludwig—where is he?' The servant, running up from the stairs, explained that he had been by her side only an instant ago, and that he could not be very far off. My wife and the servant then searched in every direction for him, but no Ludwig was to be found. In the nursery there was a chair standing by the window: and on a little shoe, one of his, was lying. A sudden fear took posses-

sion of my wife; she tottered to the window, which was open, and, after a moment's hesitation, and instant of dread to know the worst, the truth—which she suspected—she looked out; and there, on the pavement 200 feet below, lay the body of her child—for alive he could not be. Rushing down-stairs just as she was, in her night-dress, my poor wife ran wildly into the little narrow street or lane which lay immediately under the window from which the dear child had fallen. This was not much used as a thoroughfare, and at the moment, she reached it there happened to be nobody there. How shall I express to you, madame, the surprise—the consternation of my wife and the servant,—when, on hurrying to the spot where they expected to behold the child's shapeless mangled corpse, they found nothing. Here was a mystery to be solved! By this time the screams of the two women had roused the attention of the neighbours, who came running to them from the next street, close by.

"Where, where, is the child?" was the reiterated cry passed on from mouth to mouth, till at last the lane was full of people asking each other the same question. Some of them, not knowing the immediate cause of my wife's distress, and struck by her unusual appearance believing her mad, laid hold of her, and forcing her, back into the building and up into her room, endeavoured to quiet her the best way they could. But no one could answer her repeated question. 'Where is my Ludwig? where is his poor body?' Ah, where indeed was it! Before she had well-nigh been carried up-stairs, however, a woman who had with breathless haste made her way into the lane, hurried up, saying, that she had something important to say, and on being admitted, she forthwith told my wife, that she had seen the child fall from one of the upper windows, and had instantly hastened down from the top of the house where she lived, and which commanded a partial view of the tower. There was, then, no doubt of his having fallen—no doubt of the poor child's destruction. But again the question—What had, what could have, become of the body? The general consternation increased, as indeed it well might: this was an unparalleled mystery. The woman who had seen him fall was of course more wonder-struck; than the rest were, to find that the child was not to be found alive or dead. After receiving this intelligence, it was of course perfectly hopeless to make any further search for the poor child.

in the tower, for, as, he had been seen to fall he could not be anywhere inside the dwelling: the body must be sought for, *must* be found out of the tower, that was clear to the astounded assemblage in my wife's room. A messenger was despatched to tell me that something had happened at home to require my immediate return. I was taking my part in the overture to the opera, and the curtain was about to draw up in obedience to the sound of the bell, when I was thus interrupted. Dropping my violin, I made my way out of the theatre with trembling limbs and a sinking heart, conjecturing all kinds of dreadful misfortunes to have happened. By the time I reached our little street, I could hardly get by for the mob, which was filling it up to the very door of the tower and part of the way up the steps. But as soon as I was recognised, way was made for me with one consent. On all sides, I heard, 'There is the child's father!' It was then something which had happened to one of the children. My suspense was soon ended, when I heard from my wife and those around her what had happened. I immediately determined to go at once to the police, and instigate a proper inquiry as to the child; when, just as I was going out of the tower, a man brushed by me, but, seeing who I was turned and put into my hand—what? a child's hat and pelisse. These I instantly recognised as belonging to my little boy.

'I live at the end of Tower Lane, said the man: 'my little girl has brought me home these things, which she tells me she picked up about half an hour ago, as she was passing under the tower, and of course I thought they might belong to you.'

'It was then only the clothes that my wife had seen. A dawning of hope began to awaken within me: was it possible that the woman had mistaken the clothes falling for the child falling, and that it was all untrue, and the dear child would still be found?

'I went immediately back to my wife, and the people up-stairs, amongst whom the woman who said she had seen him fall was still loitering. I put some eager questions to her, but her replies banished all hope. She told me that she had been watching my little boy for some time playing at the window, and that she had seen him throw out first the hat, and then what seemed to her like some garment, and seeing that he was leaning over to look at the things drop, she had turned to come away and to warn us

about him, when, casting a last look at the window before doing so, she saw the child tumble out of it, and then she made as much speed to tell us as possible.

"Her account appeared to be very connected, and we felt that it was all too convincing. There was only just this one little incongruity in her tale, and that was, that the clothes were seen lying under a different window, though one close at hand, to that from which the woman said she saw him throw them out.

"Night was advancing by this time, and getting rid of the numerous sympathising intruders upon our privacy, I shut the door upon the world, and, closeted with my wife, whom I succeeded in somewhat quieting, we gave ourselves up to our grief: and various were our conjectures as to the probable or possible fate of our poor little Ludwig. Some of my friends had informed the police, and emissaries were sent in every direction to endeavour to procure tidings of the child's body, whose disappearance seemed to be so perfectly unaccountable. At length I persuaded my wife to lie down; the bigger children some kind neighbours had taken charge of to lighten our cares in our distress: the baby, therefore, alone remained. I had carried the little creature in to my wife, and had laid it, in her arms to comfort her: and as she was gazing on its calm face as it slept, her tears began to flow, which was what I wanted: I knew that nature would in this way relieve itself, for I feared, as I have said before, for her reason. Ay, madame, such things have driven people mad before now: and it is to the wonder of all that she retains her senses, after all she has gone through. I saw that my wife was very quiet, and fancying she had dropped into a kind of sleep, I slipped out of the room, and calling the servant to bring a light, I determined once more to search the place thoroughly, inside and out, although this had, they told me, been done before. We visited the cellar and every nook and corner that could be thought of, but all to no purpose: no, it did really appear as if this extraordinary affair would never be cleared up. No news came from the town, from any of the many messengers employed in the inquiry, and it was with a heavy despairing heart that I returned to my wife. As soon as I entered her room, she put up her finger, whispering—'Listen: stand still here by the bed.' Doing as she desired me, I looked at her in wonder at her meaning, fearful that her mind was wandering.

" 'Do you hear anything, Wilhelm?' said she.

" 'Yes, wife, I do hear something, and it sounds very like a human voice—a child's voice crying out in distress.'

"It seemed to come from somewhere outside the walls.

" 'Yes, said my wife, as soon as you were gone, and all was quiet, I fancied I heard it first.'

"The sound was faint, as if distant, and as of a child wailing and calling for help. We opened the window, and could hear it more distinctly. It did not seem to proceed from either over or under our window, but from somewhere at the side of the walls. We took our light and went into the children's room, the window of which we opened; but though we could hear the sounds more distinctly, still we could see nothing, and following what we fancied must be the direction of the cries, we went on into a room near this one, and only divided by a small passage. This little room was used for lumber and for drying clothes, and was usually locked up, but the servant had been there sorting clothes for the wash that morning, and had evidently left it open after her. We had over and over again searched in this as well as in every part of the dwelling. The sounds now became much more intelligible, and going to the window, which was open,—it often was left open to enable the clothes to dry,—we could clearly distinguish a child's voice crying out, 'Mamma, Sophie,' the name of our servant. Our hearts leaped for joy: it was our darling's voice. His cries, heartrending as they were, and hoarse with long screaming, were like the music of the spheres to us. They appeared to ascend from somewhere underneath the window: we throw the light from our candle down upon—what? Upon something dark below—some large object against the wall, about six feet from the window-sill. When our eyes had become accustomed to the uncertain light, we beheld our child sitting in our large water-tub. We did not, you may be sure, linger long over our exclamations of wonder and of joy, but quickly pulled up the bucket with its precious burden. You are, doubtless, madame, anxious to know how it came that the bucket happened to be hanging in that way—also how it was, that the woman who had seen the child fall, did not remark it. I will explain both. I found that our boys, hearing there was a grand wash in prospect for the day after, had taken the bucket from the place where it usually was kept, and had suspended it from some large iron staves, which were

used for hanging on the double windows we were obliged to use in the winter. This they did, knowing that there was no soft water in the large rain-water butt in the yard—the season having been remarkably dry—for the purpose of collecting the rain which had been threatening to descend that morning. The woman's window opposite only commanded a partial view, as I told you before, of the tower; and upon visiting her room, which I afterwards did to see, I was aware of the impossibility of her seeing the bucket, for another roof came between, and only the window and about four feet beneath it of wall were discernible from her window. Nor was the bucket to be seen from the lane, for the window from which it hung was at the side of the tower. The wind must have blown the hat and pelisse aside as they were falling, and they had alighted under the window in the children's room, from whence my wife had discovered them lying in the lane. The west wind had been blowing hard all the day. In these sudden emergencies, people seldom reason logically, if they reason at all, but of course a little quiet survey of the bearings of the case would probably have led to an earlier *dénouement* of this mystery. The little boy had been playing with some toys at the lumber-room window, and had dropped his little horse-and-cart into the bucket, in endeavouring to recover which he must have fallen—for we found the toy lying under him when we took him out. The clothes which he had thrown out were, it appears, those which the servant had laid upon a chair in the nursery ready to put on the child, and which he must have carried over into the lumber-room with him. These are the three frights and the accident which are the cause of our determination to leave our home in this tower, madame; and, now you have heard about them, I think you cannot wonder at our decision."

The watchman, before I left him, gave me a manuscript, containing his mother's story, which, though interesting, is too long to give here. I hurried away from the tower, feeling that it was, perhaps, and ill-omened place, yet, that if haunted by spirits, they were not altogether of an evil sort; and though mischievous, ready to undo the worst of their tricks. I was not sorry, when I returned to my own home, to know, that as we live on the parterre, our children are pretty safe, even if they should fall.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

TIGER-SHOOTING IN RAJPUTANA.

During my sojourn in Rajputana, a couple of years ago, I had the good fortune to witness a tiger hunt by a Maharaja. I called on the Maharaja's Private Secretary and intimated to him my wish to attend the shikar. He courteously acceded to my request and afforded me an opportunity to witness the state hunt. Preliminaries were arranged and I set out for the rendezvous which was seventeen miles distant from the headquarters of the Raj. I took my seat in a Tonga drawn by four bay-horses, and jogged on merrily. The broad, metalled and well kept thoroughfare of the city was a rare sight in a Native State and the Tonga rolled on smoothly. Reaching the outskirts of the city, we changed horses, and the speed of the vehicle rose to a climax.

My journey was dull and monotonous. Excepting the neighings of the horses and the distant barkings of pariah dogs nothing disturbed the stillness.

There was no vestige of human habitation as far as eye could reach. The steeds were prancing impatiently and a cloud of dust raised by their hoofs made me uncomfortable. I had no other alternative, than to cover seventeen miles as best as I could.

En-route I noticed lots of shepherds. They drove their cattle through the sandy desert and stared at me hard, with a mingled look of awe, and curiosity. I had arrived at a new stage for changing horses. I got down from the trap and saw fifty horses and a few camels about a hundred cubits off from the place I was standing. Some were neighing and some were basking in the sun.

I stood underneath the shade of a peepul tree. There were, near by, several huts built of mud and stone, and a temple dedicated to the Goddess Chamundamata. Halting there a few minutes I resumed my journey. I was struck with wonder to notice, in the midst of a desert, patches of wheat fields.

I asked the driver—"How many miles I shall have to go?"

The Juhu replied—"A few miles, sir." It seemed to me that my destination rolled away with my progress and that my journey would never come to an end.

In the distant horizon I noticed masses of black cloud gathering, but a few minutes drive dispelled the illusion and the cloud changed into a range of mountains! It was the celebrated Arabali range of Rajputana. The mountains were steep and rugged and the scenery was anything but agreeable. At last I reached my destination. I pulled out my watch from my pocket, and found, it was noon. My tonga stopped in front of a magnificent portal with glittering casements. A sentry was patrolling with a loaded gun with bayonet on. I got down, and entered the gateway leading to a splendid palace. In the compound, rows of beautiful white and yellow tents were pitched. I stepped into the tent of the private secretary. A servant came to me running and panting for breath. I asked him what was the matter? He replied—"I am waiting for you, sir, to convey you to the place of hunting. I accompanied him without uttering anything, and walked outside. A Ruth was awaiting for me, I jumped up, and on taking my seat inside it, the wheels of my conveyance began to move in a jog-trot fashion and I leaned on a cushion tired with fatigue.

No one but a luxurious native of Rajputana could ever have invented a Ruth with so comfortable cushions and so gaily painted roof and gilded pillars, with draperies through which the breeze fluttered to my cheek as blandly as though it loved the tint. The servant pointed out to me an old palace at the foot of the hill, and said that the capital of the state was situated there about nine hundred years ago. I was passing through a village slowly and reached the place of hunting about an hour after. The Maharaja's private secretary was standing under the shade of a prickly tree. He asked me very generously, whether I had taken my meal or not. I answered in the negative. "I will arrange for your breakfast said he, and ordered a Brahmin to bring refreshments for me. I sat squatted on a blanket and the Brahmin brought several dishes full of exquisite food. I did full justice to the dishes and felt refreshed after partaking of them. I found a string of carriages waiting for the use of the Maharaja and his suite. About half a mile off I discerned a structure of sky-blue colour like a monument, about 40 feet in height. It was a hunting box. At about 3 P.M., the beaters began to shout vociferously to the accompaniment of cymbals, tom-toms and other wind instruments, but the melody was most unmusical. During this time a dust-storm of an unusual kind

occurred. A strong eddy of wind carrying upwards a dense column of dust, dried leaves, the air for some minutes was thick with dust. The wind whirled across the fields. I was almost blinded, and stood shivering in the open field. In a few minutes the atmosphere became clear.

Again the beaters struck up the unearthly orchestra. The noise rattled in long sustained echoes among the hills. Scared away from the den, a big tigress with its tail upturned, accompanied by a pair of cubs suddenly appeared before the hunting box. The three brutes began to growl terribly.

The Maharaja levelled his gun and fired, but missed. At the same time I noticed a white hand glittering with precious stones firing at the brutes. The bullet had its billet. It disabled the hind leg of the tigress. The wounded beast with a terrific roar jumped up and mauled several spectators. Thank God! I escaped unhurt, although I was one of them. I was terribly unnerved, and could scarcely stand. The scene was terrible. The wounded men and women began to howl piteously. They were attended to by a medical man then and there. In the mean time another shot from the Maharaja's rifle despatched the animal. The Maharaja ordered his officials to chase the cubs by mounting on elephants. One of the suite was good enough to pick me up on his elephant—a great tusked named Palwan. As soon as the animal moved, I thought that I was going through the air. The jolting made me uncomfortable, and I held firmly the railing of the Howdah, lest I should fall down. There were six elephants with Howdahs on. We searched for the cubs. As soon as the cubs appeared within the range of rifle, the Maharaja fired thrice, and hit one of the forelegs of the male cub, but the brute turned its tail and disappeared. The sun was setting, twilight was fleeting as a thought, and the outlines of hills loomed out amid the gathering darkness, like a spectre of the past. It grew dark and consequently we could not make out in which direction the brutes fled. We returned to the tent at candle light:

SIVA NATH ROY .

LOST FOR GOLD.

She stood by the hedge where the orchard slopes
Down to the river below ;
The trees all white with their Autumn hopes
Look'd heaps of drifted snow :
They gleam'd like ghosts through the twilight pale,
The shadowy river ran black ;
"It's weary waiting," she said, with a wail,
"For them that never come back.
"The mountain waits there, barren and brown,
Till the yellow furze comes in Spring
To crown his brows with a golden crown,
And girdle him like a king.
"The river waits till the Summer lays
The white lily on his track ;
But it's weary waiting nights and days
For him that never comes back.
"Ah, the white lead kills in the heat of the fight,
When passions are hot and wild :
But the red gold kills by the fair fire-light
The love of father and child.
"Tis twenty years since I heard him say,
When the wild March morn was airy,
Through the drizzly dawn—"I'm going away,
To make you a fortune, Mary."
"Twenty, Springs, with their long grey days,
When the tide runs up the sand,
And the west wind catches the birds, and lays
Them shrieking far inland.
"From the sea-wash'd reefs, and the stormy mull,
And the damp weed-tangled caves :—
Will he ever come back, O wild sea gull,
Across the green salt waves ?

"Twenty Summers with blue, fax bells,
 And the young green corn on the lea,
 That yellows by night in the moon, and swells
 By day like a rippling sea.

"Twenty Autumns with reddening leaves,
 In their glorious harvest light
 Steeping a thousand golden sheaves,
 And doubling them all at night.

"Twenty Winters, how long and drear !
 With a patter of rain in the street,
 And a sound in the last leaves, red and sere ;
 But never the sound of his feet.

"The ploughmen talk by furrow and ridge,
 I hear them day by day
 The horsemen ride down by the narrow bridge,
 But never one comes this way.

"And the voice that I long for is wanting there,
 And the face I would die to see,
 Since he went away in the wild March air,
 Ah ! to make a fortune for me.

O father dear ! but you never thought
 Of the fortune you squander'd and lost,
 Of the duty that never was sold and bought,
 And the love beyond all cost.

"For the vile rest that you gave in thrall
 The heart that was God's above .
 How could you think that money was all,
 When the world was won for love ?

"You sought me wealth in the stranger's land,
 Whose veins are veins of gold :
 And the fortune God gave was in mine hand,
 When yours was in its hold.

"If I might but look on your face," she says,
 "And then let me have or lack :
 But it's weary waiting nights and days
 For him that never comes back."

C. F. ALEXANDER

JAMES GLENDYE, LD.,

RAILWAY & STEAMER TICKET MANUFACTURERS

AND

GENERAL PRINTERS.

SPECIALITIES:—

FIRST CLASS CATALOGUES

PRICE LISTS.

H. V. LOW & CO.

12, Dalhousie Square.

MANAGING AGENTS—

